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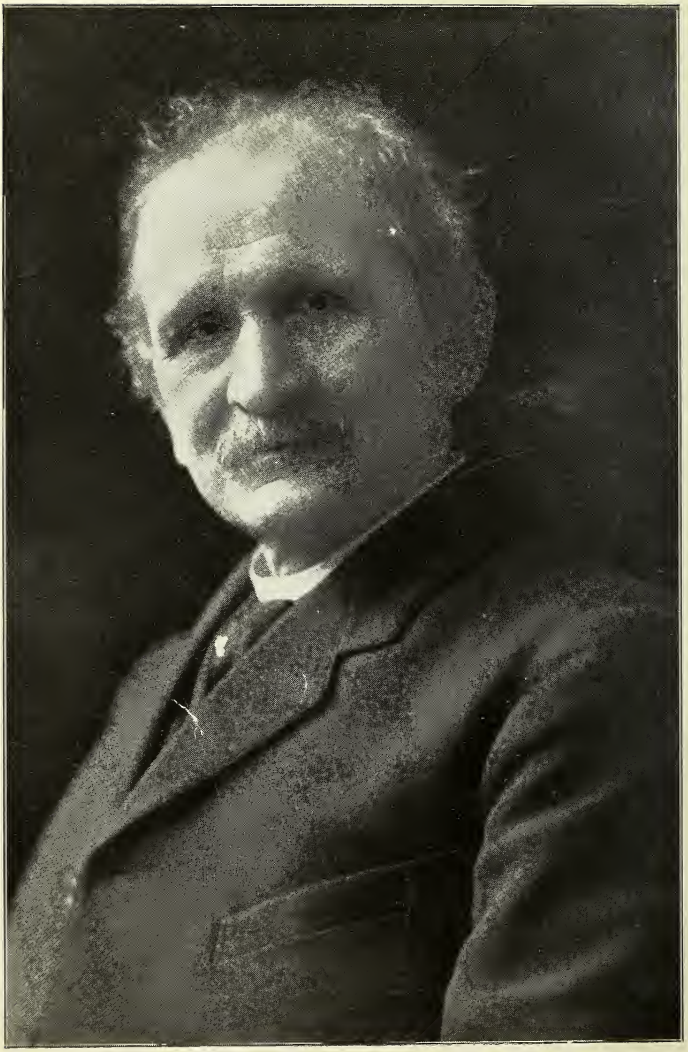

A WRITER OF BOOKS

IN HIS GENESIS

WRITTEN FOR AND DEDICATED TO HIS
PUPIL-FRIENDS REACHING
BACK IN A LINE OF
FIFTY YEARS.

BY
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A WRITER OF BOOKS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

EARLY YEARS.

In the old family Bible stood the following inscription: Denton Jaques Snider, born January 9th, 1841. On the opposite page in the same book it was stated that the parents of the six children whose births were there recorded bore the names of John R. Snider and Catherine (Prather) Snider, both being born and raised in the neighborhood of Clear Spring, Washington County, Maryland, which lies on the Potomac. The husband was of German origin, of good plebeian stock, belonging probably to the old Pennsylvania migration from Teutonic fatherland; the mother was of English descent, and claimed an aristocratic connection, both through

kinship and wealth; indeed one member of her family has been heard to declare that a drop of Norman blood had trickled down the centuries through the ancestral veins of my grandmother's people, the Jaqueses. Now this first paragraph of this new book would not be complete unless it were mentioned that the aforeborn Denton Jaques Snider is the Writer of Books, concerning whom the present book is about to be written—by whom? By none other than by the said Writer of Books himself. Or, to speak out the matter more plainly, if not very modestly, it is I who am going to travel in writ a little arc or perchance a little cycle of my own existence to see how it looks to myself, and I shall be glad, my reader, to take you along as companion. The first personal pronoun as a kind of herald or master of ceremonies has now made its entrance and given its bow, and it will not fail to maintain its part to the end, with a fair degree of self-assurance, we have no doubt.

The relatives of both houses, the Sniders and the Prathers, were scattered along each side of the Potomac in considerable and ever-increasing numbers, on the one hand reaching down into Virginia, and on the other up into Pennsylvania. They seem to have been in the main a sturdy, quiet, agricultural folk,

who never attracted much notice from any body, not even from themselves.

It is not known—at least I do not know—from what part of Germany my father's or from what part of England my mother's ancestors came to the New World. Neither side seems to have produced a genealogist interested in tracing the origins of the offshoots of his family. Only one little domestic document ever came under my eye, and that too by a sudden spark of chance. There was in the household, it seems, an old tattered, rather mysterious piece of paper in German script, which no member of the family could read. It had been carefully treasured by an aunt with a somewhat superstitious veneration, though she did not understand its contents. I had never heard of it. For some months I, when a boy, had been studying German and was flinging bits of it around the house, with an air of superiority, I suppose, when one of my sisters challenged me to read the ancient document which she knew of, but I did not. The aunt soon produced it from her carefully locked little box of family heirlooms, and even went so far as to say that I should possess it if I could read it. I soon deciphered it, not without aid of grammar and dictionary, and found it to be the baptismal certificate of Johannes Schneider, famil-

iarly known to us all by his Anglicized name of John Snider, our grandfather, the date of his birth being 1776 at Hagerstown, Maryland. Thus the Declaration of Independence and my grandfather were born the same year in adjoining States. He died when I was some four or five years old; I recollect of being present at his funeral, and of trying to climb by myself the graveyard fence, from which I tumbled down on a sharp rock, getting for my earliest act of self-assertion a gash in my forehead, whose scar I carry to this day over my left eye.

The rather peculiar given name, Denton Jaques, which I bear—at least some people have qualified it as such—was that of an uncle of my mother. I never saw him, but he has transmitted to me in it a kind of stumbling block on the threshold of life. It was pronounced in all sorts of ways by neighbors, and among Shakesperians it has associated me with the melancholy Jaques, not a very agreeable companion in temperament. The whole name has rather a mixed sound, showing both a French and a German constituent, both modified, however, by an English accent. So let it stand here at the entrance with its little foreshadow: *stat nominis umbra.*

It may be added, with a feeling of some

relief that neither side of the family, as far as my knowledge reaches, has ever produced a person of distinction, a man or woman much exalted above the common level of humanity. Looking backward in time, no lofty peak is discernible in the ancestral pedigree, much less a line of mountainous heights springing heavenward and bounding the horizon of the past. No great excellence can be seen and no great lack of it; no illustrious son of light and no mighty scoundrel. The paternal and maternal streams do not seem to have ever separated themselves markedly from the vast ocean of the People, but to have flowed with it onwardly toward its goal. Both have been borne by it, not leading it, in its earth-girdling sweep westward; both belong with the other millions, to that unique ethnic circummigration of the globe, which has been going on so many thousands of years, and which is usually called Aryan. So I was born an Aryan emigrant—that is my farthest stretch in genealogy.

From this rather remote flight into ancestry it is time that I should turn back to the present and tell where I was born. On a farm about a mile southwest of the town of Mount Gilead, Morrow County, Ohio, the record reports that I first saw the light on the day above given. The house has disappeared,

but I recollect that it stood along a stream of water called the Whetstone, running through a grove of sycamores, whose leafy tops, mounted on flecked and shaly bodies, still flutter pleasantly in the memory.

I.

Migration.

It is evident from the foregoing facts that a fresh migration of my ancestors has taken place. The scene has shifted from an old State to a new, from a Commonwealth born of Europe to a Commonwealth born of the American Union. In this difference of political origin will arise a difference of political character, which time is to develop. The Atlantic watershed with its face toward the East is left behind; the great dividing bulwark, the Allegheny range, is crossed, the emigrants debouch into a different world as they descend from the mountains into the valley of the Ohio, whose stream runs westward, opposite to that of the Potomac. Nature herself faces them about in their march toward the future.

This migration is recorded in writing as well as preserved in memory. But the previous migrations of the two families are historically lost; at least they are not known

to me, and were not known to my father, for I asked him about them. He declared himself ignorant of the road by which his family had come into Western Maryland before the Revolution, from the Lord knows where. Originally, of course, his stock was German, as already indicated, but he had completely lost the ancestral speech. As a boy I tested him once with my "Dutch" spelling book, and he could not pronounce me a word.

There is no doubt, however, that the chief cause of the migration of the family from the South was slavery. One day in the early 30's grandfather Snider having disposed of his property in Maryland, set out across the mountains with his children, their mother having already passed beyond. He had several brothers who also quitted their Southern home and settled in Ohio. All this was but a drop in the great migratory current which was then flowing out of the Slave States into the free North-West. The movement of the People had been at first toward the fruitful land and genial clime of the South and the Southwest, but the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1820 showed that slavery had not only fastened permanently its clutch upon the Southern States but that its leaders were bent on extending it to new territory. Then began that significant deflection of the vast

flocks of hardy home-seekers, who turned away from the sunny South to the colder North, populating it and developing it with amazing energy and rapidity. Into that vast migratory swirl of humanity to the West which lasted several generations, first sweeping Southward and then bending around Northward, the Sniders plunged and were borne on with the moving myriads, unconsciously to the fulfilment of a great national purpose, which rose to the surface in the Civil War.

Both of my grandfathers were slaveholders, and it is understood that both were favorable to emancipation. One of them, however, remained in the old State, unwilling to break rudely the strong ties of kindred, of business, and, doubtless, of class. The other went forth into the wilderness and there built a new home. These two different characteristics may have descended into their common grandchild. My father also seems to have felt the migratory spirit of the family, yea, perchance, of the old Aryan race, and so resolved to take another step Westward, not a very large one, from Ohio to the neighboring State of Indiana. There he settled on a farm not far from Columbia, Whitley County, after a stay of some months in the town. I was then about five or six years old, and still

to-day strange fleeting cloudlets of memory of that journey rise unbidden and then vanish. The exploits of our dog Trusty in swimming streams and chasing rabbits have left the most vivid impression on the child's mind; nor has the rough jolting of the corduroy road ever been smoothed out of my brain.

In that Indiana town I went to my first school, very unwillingly, I imagine, as I recollect being switched to the school house and in it also. The printed page, however, must have exercised some early fascination over me, since I had already learned at home to spell and read a little on my own initiative. The country was still new, some Indians lingered in the locality; there I saw my first big painted Indian, his squaw and also a pappoose.

An unhealthy season set in, my mother fell sick and died, leaving five small children, of whom I was the third. This sad event took place in the year 1847, and left the family ever afterwards more or less uncentered. I recollect that she was an anxious mother, she worried over the health of her children in the malarious climate of Indiana, and wished to return to Ohio and even to Maryland. We lived in a log cabin with a single room, as did most of the pioneers in that locality; when her illness continued the children were

distributed among the neighbors who were kind. At last came a summons to her bedside, it was late at night, the dying mother made some sign to see her children; after a time she opened her eyes, and with a prolonged vivid glance, which I still remember, she gave us her last look of love, then turned her head and passed away. That look remains with me still, and is the most precious, indeed almost the only memorial, I have of her earthly presence.

The family was broken up, the central spirit being gone; my father soon found that he could not make himself its center, and my eldest sister was still too young for such a task. He soon resolved to return to the old homestead in Ohio. Well do I recollect the day we started; the wagon, covered with an awning and filled with household goods, waited in the yard with horses hitched. The five children, ranging from ten years of age to two, were hoisted one by one into the vehicle with its white arcade of muslin overhead, the team started and away we sailed, with happy, happy hearts, though without the mother. The sun shone as the horses trotted down the hillock away from the cabin home, which soon disappeared from our look forever. In an hour or so the clouds gathered and hid the sun, the rain descended, and by

the time we reached Fort Wayne, we were thoroughly wet. But in the evening we were lifted out at an inn, and dried before a blazing fire on a large hearth. So ended the first day. After a week or so we drove up to the old farm house on the Whetstone in which all of us children had been born, and to which we had returned.

We had indeed come back to our natal home, but with a great domestic chasm, being now a motherless, uncentered family which soon began to fly asunder. In a brief time we had to leave the old farmhouse, as it was in possession of others. My father went to town and tried housekeeping a few months, when he gave it up. We children were scattered and knocked about in a variety of ways; life's discipline had begun with some severity. In general we found shelter with good people, but they had their own families, and we necessarily remained outsiders.

II.

Early Schooling.

In my seventh year I started definitely to school, former attempts having been failures. Even now the effort was not a concentrated one, and could not be, in the nature of the situation. I had no home strictly, belonged

nowhere precisely on the earth, and, of course anchored myself chiefly in the clouds. This is a period—from the seventh to the eleventh year—when the character is largely employed in shaping itself. I was trained by life not only to self-reliance but to self-introversion, and dwelt chiefly in an imaginary world of my own architecture, which sometimes partook of classic sunshine and sometimes of Gothic gloom. I often brooded, and I recollect of dallying with the thought of suicide. Once I sat fishing on the banks of the Whetstone, when my domineering fantasy tried hard to push me into the pellucid stream with its softly persuasive ripples, and actually did jump me into deep water, but I swam out, with one future result at any rate, namely this book, a sentence of which you, my reader, have been brought by some stroke of fate just now to read.

During the aforementioned years I was tossed pretty evenly between two quite different sorts of education, that of a private school and that of farm life, each of which had its own separate locality and environment.

Some ten miles south of Mount Gilead lived a Quaker by the name of Jesse Harkness, who, with his wife, Cynthia, kept a small boarding school, having also a goodly number of day

pupils from the neighborhood. The pedagogic pair had started their first little school near the old homestead on the Whetstone, so that my father knew them and concluded to put some of his children under their tuition as well as their domestic care, especially as they had no children of their own. Their building was the largest in that neighborhood of farm houses, and made quite an imposing appearance, being set on a gentle eminence, which was baptized with the classic but ambitious title of Mount Hesper, from which height, seemingly, the grand illumination of the West (Hesperia) was to take place. The center of the establishment was undoubtedly the mistress of the household, a Quakeress bearing also a classic name, Cynthia, the well-known designation of the Greek deity Artemis, who could likewise be Roman Diana, or even the Moon, as we catch in Shakespeare's little jet poetic, "the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow." So we had, on the outside at least a kind of heathen temple presided over by an Hellenic goddess, but on the inside all was strict Quakerdom into which not even the rather colorless heresies of Elias Hicks dared intrude.

In fact the most horrible memory that haunts me still of this period is my forced attendance at Quaker meeting, in which we

boys, four or five of us, had to sit together without a whisper, playless, laughless, nearly motionless, all in a state of incipient rebellion, but terrorized by the fierce hawk-eye of Jesse, who sat and watched us from his corner. There was no preaching, singing, praying—no external service to draw the attention of youth; all had to be internal, even in the undeveloped child, except when some old member rose, the spirit moving, and recited a verse of scripture after which he would sit down again, usually smoothing with his hand his roach, which was not allowed to curl up. Such a short break in that awful silence was always welcome to me as a most exciting episode, which by no means took place at every meeting. When we came home, Jesse would give us a little round of ear-twingeing and nose-tweaking for our sins, not very severe but perceptible; my offense generally was an unconscious smile which would not wear off by much lecturing and some drubbing. I think I may say that here began that distaste for going to church which has accompanied me through life. At Oberlin I had a similar experience, of which something will be said later.

The physical diet was spare, and the spiritual diet for boys yet sparer. No stories, no fairy tales, no fiction; the whole imaginative

gift of the child—the most active at our time of life—was openly suppressed but secretly ran riot. One of the boys smuggled the forbidden novel into our group; it was devoured furtively by most of us and was going the rounds when Jesse caught it up one day and flung it into the fire. He was still living when the Freeburgers came out, but I did not dare send him a copy. One young fellow brought a memorized stock of ballads, which he used to sing to us in great privacy, for music also was a forbidden thing; he could chant the whole of John Gilpin and make little rhymes of his own, to my boundless admiration as well as intense desire to be able to perform the same marvelous exploit. One of his petty squibs, made up on myself, I can still recall. In fact not long afterwards I began to rattle off little jingles on my own account and the habit is not yet wholly broken. (See Johnny Appleseed's Rhymes.) Moreover in the school course I picked up a good deal of poetry from Ebenezer Porter's Rhetorical Reader, as well as from Goold Brown's English Grammar. Thus a little rill of imagination and music trickled through the dry sands of Mount Hesper, almost in spite of itself.

Still the Quaker discipline was not without its decided advantages. Besides being sternly practiced in the virtues of obedience, vera-

city, economy, I was made to breathe an atmosphere of study, of aspiration to learn, of information. Jesse had traveled, and had his store of experiences; men of education would often stay at the house on their way to and from the yearly meetings of their sect, which formed a line of Quaker settlements from Richmond, Ind., through Ohio to Cleveland. This line had another distinction belonging to the time: through it ran the underground railroad on which fugitive slaves had a free passage to Canada. I recollect well the excitement produced by the case of Richard Dillingham, a young Quaker of the neighborhood, who went down to Tennessee and was arrested for enticing negroes from their masters. At Mount Hesper I first commenced to acquire the study habit, which has clung to me as the dearest friend through joy and sorrow. There was a small library in the place, and the book now began to tell its wonders to the Writer of Books.

When I was not at Mount Hesper, I went to a farm some nine miles distant, which was owned by a great-uncle of the name of Newson, familiarly known to the kinship as Uncle Joe. Here work was the watchword from sun-up to sun-down; the printed book vanished into the background, and Nature unrolled her pages of green and gold to the dili-

gent hand of the toiler. On the farm the chief gain for me was something which no school can give—a first-hand knowledge of the primal culture, which was agriculture. I was too young to perform the heavier tasks, but I saw and took part in them all: plowing, sowing, reaping, the care of domestic animals, including several kinds of fowls; also I got to know a number of the wild denizens of the neighboring forest. Physical phenomena, the wind, the rain, the snow, heat and cold, are a more intimate part of the farmer's existence than even of the villager's. I felt this change as a return to Mother Nature, from whom the school necessarily estranged me. Still it was in itself a school whose lessons I have never forgotten, and which is the unconscious substrate underlying both language and thought.

Particularly the American farmer has a unique life of his own. In general he possesses his special homestead, with a portion of the glebe fenced off around the same; he dwells not in a hamlet of peasants (as is mostly the case in Europe), but is himself the baron in his own castle with lands attached. The soil in no sense owns him, but he owns the soil; he is truly individualized, a free citizen of a free State, and socially the most independent of men. On the other side, he is also very dependent, having to rely on the

bounty of the seasons; God's gifts are his chief necessity, not man's, as he regards the situation; thus he is easily religious and conservative. It is true that this old American farm-life is being broken up by steam and electricity, with their cheap and rapid transit, which turns country into city and city into country. Also the unparalleled development of agricultural implements is making inroads upon the transmitted methods and usages of the farm. I hold the statement to be true that mightier advances have been made in the instrumentalities for cultivating this, our earth, during the last half century than took place during the thirty or forty centuries since our ancestors emerged from their nomadic condition. Sixty years ago I was a farmer's boy; since then I believe the improvement in husbandry to have been greater than that during the entire lapse of time from the earliest Aryan crop of grain. I saw pretty nearly the same agricultural implements, and pretty nearly the same manipulation of them as had come down from immemorial ages. I may add one reflection: this marvelous evolution of food-raising machinery springs from and is required by American institutions, and may well be regarded as a phase of that new stage of civilization which is arising in the Occident. The freer the man,

the more obedient Nature becomes to his liberated hand.

Still the farm today remains a great educator, giving that which no school, no town, no city can impart. It carries man back to his first cultivation, the cultivation of the soil, which is connected with the settled home and with the domestication of plants and animals, and above all with human domestication. The domestic grains are still sown, the domestic animals are still reared, on the farm; and they are the results of uncounted ages of evolution. With this primeval occupation of man, language, mythus, folk-lore, poetry unfold, whose earliest hints may be felt in tillage. There is at present an educational tendency to send town children to the country to observe the processes of husbandry; better still would it be if their hands were set to work in certain occupations of the farm.

Anyhow at Uncle Joe's I acquired the rudiments of the basic processes of agriculture, which, I must repeat, has laid the foundation stones of all other culture. I went to the harvest-field, raked the sheaf, cocked the hay, drove the team, fed the cattle, did a hundred chores, and thus became a living part, though a small one, of that very lively unit, the American farm, which might be called the original cell of our social organism. Primar-

ily our country is a vast cluster of farms and farmers whose energy and character are the well-head of the nation's energy and character. It is generally stated that the city recuperates largely its human supply of brain from the same sources whence it derives its bread and meat. I may add that I always hailed with delight the transition from Jesse's to Uncle Joe's, chiefly because on the farm I obtained better food and more of it. Boys will complain, but the frugal Quaker really underfed us, though the famine-pinched Hindoo would have reveled in our thin gravies and butterless bread as Heaven-sent luxuries. Nor should it in justice be forgotten that Jesse received a very small compensation for his services and supplies.

But the time has arrived when both these kinds of training, the boarding-school and the farm, are to drop out of my life forever. I had reached my eleventh year when a new shift of environment as well as of discipline took place.

III.

The Second Home.

My father now resolved to bring his scattered children together into a home once more. They were growing up parted from him and from one another, and were forming

habits and attachments, which might soon be too strong to break. Young as I was, I recollect his talking to me about the change which had long been his cherished dream. With some such design he had married a second time, but this attempt turned out unsuccessful. I saw my stepmother but a few weeks; she was sympathetic and kind-hearted, but was already ill with what soon showed itself a fatal malady. Not long after she died; he and we children found ourselves where we were before—dispersed to the four winds.

At last about 1851 my father began to see his way to a reconstruction of his home and took a dwelling in the town of Mount Gilead. My eldest sister was then toward fifteen years old, and my second sister somewhat less than two years younger; with such help the new household seemed possible. Still he found us a centrifugal set after so many years of separation at the most impressionable time of life. I have never deemed my father a strong character, nor did he possess a robust constitution; he was kind-hearted and conscientious toward his children, but his discipline was lax; I felt at once the loosened grip and began to fly off after my own sweet will. Now and then, however, he felt compelled to box the ears of the whole group of us impartially for some little domestic brawl—an act

of momentary despair on his part, of which he would at once repent. I have no doubt our second home would have gone to pieces in a year, if we had not been reinforced at the critical moment by just the needed personality. My father's sister, affectionately called by us Aunt Mary, a childless widow whose husband had recently died, came to live with us and at once centered about herself the recalcitrant units of our family. Not only this she did through her unusual will-power, but she became the domestic heart as well; she mothered her brother's orphaned children anew, and made herself the fountain of their hopes in life as well as of their aspiration for improvement. She had but little education herself, but the value of education she seemed to appreciate better than anybody I knew of in my youth. It must be confessed that she was more ambitious for the children under her charge than my father was; but she controlled him, and through her I could reach him, and get his consent to take a fresh step in advance, with which she never failed to sympathize.

Mount Gilead was then a village containing less than a thousand people. It possessed a small but active life of its own, social and commercial; it was the shire-town of the county with court house and some educated

professional men, lawyers, doctors and preachers, and especially one schoolmaster, who still looms up in my memory above them all. The main interest of the town, however, centered in politics. The presidential election of 1852 was at hand; a majority of the people belonged to the Democratic party as against the Whigs, but the balance of power was held by the Freesoilers, then a young and very active organization to which my father, though a born Southerner, had attached himself. From him the son naturally took his earliest political bias. I can still recall vividly the campaign of 1852. I at once became an ardent politician; the boys of the village divided according to the leanings of their parents and sometimes had little scrimmages over the respective candidates for the Presidency. A great day it was for our party and for the town and especially for me when John P. Hale, my Presidential candidate, appeared and made a speech in the grove along the Whetstone. Salmon P. Chase, then a Senator from Ohio, was also present and addressed the meeting. The other two political parties never brought any men of equal distinction to that little speck of a town. These forceful orators, along with their cause, made a strong impression upon my boyish mind; they aroused sympathy for the enslaved, and

appealed to the law of the human heart; they rather turned away from the written law as laid down in statute and constitution. After a vague, dreamy fashion, I already felt the battle between the two laws, and the same conflict was lurking more or less distinctly in every soul of the community. To be sure the people divided into parties which outwardly affirmed one side or the other; but internally every man had some trace of the time's scission which was destined to grow deeper and deeper till the final mighty clash. The town resounded with political discussions in the stores and on the street corners; sometimes though rarely the doughty antagonists came to blows. Once the whole community, including women and, of course, the boys, seemed to range themselves on two battle lines, when a leading lawyer struck a leading preacher for calling him a liar in a heated argument. Thus Mount Gilead had a little war of its own already in 1852, dimly foreshadowing the later big war in a kind of germ. A disputation on the street would quickly gather a crowd of eager listeners, who would divide at once and show their respective sympathies by applause and derision. It was certainly a period of great fermentation; looking backward I have to think that it was the early preparation of the people for the approaching

conflict which everybody forefelt even when the tongue was silent or said nay. But many were outspoken and expressed the common presentiment in gloomy prophecies which might be openly pooh-poohed, but secretly would produce a responsive echo or perchance a shiver.

The Democratic candidate, Franklin Pierce, was overwhelmingly elected. This result gave the finishing stroke to the Whig party, which had already committed suicide logically, and had no further ground of existence. The din of political argument ceased after the election in the town, which certainly needed a rest. After a time of recuperation, religious discussion between the members of the five or six different churches of the place took its turn in exercising the minds of many of the villagers. But some, a goodly minority, would take no part in this diversion. The young people, and the old, too, had their social entertainments, through which ran unfathomable rivalries between persons, cliques, religious denominations and political parties. It was a tangled variegated skein, that life of the town in which every individual was a thread more or less significant; I might liken it to a vat of eels, each of which was turning and winding, now on top, now underneath, through the entire wriggling mass, into which I, a little eel, had been precipitated.

At any rate I had made a new transition; I had passed from a confined school-life after the Quaker pattern, and from a taskful farm-life with its closeness to Nature into a more complex town-life with its larger human association. I soon shared deeply in the soul of the little community, in its ambitions, in its pleasures, in its gossip, in its loves and hates, for it knew both—not neglecting its class distinctions, for it had its small set of patricians (or those who deemed themselves such) and consequently its plebeians. Some similar classification seems to spring up in every petty village as well as in old Rome. But while my townlet had its own round of throbbing existence, it palpitated strongly in response to the conflicts of State and Nation. Its dominant institutional character was political, in deep acord with the keynote of the time, which I, though a mere boy, began distinctly to hear and to recognize. Yea, I would fain believe, on retrospection, that a faint world-historical pulsation was thrilling in this almost microscopic cell of universal history. The great crisis of the age was already budding and swelling toward the flower, and that most sensitive of all photographic plates, the human soul, though it might be the humblest, took the impress of it with a dim foreboding of the mighty event now on the march.

While these occurrences and premonitions were surging hurly-burly through the town and through me, another thread began weaving itself into my life. Even an elementary education I by no means yet possessed; but now the educator appears in person—I can truly say, my first real educator, who not only drilled me furiously in the rudiments, but was able to see and to seize my inner bent, also to develop and to direct it on its future way.

IV.

The Village Schoolmaster.

A corpulent, short-statured, rather flabby bunch of man, shuffling along in low shoes whose heels would clatter on the pavement or floor, with heavy drooping features which, however, would easily light up with all sorts of grimaces on provocation, was the most unique personality in the town, its acknowledged wise-man or savant, the schoolmaster of the place, popularly called Old Razz (abbreviation of Erasmus). He would draw down the corners of his mouth, often gilded with tobacco juice, and tell one of his funny yarns to the crowd when school was over, and he was loafing at the corner drug-store; but as soon as the nub popped out, he would start to rolling with laughter inside—never a titter

broke outside—and his stumpy globular figure would shake and undulate like a bowl of jelly. Whereat the response of his audience was at once forthcoming, often with the cry: "Give us another."

Erasmus G. Phillips, who left his individual stamp indelibly upon my years of boyhood, was an original character, who possessed a collegiate education—he was from Granville College—and had been trained to the legal profession, but by hap or mishap had been transformed into a rural pedagogue. Teaching, however, must have been his native trend, as it was certainly his true vocation. His school was indeed of the old style, but conducted after his own peculiar manner. In pedagogy the new order had begun to make itself felt, but had not yet reached Mount Gilead, though it was on the way and will arrive. Meanwhile Phillips bore sway, and I came under his tuition and personal influence, with the birch always hanging over my head but never quite descending upon my jacket. I owe him much, but if I were called upon to point to the one thing which he left most compelling with me through life, it would be the aspiration to know the antique world. He first roused and developed into a strong and enduring passion my classical bent, a gift which he also possessed. One day he came

up to my desk and put into my hands a Latin grammar, assigning as my first lesson the declension of Musa. "There," says he, "take that, it is time to start." The circumstance was, indeed, a veritable turning-point in my whole career. At home my father good-naturedly but skeptically scoffed at this unheard of deviation in the family, while Aunt Mary sympathized and uttered a prophetic word or two for my encouragement. Outsiders came to hear of the fact and teased me about that most useless study of Latin, for in a small town everybody knows everybody and everybody's business and more, too, and besides wants to take care of it. Boys would jeer at me with their so-called hog-Latin, but I held on. Never shall I forget the moment when Phillips getting impatient of the monotonous paradigms, flung me headforemost into translating an Esop's fable from the Latin. It was too large a leap for me, but the old teacher was so eager that I should pluck the fruit that he could not wait for the intermediate steps. It was hard work, but with a good deal of help from him the task was finished and written out—my first translation, and I have been translating ever since from one tongue or other. His action affected me deeply; I felt that he would gladly have transferred to me his knowledge in mass, if

he had been able. This delight in giving away his mental acquisitions, this impulse to impart what he knew to those who did not know revealed the born teacher.

Moreover Phillips opened to me the mythical wealth of the classic world. From him I first heard the tale of Troy, which he told in his own original way, making over for himself the ancient fable. He was a good story-teller, especially successful in humorous anecdote and on this side was the popular narrator of the town. At present he seemed dipped in the very spirit of the old Greek mythus; and he excited me by it to such a degree that for days it would not quit my imagination, so that I too fought with the heroes under the walls of Troy. I believe that then I received the impulse not to rest till I knew those old books about the Trojan War and made them my spiritual heritage. We were walking homeward from the Round School-house on the hill-top, when he suddenly fell into this peculiar mood, which I had not seen in him before. He became very animated, he would gesticulate with corresponding play of the countenance; after waddling a few steps he would stop in the street for the purpose of acting as well speaking some important scene or heroic exploit. At last we reached the business part of the vil-

lage and sat down on the stone steps of a store, where he told me about the stratagem of the wooden horse, out of which the Greek heroes secretly slipped and took the city, slaying the Trojans right and left without resistance, "for," says he, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, while leaning over toward me and lowering his voice to a whisper, "they were all drunk."

Now Phillips, the story teller himself, injected a little bit of his own life into this interpretation of Homer and Virgil. He was in the habit of going on a spree during vacation, never during the school-term; that was his weakness which the people excused on account of his excellence in teaching, and the more readily because many of them took a dram themselves. I recollect that I thought at the time: "Well, that is a bit snatched from life." I believe that he intended me to include himself among those Trojans. I had seen him in the gutter and, as he was quarrelsome in his cups, with black eyes, with bandaged scalp, with soiled and tattered clothes during and after his frolics. Once at the railroad station he gave three of us boys a bad fright by rising from a wool-sack on which he was lying bespattered with tobacco-juice and vomit, and offering to flog the whole set of us, who were merely standing before him and gazing at him

in silent awe. He probably dreamed that he was at school and that we were pupils in mischief. We took to our heels, in three directions, but he threw up, and lying down again on his wool-sack went off into a snooze. This incident took place in vacation; the next week school began, old Razz was on hand as usual and the pupils, too.

Such was the night-side of this unique man, which he always turned up to daylight outside of school-time. Rumor connected his intemperate habit with disappointment in love, as he was unmarried and shunned the society of women. He belonged to no church and was silent on the subject of religion; Sundays he would stay in his school-house or loiter at the drug-store of Uncle Johnny Wealand. His parents came from Wales, but he had lost the ability to speak Welsh except in the matter of counting the numerals which he would rattle off with quips and facial contortions to the delight of young and old. He was proud of having been named after Erasmus, the great Dutch classical scholar of the Renascence, who, he claimed, visited Wales and was brought into some relation with an ancestor. In his school he was a vigorous flogger of the old style, not by any means sparing the girls. But, as far as I recollect, he never gave me a blow in his life, though I once escaped a

sound thrashing by flight, running out of the open door as he was waddling after me with gad in hand. He sent for me, but my kind-hearted father would not force me to return. After a while I met my teacher on the street, he was very friendly and invited me to come back, which I did later with eagerness. I believe he longed for me as much as I did for him.

Such was the chief educational force of the town and of the neighboring country. He is still held in grateful remembrance by his old pupils in spite of his flogging, yea I have heard it declared, by virtue of his flogging. Many years ago, not long after his death, some of us proposed to erect a monument over his grave, but time has mercilessly rolled on, and all of that company, with one exception, now need monuments of their own. That exception is here trying to raise a little memorial to his best teacher, who did that which the graded school of the present can do but imperfectly; he seized and unfolded the individual bent of each pupil. Every boy of a special turn, while receiving a general education, was encouraged to develop on his own line according to his gift. Certainly I received from him my bent toward classical study, and he roused it not so much by drill in grammar as by a living presentation of its

spirit in legend, history and Plutarchian anecdote. There was a freshness and originality in the man which made dry erudition send forth leaves and even flowers. The old-fashioned country schoolmaster has largely vanished with the pioneers of the West, to whom indeed he belonged; but on the whole he was a great benefactor in his way, and never failed to appear at the frontier settlements with his little stock of learning to illumine the outposts of civilization. In his field he was a Daniel Boone or better, a Johnny Appleseed, scattering the germs of the coming fruitage.

Phillips, I ought to add, did not neglect in me a part of education which I was inclined to neglect: the mathematical. In mental and written arithmetic he gave a thorough drill, and in due time he pushed me up into algebra, which has remained with me to this day the unforgotten part of advanced mathematics. The other mathematical branches which I studied later at college dropped rapidly into the dark well of Lethe, from which I can not draw them up without a complete mental reconstruction of them in detail. The foregoing facts were intensely, almost painfully, verified just this present year (1909) by the emergency of writing a book which required a renewal of my ancient mathematical knowl-

edge. The algebra I recovered at a glance, but the other branches could not be coaxed from their hiding place except by a fresh begetting of them from the start.

Still it must be confessed that the town outgrew old Razz, and I outgrew him also. Mount Gilead began to feel the revolution in education which was then pulsing everywhere through Ohio. A large new school-house had been built which sheltered the whole school-population; this had now to be graded and to be put into separate rooms of the one building, under different teachers, with a principal over all. Better organization was the result, a better machine perchance, but with the machine came a more mechanical character into the instruction. Doubtless such a system was an advantage for all, for the great mass, was more democratic; but it was not so good for the specially talented, for the born leader, who must also have their individual development. Such is still a leading problem of the educational organism: to teach the mediocre and in the same class to develop the gift of the gifted. It was understood that Phillips might have been principal of the new Union-school (as it was called) if he would quit his sprees and go to church, and, one old maid said, get married. But he refused to accept the new order and left town for a small vil-

lage, where he could still be a free man and a free teacher, according to his own interpretation of freedom, and the ideal of his vocation.

The point at which I had begun to feel the necessity of reaching out beyond his instruction was in the study of modern languages, which he did not know. Especially there had come over me a strange compelling impulse, possibly ancestral, to speak German, as if some old Teutonic ghost wanted to use my living tongue, and gave me no peace till it possessed me. I found an outsider to help me; of course Phillips soon heard about it and could not conceal his jealousy. One day I met him at the drug store, when he began quizzing me. "What is *hat* in German?" "*Hut,*" says I. "And *foot?*" "That is *Fuss.*" "And *goodthing?*" "*Gutes Ding,*" was my answer. "That's enough," he cried, and put on a look of disgust; "I once studied German a little, but gave it up, as it seemed to me but a mispronounced and misspelt parody on English." Some years later during a visit at home from college, I chanced to meet him, when his first salutation was: "Good God, Denton, I suppose you can not talk English any more."

Phillips had the warm affectionate Celtic temperament, which rayed out passionately

on certain pupils; indeed he had no one else to love, and he had to have an outlet for his strong emotions. I believe that I was for a while his favorite, but he soon found another when he saw me taking stretches beyond his limits. Doubtless the growing separation cost him more than one pang; but he was well aware that the best teacher is he who soonest brings his pupils to outstrip him at his best.

V.

Other Beginnings.

During these years (from my 11th to my 15th) other tendencies began to sprout in me which remained and developed more fully in later life. It was indeed a time of germination of bents and their conflict for supremacy, a struggle for existence between the native aptitudes ending possibly in the survival of the fittest. At this period our manifold inherited propensities seem to rise up from the dark unconscious underworld of the soul and to assert themselves; the result is a kind of natural selection out of the vast transmitted store of nature's gifts. Every child has probably the endowments of the whole race as its possibilities; but only a few can ever be developed to maturity. Physically he is already individualized at birth,

but mentally he is to become so by education in its very widest sense.

About this time a new interest which persisted in bubbling up to the surface against many obstacles was music. The town had several performers on the violin, or as they were called fiddlers—a popular name, but with a shade of contempt in it to most people. They furnished the music chiefly for the country dances, and played a variety of jigs, hornpipes, cotillions, waltzes, not leaving out the old Virginia reel. One of these artists offered to give me instruction, but my father sat his foot down firmly with a flat *No!* He had a low opinion of music generally, and a player of the violin in the family would be an indelible disgrace to the whole kinship. His scornful reply was: "Only niggers play the fiddle where I came from," that is, from the South. My father could not help showing himself the born Southerner, both in speech and in certain social prejudices, his anti-slavery views notwithstanding. From his Southern breeding he retained his courtesy, even if a little formal on occasion. But I lost the opportunity of learning the most perfect of all musical instruments, the violin. In its stead I went in debt for a flute, which I could take apart and hide in the woodpile; when he was away at business, I would practice in the barn. After

a while I surprised him when in good humor by playing a tune. But he could not suppress his derision, and exclaimed: "Give us now the tune the old cow died on." Still I had won my point, I had learned to play a musical instrument, though not of the best class, and I also acquired the rudiments of the science of music. Afterwards a piano came into the house chiefly through the assistance and protection of Aunt Mary; but I could not profit by it, as I was about to quit home for college. My younger sister, however, had to endure many a contemptuous fling from the old gentleman for her devotion to her art.

I have given this case because I regard it as typical of entire America in Music and in the Fine Arts generally. The original elemental source from which all excellence in poetry and all artistic supremacy is derived is the people. The question to be asked for finding out the possibility of a national Music is: Do the people sing—sing spontaneously, by an all-compelling necessity of uttering themselves melodiously? Most emphatically, No, the American people do not sing, and they rather contemn the one who does, often regarding the musically inclined person among them as a little unhinged mentally. Of course, I do not mean certain classes in cities and towns that have imbibed foreign notions. I

mean the real American people of the cross-roads, of the rural school-house in which singing ought to be but very seldom is, heard; the men of the million farms I mean, who make and uphold the political institutions of the country, who have fought its battles and are ready to do so again, who are in general the protoplasmic stuff which enters into everything national. These men do not sing, except possibly on Sunday at church they may indulge a few moments in the nasal whine of a hymn, which is unearthly, and, therefore, must be heavenly. I hold that the supreme musical problem of this land is, Can you make the people sing? Sing as the German people sing, from the humblest to the highest, on all possible occasions; sing as the Italians sing and thus bring forth a national music whose primal fountain is the folk-song, which can not be said to exist in America. In this way is created a vast popular reservoir of what may be called musical protoplasm, every speck of which is national or perhaps racial, too, and from which the nation's genius as musical composer draws, moulding it into his own ideal shapes and stamping them with his own individuality. That there is no such reservoir for the American composer is the unfortunate fact, and accordingly he has to go abroad not only for his training but for

his melodious material, for his ultimate musical themes, even if he plaster them on some American incident or scene. And what is true of music is more or less true of all the Fine Arts. Is there an original creative impulse in our people to express itself artistically? Very few signs of it, even if they be not wholly wanting. The American (to use an expression of Aristotle) is a political animal, not a musical, not an artistic, that is, the animal in him, the elemental part of his nature, does not spontaneously take to music or art in a creative way, but peculiarly to politics; hence his State has become the wonder of the world, and it the world is going to adopt in the course of ages.

Still I have to believe that this American, or I might say, Anglo-Saxon, incapacity for music has an historic cause. The soul of humanity is naturally musical, and this inborn utterance has to be silenced by some past paralysis in a people. The Anglo-Saxon and the German are of the same Teutonic kin; long ago they dwelt together, sang the same strains and marched to battle chanting the same war-songs. But the one branch of the common stock has become the most tuneless people in the whole world, I believe, while the other branch has evolved as the most tuneful—productively the most tuneful folk

on this globe is doubtless the German of the present day. What caused such a surprising divergence in the same blood? Leaving England itself out, we may glance at the English settlers of America from whom our leading spiritual traits are derived. These settlers were mainly of two groups: the Puritans of the North and the Cavaliers of the South, both of them unmusical. The Puritanic world-view smote to death music and all art with the heavy mace of religion, except some psalm-singing, of which it may be said the less musical the godlier. The aristocratic Cavalier would not, of course, practice any art; music especially he turned over to his slaves, who could sing and dance for him when he felt the need of some entertainment. Hence it is declared that the only original American music is found in the so-called negro melodies, and the most popular musical entertainment in America as a whole is a negro minstrel show. Even the white man has to blacken himself and turn darkey in order to express himself musically. Never shall I forget the utter disgust and despair of the best violinist I ever knew in St. Louis, who had recently arrived from the old country, when he was compelled, by the sheer necessity of getting some bread, to accept the high offer of the leader of a company of "Ethi-

opian Serenaders'' then playing with great success in the city. He received several times more money than he could get for his services in the best orchestra of Europe, but he would not endure the degradation of his art (so he deemed it); accordingly, as soon as he had earned sufficient money for his purpose, he washed his face clean and hurried back to his native land, where he could exercise his art and still remain a white man.

So the Puritan and the Cavalier, the moulders of the national spirit, though desperate foes on other lines, and destined to transfer their English battle to American soil, on which they will fight it out with untold outlay of blood, show a remarkable agreement, a brotherly unanimity, as regards art, and especially music. In these matters my father was, I think, a typical man, representing the average American consciousness, though with a decided Southern tinge in his social instincts, even if he was largely read in New England anti-slavery literature, and on this side partook decidedly of Puritanic moralism. Slavery doubtless emphasized the fact that the Southerner regarded music herself as his ''nigger,'' worth some money for the sake of diversion, yet rather too low for familiar association. The negro, however, has been set free; but has music obtained a corresponding

enfranchisement, I mean in its true home, the folk-soul? Is it a free art, unfolding in its own right unto perfection? In defense of my spelling, I may add that my father always pronounced the synonym of the colored brother with two g's, even when handing him money to flee toward Canada on the underground railroad.

It was during these years that I first became acquainted with the story of Johnny Appleseed, which has haunted my whole life with a peculiar power of fascination, and I am not yet free of the spell. The image of the solitary wanderer going in advance of civilization and planting apple-seeds in protected spots for the benefit of future generations impressed itself upon me at once, so that I have not only held it in delighted memory, but have been driven to shape it in words at various times. I recollect of reading about Appleseed in a local history which gave a little account of the man and his peculiar traits. He lived for some years at Mansfield, which is only a few miles from Mount Gilead, being the county seat of a neighboring county. But his wanderings were far and wide; I have heard of him at Pittsburg or near there, at Columbus, Ohio, and at several places in Indiana and Illinois. There is no doubt that his story has been car-

ried and transplanted by emigrants, whose most distinctive mythus he has enacted, if not created, to many places where he never was in the flesh. Moreover, he has become the center of manifold incidents and anecdotes which grow and cluster about his name and deed, as we see also in the case of Lincoln. It is evident that Johnny Appleseed has evoked the popular myth-making spirit of the rather prosaic Westerner, quite similar to that which bloomed with such enduring beauty and fertility in old Greece, whose heroes, Hercules, Theseus and the like, were once unique living men of a particular time and place, but were transfigured and made ubiquitous and sempiternal by legend.

In my native town, accordingly, Johnny Appleseed was a known character (though I never saw him) and was the theme of many a little squib and anecdote, not always complimentary, among the people. It was plain, however, that he had, in his way, captured the popular imagination, which kept him in living tradition long after he had left these parts, and, indeed, had passed out of life. Very early I associated him with another odd person, a fiddler, who used to go the rounds of that region playing on his instrument and singing some verses. Johnny Appleseed, as far as I know, did not sing or make poetry;

but it somehow seemed to me that he ought. Both were solitary wanderers; each pursued his own idea or followed his own bent, which he had to impart to the world in his peculiar fashion, outside of the regular course. At any rate, each appeared to me to possess something which the other lacked; so I clapped them together into one complete character for the enjoyment of my fancy. Thus the two grew together in my mind into a single personality already during my youthful days at Mount Gilead, and this mythical shadow of an ideal being has accompanied me through life, sometimes more and sometimes less insistent upon his presence. Still to-day now and then he springs out of nothing at my side and takes a walk with me through the park, considerably changed or perchance evolved from his first epiphany.

A Writer of Books may be permitted to record an incident, otherwise trivial, which had a decided influence upon his literary blossoming during the present period. I was in my fourteenth year when I by chance came upon *The Spectator,* written by Addison and others. My sister had borrowed from a neighbor a copy, which I picked up and began reading. I felt at once a difference in it from any book I had ever read—a difference

not only in the matter, but especially in the manner. It became my companion; I borrowed it on my own account, and read and reread it, particularly certain portions. I noticed a dissimilarity between the essays, subtle yet pervasive; I began to group together those which I specially liked, and afterwards found that they were all by Addison, while the, to me, less attractive ones were by Steele and others. Very soon I had my own copy of *The Spectator,* which I thumbed and marked and hung over with a wholly new delight. I may call it my first literary book, which aroused in me a feeling for the style of the masters, that inimitable quality in human writing which rescues it from the devouring maw of Time and endows it with eternal youth. To be sure, I had read pieces of oratory and poetry in McGuffey's Fifth Reader (a superb book of extracts) which thrilled me with various emotions, but which were sudden, short, brilliant jets of very different values for me and from very different sources. This distracted me, but Addison concentrated me upon the one easy-flowing style which pervaded and held together in a common bond all his diversified productions. Naturally, I became so inoculated with his manner that I imitated his ideas, took his point of view, and tried later to write in the same way.

Addison's tone just suited my mood and my time of life. I was the adolescent who begins to separate himself from the world and to have his own inner life. I, too, became a spectator, or deemed myself such, of the foibles and follies of mankind. This is the general attitude of *The Spectator,* and specially of Addison, who still further tinged his genial thoughts with a certain unobtrusive play of religious emotion, mild but fascinating as sheet-lightning in the distance. Then I may say that I obtained from Addison my first youthful world-view as well as my first distinctive feeling for literary style. Another phase of his influence I well remember —his many classical allusions, which showed to what use a gifted man put the ancient languages I was then droning over. I felt lured by his snatches of Latin placed at the head of his articles, to probe to their original sources, which were chiefly the old Roman poets. Of course, I can read Addison with that youthful relish no longer. Indeed, after a few years he dropped out of my list of favorite authors—another took his place as I grew away from the Addisonian period of life. But while I was in it I imparted my mood to several acquaintances in town, boys of the same age, who also took to reading Addison, and became infected with his onlooking and

down-looking attitude toward the rest of the world, which we naturally practiced upon our neighbors, some of whom wondered what had gotten into us. In fact, one of these youths turned my mood back upon myself, declaring my proposal to play ball an unworthy puerility in which he would no longer indulge.

During my boyhood I was not exempt from a good deal of hard physical labor. On the farm at Uncle Joe's the word was work, work from dewy morn to twilight gray. I have never found fault with that, especially as good food and the comforts of life were abundant and freely given. In town my father required me to earn my own spending money, which I did by working in the brick yard, in the harvest field, and even by carrying the hod. I think that the most of my cash went for books, for I read a good deal in a rambling sort of way, not failing to absorb my father's favorite, old Lindley Murray's "English Reader," with its extracts largely taken from the Latinized authors of the eighteenth century, showing hardly a trace of the new romantic movement in recent English literature, which was fairly well represented in M'Guffey. I felt this difference between the two samples of school-readers, and argued about it with my father, who stoutly maintained that old Lindley had given better se-

lections than those found in the modern new-fangled text-books. He was an educated man for his time, but without classical training; still he had inhaled in his youth quite a little whiff of that Latin culture—for it was in the air—which belonged to the South during and after the Revolutionary period, whereof the best examples are found in the great Virginia statesmen. It possessed and imparted to discourse and to life a certain courteous and dignified formalism which suited the Southerner.

As I am now digging up the beginnings of tendencies which have been life-long, I have yet to speak of the one which was and has remained the deepest and most compelling of all—the German. I have previously mentioned that I was growing beyond the range of my old schoolmaster, Phillips, in my desire to learn modern languages. I chanced to come upon a generous old gentleman who knew something of French and who offered to give me some lessons. I accepted, and made a little start. I may here state that when old Razz left town, my little Latin bud was in danger of wilting to death; but I pressed into service a lawyer who had been at college, and who was probably the only man in the place who knew something of the ancient tongues. Finally a Pennsylvania German druggist I besought to give me the

pronunciation of certain letters and words of his native tongue—which he did, possibly with a dialectical twist, but it was all "Dutch" to me, which I greedily devoured. I put these matters together here, but they were not cotemporaneous; in fact, they were months and perhaps years apart, though they all occurred in the time now under consideration. They at least show the future writer of books levying upon the townspeople with no little audacity for that part of his education which the school could not furnish.

I have emphasized my classical bent brought out by old Razz, but deeper than it and more native to me, I believe, was my impulse to acquire German. I do not now recollect when I had not the desire to learn that language; I have sometimes thought it was born with me, and it became a longing which at times was almost painful. I think I have already intimated that probably some spirit of my old German ancestry was reincarnated in me, and could not express himself in English, and kept troubling me with his promptings. I knew that my people on my father's side were of German descent, but my father could not speak a word in that tongue, and he seemed rather to avoid it. From my aunt, his sister, I learned that she, as a child, had heard her father and mother talk German to-

gether, though the children could not understand them. Still she retained some words which had been picked up in childhood. I recollect that the word *Schnitt* for the pared piece of an apple she always used. Later, when I could read German a little, she brought out one of her cherished heirlooms, the old document in German already mentioned which pertained to my grandfather's baptism at Hagerstown.

So, armed with my "Dutch" spelling-book, I went to old Johnny Wealand, the town druggist, fat and phlegmatic, a Pennsylvania German who could read and speak the language, and I began to get the sounds of letters and pronunciation of words. Soon *Woodberry's Method* fell into my hands, and in a short time I had the whole of it committed to memory. I worked at it with some strange fascination, and great was my delight when I began to make the old black Gothic letters yield up a meaning. Bits of verses began to be committed to memory, of which one from Schiller made such an impression that I still can cite it:

Rühmend darf der Deutsche sagen,
Höher darf das Herz ihm schlagen
Selbst erschuf er sich den Werth.

I went around declaiming these lines and many others in German to my boyish as-

sociates, who did not understand them, but first stared at me, then laughed at me and mocked me, mostly in a prankish, good-natured way, but envy put in a little of her spite. I received caricatures and anonymous communications through the postoffice, setting off the "Dutchman" in various attitudes with some crude raillery, the worst of which I attributed to a girl's revenge.

In the meantime the tide of German emigration had hit the town and brought people who could not speak a word of English. These were the first native Germans in the place, though there were some Pennsylvanians who could talk their tongue. I lost no time in getting acquainted with the newcomers and practicing my infantile German upon them. They could understand me, but I not them. My ear could only now and then catch short expressions. Still I hunted them up daily; they were stonemasons chiefly, and I would go to their place of work, and would gabble by the hour, and always got something. They never failed to help me, particularly one named Philip, an intelligent man, taught me what he could.

When my companions among the boys saw me conversing with these people in a strange tongue the more ambitious wished also to learn it. I told them what to do, showed them

my book, and said to them that I would help them. Perhaps half a dozen did start, and I imparted my information and even gave them lessons. I always had a willingness to share what knowledge I had; a touch of the propagandist, I imagine, remains with me to this day. But the boys did not hold out very long, though some of them acquired a little; most of them could not tide over the umlants ö and ü, yet I saw one chap practicing them before the looking-glass.

Though I have occupied myself with some six or eight different languages during my life, I have never felt the same strong desire, the same persistent love for any others besides German and Greek. While in Greece there bubbled up always a certain innate delight when I began to express myself in that tongue as a living speech; some silent part of my soul seemed to find therein an utterance. That was perhaps the most direct, intimate joy of my European journey. And I may say here personally that of the books to whose study my life has been largely given I feel the strongest kinship with Goethe and Homer.

During these years arose the struggle between two small towns of this same county (Morrow) for the possession of the county seat, often travestied by the wits on both

sides as the war between the Gileadites (Israelites) and the Cardingtonites (Canaanites). I found out afterwards that many counties in the West—I was going to say half of them—had such a war more or less intense. So it, too, was a real symbol. A little sketch of it I set in the *Freeburgers,* which I used to read over the country wherever I might be lecturing. Usually somebody in the audience would tell me: "I know what that means; you are satirizing our county-seat fracas," naming the two contesting towns. Of this local fact I knew nothing till it rose to the surface. But such a war lay in the background of my town-life during my entire youth, and gave occasion for a great deal of discussion at the stores and on the street corners, always winding up with the stunning question: What are we going to do about it? Of course, the boy was an ardent partisan for his community, and was jerked through all sorts of feelings and imaginings by the rumored movements of the enemy—since the whole war consisted of Dame Rumor, whom Homer and Virgil have so vividly personified in her appearance on the field of conflict. But from this petty and indeed imaginary struggle the town was next to be whirled into a contest of the farthest-reaching significance —the Presidential campaign of 1856—in

many ways the prelude of the mightiest war of history.

VI.

The Year 1856.

Looking backward, I am led to believe that the year 1856 gave me a greater range of experiences, both in quantity and kind, than any other year of my early life. The town was deeply agitated by a number of conflicts, and I shared sympathetically in its throes. Then I had my personal problems which were culminating upon me; I had come to a parting of the ways; I had reached an age when the choice of a vocation looms up portentous in the horizon. At least so it was to me; the way I wished to go futurewards seemed blocked; the way I did not wish to go was open, yea there were attempts to push me into it against my will. Outsiders frequently volunteered the advice that it was time for me to begin working at a trade, that I had book-learning enough, if not too much already; a couple of officious relatives insisted that I ought at once to be put to the carpenter's bench, or start to soldering cans at a tinshop. This continual nagging simply bedeviled me, ending, as it usually did, with the sarcastic remark, "Oh, you are another who wants to get a living without work."

Internally I resisted, but not outwardly, as I was aware that my father leaned to the same opinion, though not inclined to force me in opposition to my wishes. I knew, however, that I had a fortress in Aunt Mary, who, if necessary, could shoot out of her mouth a very effective cannon ball at my besiegers.

Meanwhile the Presidential campaign of 1856 dashed through the town with unwonted fury, occupying everybody's attention and relieving me for a while from my tormentors, as it gave them something to argue about. Two leading political parties again appeared, but different from those of 1852. The work of Douglas and his Southern allies in repealing the Missouri Compromise had produced an oceanic upheaval in the North, and had called into existence the Republican party, which had put up John C. Fremont as candidate for the Presidency. It was a vast new alignment of political organizations upon the question: Shall the national territory be made into Slave States or Free States? This had been precipitated by the troubles in Kansas, to which Mount Gilead and its county (Morrow) had contributed a number of the first emigrants, fighters too, among whom was the notorious Sam Wood, who was a leader in the earliest Kansas broils, then headed a regiment of fierce borderers during

the Civil War, and finally died in his boots fighting a Kansas county-seat battle. He was a Quaker or of Quaker parentage, but Kansas made him a man of blood and violence, if there ever was one. Twice I saw him in his old home after he had barely escaped by rapid flight from the clutches of the Southerners at the sack of Lawrence, but he soon returned to the sanguinary stamping-ground of old John Brown. Others came back and told to their neighbors the piteous tale of Kansas' woes; every community in the North was stirred by the personal accounts of these returners as well as by the vast printed literature on the subject. Thus Kansas became the main center around which the campaign surged and bellowed oratorically, the one side echoing the shrieks of the bleeding Kansans, the other side belittling the whole thing with no small outlay of satirical banter. The Democratic speakers, however, had one positive theme: the Union is in danger. To this topic they could always get a popular response, though they hardly knew that they were training their party and themselves to fight for the Union four years later, in response to the call of a Republican President.

It so happened that I had a rare opportunity of seeing and hearing the ups and downs of this campaign in a variety of com-

munities, some of the one and some of the other party. I seemed to feel the folk-soul rolling and surging in all its fluctuations between the two political tendencies of the time. Some of the young fellows of the town had formed a brass band with its full complement of horns, and had been practicing a year or two, with the result that they could play for political mass meetings, and were in demand throughout quite a section of the adjacent country, which had little music for such occasions except the elemental drum and fife. I was a member of this musical organization, having been pushed up to play a leading instrument, the cornet, from the very humblest starting point, which was the bass drum. In fact, I learned to toot the whole set of instruments except the keyed bugle—a feat not very difficult, as they were valved saxhorns, made after one general pattern from lowest to highest, the trombone excepted. The grade of artistic execution was not very high, as may be inferred from the fact that not one of the boys could read his music at sight; it had to be drilled into them by ear. I alone could play by note somewhat, yet well enough for those simple tunes; so much I had learned one winter in an evening singing school, and by practice on my flute. At any rate, here was my first training to the orchestra, that

associated music which is the highest bloom of this art and possibly of all art, manifesting at its best harmoniously our modern world. The various instruments and their distinctive qualities of tone became familiar to me in form and sound. The town could show the three chief kinds of orchestral instruments—the stringed, the brass and the wood-wind (the latter was represented by the flute and piccolo, also there was a good popular clarinettist in the place). Nor should we forget that the usual percussion instruments were not wanting—the two drums, the triangle, the bones, etc. Of course, there was at yet no organization of these instrumental sounds in an orchestral totality; they were in a separated state, though trying to come together, and perchance instinctively longing to be joined into a musical entirety. A dozen years later I became a member of the St. Louis Orchestra. I found the same triple series of instruments with which I first became acquainted in the little town of my youth, but they were all ordered or associated into a new concordant unity. It is my opinion that through this early musical experience I have been enabled to integrate the orchestra with myself and to make it expressive of that institutional order which lies deepest in our human existence, and which it

is the function of music and of all art to express to the senses and emotions.

Accordingly I was rayed out in all directions from that one little center, whereby my local horizon was considerably widened, seeing towns much larger than my own, sharing, sympathetically, in a great popular movement, which was the first clearly defined step, the primal note I may call it, of the new political order which has lasted through my whole life and is still vitally throbbing. I heard the first speakers on both sides and listened to their words, not altogether impartially I imagine. Who made the best speech? The one which I recollect most vividly was by a Democratic backwoods orator who went by the name of Judge Metcalf. He spoke in a kind of dialect which was, of course, native to him and his people, and, as I recall it, resembled the Hoosier-Buckeye patois of Whitcomb Riley. There were three high, well-made stands for speakers as the multitude was great; but I was drawn to a large and noisy crowd gathered around a small platform which consisted of a couple of planks laid on two saw-bucks. The men were engaged chiefly in shouting for their favorite, who had not yet appeared. At last he came, and a hand assisted him to mount the rude platform, when a pandemonic yell broke loose

from that seething mass by way of salutation. Not a few of those people had traveled many miles, just to hear their own true voice and to feel their hearts beating to the native words of their orator. They raved and roared, and stamped and cursed, especially cursed these new-fangled "damned black Republicans" who were going to break up the Union. On their part they were all good old "Dimmycrats," coming down in a straight line from Tom Jefferson and Andy Jackson. But the orator was the marvel, employing humor, pathos, sarcasm and conjuring up at will a metaphorical tornado which would scoop his audience off their feet into the very empyrean, from which height he would gently let them down again in a universal guffaw. Though I was not on his side, I was carried along with the tide, and applauded and shouted myself hoarse at his anecdotes and mimicry and genuine poetry, which he tapped in its deepest sources. Of course, I felt my love for the Union to be as fervent as that of the speaker, who always came back from his grandest flights and touched this emotion as his keynote. But I, in common with the folk-soul of the North, or the most aspiring portion thereof, and with a decided majority of my own State, wished to have in the future our Union Free-State producing *only*. Two

hours must have slipped away; I heard in the distance a familiar tune of my fellow-horn-blowers calling for me; I clutched my little instrument and ran as fast as I could, tooting a note now and then in response; at last I climbed into the band wagon, with that speech surging through my brain—a kind of anticipation of Brockmeyer in his happiest stumpification. Tom Corwin was famed as the best popular orator in Ohio at that time, and he was on the Republican side, but I never heard him. Of Metcalf I tried to keep track, but he seemed to drop out of sight; some inquiry brought to the surface only two or three points, one of which was that he was addicted to rural rotgut whiskey—doubtless the chief cause of his relative obscurity and rapid evanishment.

To participate in such a campaign at such a time had its discipline. The mind of the boy was stamped with the two mightily contending sides, one of which he espoused and one of which he opposed. The struggle of a great idea with the reality which it is seeking to possess and transform is surely a supreme training. I was enlisted on the side of the as yet unrealized idea, where, under many varying forms, I have remained. The catchwords then current went to the bottom of the individual soul as well as to the heart

of the World's History, being freedom and slavery. Moreover that the Universe itself splits in two that it may become truly one, was illustrated in the little town, in the State, and in the whole Nation; that same process must have gone into me instinctively, as I saw it everywhere and took part in its workings.

The result of the election was that the Democracy won in the Nation, though the Republicans carried Ohio and a majority of the Northern States. I do not think that I ever afterwards felt so keenly the political defeat of the party to which I belonged. It seemed to me that the country must now go straight to ruin. But all see at present that Fremont was not the man for President in such a crisis; moreover the young and sappy Republican party was too inexperienced to take control of the Government, and had yet to find its true leader. In the course of the next four years the right man will appear and take his place at its head—Abraham Lincoln.

When the election was past and I settled down again in quiet little Mount Gilead I felt at the end of my string. The political excitement was over, the brass band had no more calls for its music, old Razz had gone elsewhere, and I had no teacher; really I had outgrown the town, and nothing apparently

was left except learning a trade—an outlook which I abhorred. The busybodies had again begun their torment, to which I was unduly sensitive. One day I happened to think that I had heard of a small college, not far distant, and that I had seen its buildings once from the band wagon in my journeying during the recent campaign. I at once set out on foot for the place, which was only ten miles away, in order to explore the situation. I saw the leading professor and found that I could continue Latin and begin Greek, also that the expenses of living and of tuition were very moderate. It was still early in November, and the next Monday the new term would begin. I hastened homeward, calculating in my head how much the seven months of schooling would cost me, for I hardly expected it would reach beyond the scholastic year ending in June. First of all, I sought Aunt Mary and unfolded the situation as well as my plan. "Lend me forty dollars, and, with what money I have already saved, I can pull through till next summer." "I'll do it," she said with decision, which meant not only that she would furnish the cash (she had inherited a little fortune from the ancestral estate), but also that she would fight my battle in case of necessity. When my father came home in the evening, we had our ammunition ready; he

was informed of the new purpose. He was at first surprised, but made no serious opposition; in fact, he soon fell in with it and gave his encouragement. As he kept a shoe store and employed a number of workmen, it was once proposed to make me a shoemaker, but from that prospect I was now relieved, for a while at least. Moreover, I would no longer be in town, and thus would escape my miserable tormentors. The next day I packed up my things and set out for Iberia College.

Thus my town-life came to an end, for I never went back to Mount Gilead to live permanently. Five years it had lasted (1851-1856) and had given me its peculiar discipline. I had shared in all its agitations and conflicts as a community, from the national (or perhaps world-historical) pulsation throbbing in it down to its little local jealousies and animosities. A perennial source of talk and wrath and occasional fights was the rivalry between Mount Gilead and Cardington over the county seat, which the former possessed but the latter strove to get. The two places were only five miles apart. Each had less than a thousand inhabitants, but the one (Cardington) had a railroad and the other had not. When the political excitement died away the county-seat war would begin to bubble up with an astonishing

vehemence. In this war I was passionately enlisted as a regular soldier, and shared in all the hopes and fears of my side as well as its ever-gnawing suspicions of deep-laid plots on the part of the enemy. Both sides were about equal in impotence, so that the situation remained quite the same, and the conflict was an incessant drawn battle. Thus I fought anew in my youth that very old war between Pygmies and Cranes, and I never got rid of it till the day on which I started for Iberia.

The institutional life of the average American town I had now experienced and appropriated—certainly a very important acquisition. Moreover I had prètty well exhausted the stores of culture which had existed there for me. But chiefly I had felt the anxious throb of the folk-soul nerving itself to a forward step in history with prodigious lowering responsibilities. Next I was to take a little stride myself in my own little world.

VII.

The Break.

From my second home, as I have already called it, I now broke away. To be sure, I walked back to it every two or three weeks on Saturday and stayed till Sunday evening.

In Iberia many of the students boarded themselves; I followed their example and had the experience of being my own provider, cook and dish-washer. I did not starve myself, though I lived economically. At first I had a companion, but he ran off when I continued the enterprise alone, holding out to the end as my own host, guest and scullion.

The Latin elementary works, Cæsar, Virgil, Sallust and Cicero, I read, some of them in class and some by myself. Greek I started in the grammar and reader of old Peter Bullions. I do not think that I ever studied with so much fury, for I thought it was my last chance to get a classical education, and to realize that antique world toward which old Razz had started me. But a new tendency was here called up in me unexpectedly: every month the students were required to write an essay which was to be read before the whole school. Thus the literary passion started and has not yet stopped—witness the present book of an old man, the Writer of Books. It is true that I had dashed off little things before in prose and verse. But these efforts were temporary spurts, without order or revisions, breaking out when I could not help it, and stopping when I could stop. Now at Iberia the teacher criticised each production and made some discriminating remarks

as to merit and style; but the main tribunal was an appreciative audience of some fifty students who always had their own opinion of what was best. Moreover, there was some emulation between the three or four most capable writers, each of whom had his constituency of admirers. I had my little coterie —by no means the whole body of listeners— who would come to me and ask after hearing one of my productions: "Read us that composition again"—with which request I unfailingly complied, as it tickled an exceedingly sensitive spot of my vanity. This I think they saw and wished to give me a pleasure; but I also believe that the little essays appealed to them, as they stood quite on the same level of culture with me, and as some of them began to imitate my manner in their own efforts. Really, however, theirs was an imitation of an imitation. My pattern was Addison, whom I had already appropriated with a delight in his style and an intimacy with his world-view, which not only determined my literary expression, but colored my whole existence. I recollect of rewriting in my own way the vision of Mirza, and of assuming the character of Sir Roger de Coverley. Some other books of a similar character I looked into, for instance, Johnson's *Rambler,* but they never had for me the charm of Addison.

At Iberia I think I may say that my literary career as a writer opens. I then began to set down in words what lay deepest and strongest within me, though only an adolescent. What I composed was an imitation, still it was emphatically mine and had no conscious adjustment to my audience. That attitude I have essentially maintained as an integral part of character, though in other respects I have changed and evolved a good deal. I never could bring myself to write habitually for the newspaper, the magazine, the periodical of any kind whose eye must be upon its constituency. That undoubtedly put me out of tune with the overwhelming literary tendency of my time, and caused me to be an author without a public except the few whom I might be able to train myself. Of course, there was no pay for any such writing. I had to make my living, but that I did in my vocation of teacher and lecturer. Thus I earned money; but when it came to the written page, this must be the best expression of what I deemed the highest truth, whether it was liked or not, whether it was even understood or not. That was and is, in my view, Literature, and it has remained my Holy of Holies which I have refused to sell out. A few times I have been asked to contribute articles to periodicals for pay, but I

have declined except in a single case. A few times I say, not many—for an expert editor would at once detect that such writing as mine would wreck his magazine. I may here mention the exception just alluded to. Many years ago Eugene Field hunted me up in Chicago, where I was giving some talks upon *Faust* to a small circle—which did not touch his famous literary circle at any point, I believe—and very appreciatively asked me to write an article for the *News,* with which he was connected, upon Irving's *Faust,* whose dramatic rendition was then the theatrical event of the city. He sent me two first-class tickets for the performance, and, if I mistake not, a vehicle for my comfort—things to which I was not used. I can truly say that I wished to decline, but that seemed discourteous after all his trouble. Accordingly, I wrote the article, which had to be intelligible to the average newspaper reader in Chicago, whom I knew nothing about. So I cooked it up as well as I could with him in mind, a column or more in length, having my name attached. In my own opinion, it was spoilt stuff—a failure; but judge my surprise when I received for it a check of twenty-five dollars from the editor, which has remained the first last and only compensation in money for any writing of mine up to this day. To be

sure, some of my books have been sold and I have received the proceeds, but, taken as a whole, they have not paid the printer's bill. I ought to add that the editor never asked me for a second article.

Now I wish to be understood as not making any insinuation of wrong-doing against the army of worthy people who write and have to write for money. Such employment is just as honorable as that of any other trade by which a person seeks to make an honest living, certainly as honest as carpentering, or blacksmithing, or shoemaking. But in most cases, though perhaps not in all, it becomes a mere mechanical adjustment to supply a need. I never could treat Literature in that way. I would teach a prescribed science or lecture upon an assigned topic for pay, to the best of my ability; but when I took pen in hand I felt another purpose. My standpoint was no longer in the hearer or reader, but in the thing itself, cost what it might. Sometimes the two methods have been happily combined, but the present tendency is toward their separation more and more. I certainly could never unite the independent literary spirit with any money-getting. The highest spiritual activity of my Self in its best moments I expressed in writing and had to give away—nobody was going

to pay for that; but my more mechanical part I could and did sell for bread.

From the same source springs another fact which has persisted through life and for which I have been sometimes censured: I have had to print, publish, and, for the most part, sell my own books. Twice or thrice I have had a publisher for a brief season, and I would always have been glad of relief from that part of my labor; but the American publishing machine as at present constituted would not, and perhaps could not, sell my stuff. So I had to distribute it myself as best I could, or quit doing the only thing which gave me a right to existence, as I regarded my earthly lot. I am well aware that the feud between author and publisher has always been a hot one; it is said that the London society of writers used to toast Napoleon regularly for having hung a publisher. I am not exactly in that feud, for I have conjoined both sides; still the problem in my own long experience is a complicated one, so I shall drop it here, at least for the present.

I may repeat, then, that the literary bent plumped out of me rather suddenly at Iberia in response to an external stimulation. I there started to become a Writer of Books, though no book was then produced and much had still to be learned and thought out. At

the time, of course, I was unconscious of any such far-stretching tendency in me, which was to gather into its sweep nearly all the best hours of my life. The written word in its various forms gradually grew to be my passion—not only my occupation, but my way of intoxication. The spoken word dropped to a secondary place, really to a means for developing within me and propagating outside of me what I wrote. It is true that in early years, I, like every American boy, was ambitious to be an orator, and to speak before the people; hence I cultivated declamation and spouted not only to my comrades but to the trees of the forest—whereat a passing farmer once slipped up behind me and demanded: "What are you preaching for?" "To beat Dan Webster," I replied. But, I need not say, that part of the dream never attained to any fulfillment. Oratory, I soon came to see, had to keep in mind the audience addressed, its culture, its capacity, even its prejudices; whereas the writ, as I began to conceive it, took an unshaken stand upon the object and unfolded it according to its own inner law; if the audience did not take to that sort of thing, it was high time for them to begin to learn, and I would help them by the spoken word. To that end I would teach and talk and take their

cash; but my writing had to be an end unto itself, existing for its own sake, with its own independent right of being. Such Literature could hardly have a public till it made one, and certainly not a publisher till it had a public. So the matter hangs to-day.

At Iberia I obtained quite a glimpse into college life, as distinct from my previous experience of home-life and town-life. The institution was very small, with almost no equipment, except its three or four professors, who were graduates and showed to us something of the collegiate spirit. Moreover, several of the students had been at other colleges or knew a good deal about them, and so I heard no little talk of larger seats of learning and their better opportunities. I came to the conclusion that Iberia was too small for me, and that I must take a fresh plunge if I could again swim upstream. The school had no claim upon me as a religious foundation, as it was an offshoot of Presbyterianism, to whose tenets my father was rather averse, though not bitterly so, in spite of some warm discussions over predestination with a strict old Calvinistic shoemaker in his employ, who would raise his shoe hammer and foredamn the unborn sinner from the beginning of the world. At the close of the term I went home for vacation, in which

I reviewed my classical books, but chiefly I laid siege to Aunt Mary for a loan of three hundred dollars—a large sum for that time, but I obtained it. Therewith opens a new chapter in the career of this Writer of Books.

CHAPTER SECOND.

AT COLLEGE.

On a bright day in the latter part of August, 1857, I bounded into a railroad train at Gilead Station (now called Edison) and started for Oberlin College, with which I was destined to be connected five years. As I look back at this step through more than half a century, I deem it pivotal in my life, and so I shall speak of it with some fullness. At first I thought of other colleges, especially Antioch, of which Horace Mann was the president. His name was well known in my father's family by virtue of his anti-slavery career, and the reputation of Oberlin was not altogether savory in Central Ohio on account of its supposed idiosyncracies. But through the influence of a comrade who was going along I was deflected to the latter seat of learning, taking with me my second sister, Sarah,

whose ambition had also been roused to do as well as her brother or better. Later a younger brother and a younger sister followed us, making four of the family who at one time or other partook of the instruction at Oberlin.

Thus I was separated from my former home-life and town-life, as it turned out, forever. Now I hold that the most significant thing about Oberlin was not the college, but the community. Its educational facilities could be easily duplicated, and, indeed, improved upon, but its communal character, or, I might say, consciousness, was unique. This I now believe to have been my chief training, both by way of sympathy and antipathy, though I was not aware of any such schooling at the time. Oberlin claimed to differ (for it was not lacking in self-regard), and, as I still think, did differ in a number of important points from any community in the United States. To be sure, it belonged in a general way to a great movement of the time, which sought to new-model the founding of American communities after some plan of human betterment. Many reformers, especially religious reformers, felt that the village, the town, the workshop, yea, all human association, must be changed from the old way fundamentally. The presupposition was that the ordinary community which the mi-

grating settlers brought forth in the West by hundreds and thousands, more or less in accord with the inherited Anglo-Saxon pattern in their heads, was radically defective and must be completely transformed. What civilization had evolved through the ages and imparted to her children was wrong, and must be corrected according to the new idea of some strong, self-asserting individual.

Such was a notable phenomenon of the first half of the Nineteenth Century, occurring throughout the country, but especially in the West, where the land necessary for the experiment of a self-sustaining independent communal organization was very cheap. Some years ago Mr. Charles Nordhoff gave an interesting account of the *Communistic Societies of the United States,* embracing those which practiced Communism, that is, did away with the individual ownership of property, to the end of a more perfect association of man. There were communities, however, which went still farther, tampering with the domestic relation which they deemed in its present form the chief source of human ills. The Oneida Community established what they called "complex marriage"; the Mormons were polygamous, the Shakers agamous (celibates). Still, the great majority of these societies were monogamous, leaving the Family

as it had been transmitted, and putting their main stress upon the reform of the socio-economic order, which reform was quite universally based upon some reconstruction of the church. The movement was deep and pervasive, and certainly was the outburst of a profound spiritual longing of the time. In general, it was a reaction against long-established and somewhat crystallized institutional forms, domestic, social, political, and especially religious. The typical act may be summarized as a flight from the existent order of things to the woods, where the entire fabric of institutions was to be built up anew according to the ideal prototype throbbing for realization in the brain of the founder.

Now Oberlin in its origin was such a flight, impelled by such motives. The primal genetic act of it is recorded as follows: A young clergyman, filled with the new idea, resolves to quit his charge in an established town, and rides eight or ten miles distant into the heart of a dense forest, where he proposed to build up his model society. There were existent communities not far away which offered him a start, but they were eschewed one and all; the whole communal process must be done over again from the beginning, the presumption being that it was radically vicious in its present form. Such was the birth-mark

stamped upon Oberlin, which, we repeat, belonged to a movement of the age, though assuming many diversified shapes. We hold that the New England Transcendentalism is a part of the same general movement, so is Mormonism, as well as the communistic societies already mentioned, not to speak of many other social attempts non-communistic. I arrived in Oberlin about twenty-five years after this first historic act of it, which is set down as having occurred in 1832. But it had evolved a good deal from that primitive egg, though it still showed many signs of its origin. It had unfolded into the most unique, the most important and the most lasting of these communities.

The original idea of this community is best seen in the so-called *Oberlin Covenant,* a sort of newest Testament to the early Oberlinites. "We will hold and manage our estates personally, but pledge as perfect a community of interest as though we held a community of property." Evidently the communistic end hovers before the mind of the author, but the means is not pure communism. Still it is well to mark the limitation. "We will . . . obtain as much as we can above our necessary personal or family expenses, and faithfully appropriate the same to the spread of the Gospel." But did the community prescribe

to the individual what were necessary expenses? At the start, yes. "We will eat only plain and wholesome food," no tobacco, no tea and coffee, no following the fashion in dress. At this point the inner conflict opened. The individual began to claim the right of determining what were his necessary expenses, and gradually won the point. In my time the struggle was practically over, the sumptuary regulation was tacitly dropped. But certain results of it could be seen. The fabulously cheap boarding, the very moderate expense of tuition, the equality between the poor and the more wealthy student in regard to educational advantages were still in evidence decidedly. The gratitude of many graduates of Oberlin springs from the feeling that they could not have obtained a collegiate training except under the conditions then and there present—which conditions arose from the early community. This, starting in a general movement of the time, evolved into a distinct character of its own.

Accordingly in passing from Mount Gilead to Oberlin I made quite a communal transition, which left its impress upon me during life. The former was simply a community of the old pattern, with nothing distinctive in its origin, while Oberlin at its birth may be deemed a kind of protest against such town-

making. Thus, however, I became acquainted with that protest and heard much about it in one way or other. Oberlin knew itself to be peculiar, separate, unique, and often said so. It was introspective, self-occupied, self-regarding, self-examining, but also self-glorifying. Such a tendency may be largely ascribed to its original religious motive, which so strongly pervades the Covenant. This starts with "lamenting the degeneracy of the Church and the deplorable condition of our perishing world"—all of which is to be reformed through the new organization of the community, namely, through Oberlin.

Another phase of it must not be neglected. Oberlin was practically an offshoot of New England, being manned chiefly by New England teachers and located in a part of the State settled mainly by New Englanders. And yet Oberlin was also a reaction against the decided religious tendency in New England toward Unitarianism. From this point of view the Oberlin movement may be conceived as a return to and reconstruction of the old Puritanic ideal in the West, after it had been substantially lost in the East. The Covenant had already its eye upon "the Valley of the Mississippi" and the influence which it "must exert over our nation and the nations of the earth." Probably there was

nowhere in New England itself a community so Puritanic as Oberlin. There is no doubt that the genuine original Yankee consciousness could be better experienced in Oberlin by an outsider than at Yale or Harvard. I have always believed that I, an outsider, came to understand it pretty well at Oberlin. Its chief dualism, that between conscience and authority, or that between the moral and institutional elements of man, was brought home to me there with a grinding intensity, which has remained with me all my days and has repeatedly insisted upon literary utterance. Oberlin claimed the right through its "Law of God" to disregard the "Law of the State," and the result was a terrific clash between the two laws into whose maelstrom I was whirled during my whole college course. I realize now that just this was one of the deepest and farthest-reaching experiences of my life, since the mentioned collision was rapidly getting to be national, yea, world-historical.

It is declared that practically all ideal communities ever started were governed by one-man power, if they amounted to anything. In fact, they were in this country a reaction against the democratic communal organization, and may well be deemed a reversion to Oriental absolutism sprung largely of the

study of the Hebrew Bible, as they were deeply religions in origin. There was, however, one non-religions, if not atheistic, community, chiefly French, called Icarie, founded by M. Cabet, who has the reputation of overthrowing his own democratic constitution and turning tyrant till he was driven out by a counter-revolution. Now Oberlin also had its autocrat, not aggressive generally, often not visible, still present. He was the strongest character in town, as well as its most distinguished man; not directly a teacher in the college nor its administrator, he was supremely the sermonizer, moulding the students and the community by the spoken word, which, when printed, lost much of its power. I sat under his preaching during most of my college course, and felt his strong nature working upon mine, both sympathetically and antipathetically. He was the chief architect of the Oberlin community, though not its originator; he might be called its theocrat, for his deepest innate bent was theocratic. This highly original personality, though never my instructor formally, reached me through two channels which I could not have found elsewhere: his gift of speech and his communal institution, of which he might be called spiritual head. Here I shall speak of him first.

I.

President Finney.

Just on graduation day I happened to arrive in Oberlin when the place was full of strangers. My sister had made the acquaintance of a young lady who was a student, and they went off together to the Ladies' Hall. I looked after the baggage and then followed the crowd from the station into town, where with some trouble I found lodging. In the morning I was rung out of bed at an early hour for me, and in due time was sitting down at my first Oberlin breakfast—plain, indeed, but good enough for anybody. This duty being successfully done, with its accompanying devotions on the part of some twenty boarders, I passed into the street, which soon led me to a large square, in whose middle stood Tappan Hall. Meanwhile an ever-increasing stream of people kept pouring down the avenue, and I, too, plunged into the current, which rapidly brought me to the large brick church where the graduation exercises were already taking place, with a vast multitude both inside and outside the building. The day was hot, and I was much excited by the many novelties. The music made by the large choir and the big organ was specially overwhelming, and swept my old rural brass

band, with all its tunes, into simple nothingness. The man who called off the names of the speakers I observed with some care at a distance; he was getting bald, his face looked grizzled, and it bristled with a prickly reddish beard; his voice rang out to every corner, resonant and clear as a bell. That was President Charles G. Finney, a man of great force and native eloquence. He was the ostensible head of the college, but, as already observed, he took almost no part in its direct administration or instruction; these two important functions he left to other hands. Still, his was the dominating influence of the institution. I have also designated him as the great sermonizer to the students; that he was, in his unique way; but he held another power, higher and more compelling. In my judgment he stood as the ultimate referee at Oberlin in that basic conflict between the two laws, divine and human, which had there arisen with all its intensity. People had to have an authoritative expositor of God's Law in its struggle with the secular State; that was the supreme function of Finney—he was the voice of the supernal decree to his flock. I do not say that any such position was explicitly assigned to him in the college organism; rather was the influence tacit, implicit, yea, largely unconscious, but nevertheless very

real and active—a sort of uncrowned Pope he was of the Oberlin hierarchy, through his genius.

He was a fiery revivalist of the old sort, not dissimilar to Peter Cartwright. The damnation of the wicked was his great theme, and certainly for realistic scenes drawn from the infernal regions he was a vivid painter. He was an original on many sides. In the pulpit he would look at the students with an intense blue eye, which would make us all duck around the galleries. He turned them once at me, who sat in the front seat, amid a fiery denunciation, then stopped and fixed them upon me. I thought I was lost; I felt almost consumed in his look; I imagined he was going to call me out by name just there, and cite me before the Last Judgment. How great was my relief when he turned away and went on preaching! My fright lasted for some days, and still I can see those quivering balls of blue flame sinctillating and shooting lightning, or, perchance, hell-fire.

So he frightened me badly, though I had done nothing. He certainly had in him a strong element of the demonic, which worked upon him like a veritable fit of obsession. He would seem to revel in the tortures of the wicked, and he loved to set forth what he called the justice of God in lurid fireworks. If

it be the function of the devil to punish the diabolic, he certainly assumed that part in his pulpit at times. Terror-striking he was, at any rate, and the panic-stricken students would flock into his fold with a great sense of relief. Very brusque he was sometimes in speech, and many anecdotes were told of his keen sayings. A cutting wit he had, capable of getting savage. Yet he sometimes got back his own. A certain young lady had resisted his preaching and his private admonitions, and had refused to join church. One morning he met her, and exclaimed: "Good morning, thou child of the Devil." "Good morning, father," was her reply. This anecdote is one of the world's and has been often told of others; but the young lady ought to have said it if she did not.

He is still regarded as a saint at Oberlin, but I have to think of Dante's Inferno whenever I remember him. Genius he had, but of the damnatory kind. This was one of his favorite texts: "Ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" As a young man and as a great revivalist he had a whirlwind, or an atmosphere of magnetic forces about him, which he himself could not always control. Those strange religious appearances accompanied him everywhere. He would go into a place, and his immediate per-

sonal influence was felt. It is recorded that he stepped into a factory, and all, master and operatives, left work and improvised a revival meeting. Certain towns in Central New York underwent a complete revolution through his preaching.

Thus the individual gets hold of influences in the realm of nature and spirit which are all-subduing for the time. This is a personal power which is commanded by all great men in their great moments—orators, artists, poets, musicians, as well as preachers. Finney called it the Holy Spirit, and put himself into communication with it by prayer. One thing is certain: the individual in such a state is much more than himself—he is the conduit of a universal power, and every man in his presence feels it. People would fall down in a swoon and become as rigid as death, would cry and scream and moan. In fact, Finney in his young days had often to guard against his own power, and got afraid of it, dismissing meetings and sending people home.

It is a power, I may repeat, recognized in all great men when they do great things greatly. Chiefly it is known and portrayed by that knower of the divine, old Homer. All peoples in one way or other have called this power divine. Indeed, Homer builds his poem upon it, for whenever the God descends to help the

mortal, there is just this influence at work, and when the God quits the individual, then he is but an individual, often very weak and finite, even less than the ordinary run of men. Enthusiasm the old Greeks called it, also, with a God both in the word and in the thing.

Ancient Socrates had in mind some such power, suggesting, impelling, forbidding, when he spoke of his demon. Not a devil by any means, though the power may become devilish, negative, destructive. In fact, the power is dual, both positive and negative, divine and diabolic, as the universe has these two elements, just to make it truly one. The good and bad spirits often named, yet at last one spirit, it is a phase of the great riddle which theology, philosophy, poetry, try to solve. This force we may call the demonic, both of God and of Satan. In his lofty moods it seizes the individual and makes him its bearer, transforming him into a doer of wonders far beyond his own unaided power.

This power, then, Finney possessed, the demonic; or, rather, he was the vehicle of it. He possessed it, or it possessed him, in its dual nature, bursting forth at times with the tenderest emotion, love, music, humanity; then, with terrific denunciation of the wicked, with a fierce frenzy that fairly gloated in the sufferings of the damned, in which the awful

refrain could often be heard: "Ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" His diabolic fit would become as lurid as Dante's Inferno; indeed, I have often compared him to Dante, who also had this dual demonic nature intensified to the very opposites of hell and heaven. One of his sayings is handed down of the sinner who would "climb to heaven on a streak of lightning and cut God's throat." These two forces being in the man, caused a terrific internal conflict. Hence his spells of depression and despair; also his need of special preparation by prayer to put himself in harmony with the positive God in whom he believed. The question of women praying in church was one which the old school objected to. Finney's most powerful allies, those most susceptible to his power, were women. To his honor be it said, no scandal ever stained his name, as far as ever I heard.

Finney's prayer for rain is said to have once brought a shower before the services were over. Special providence he evidently believed in strongly. Certain miraculous events were connected with his preaching. Once he discoursed severely on borrowing tools, and spoke of his own experience. Everybody the next day brought to him their borrowed tools, things that had never belonged

to him. He was overwhelmed with tools of every description, some of which he had never seen and did not know the use of. Fairchild relates that he once prayed for God's blessing on the big Oberlin tent in which camp meetings were held. In half an hour a storm arose and blew it down.

He usually would weep at the close of every sermon, showing a strong and somewhat uncontrolled emotional nature. He had one habit not agreeable to me; it may be called the sniffles. At a tender passage his voice would have a quiver in it; then came a time of tears and desperate snuffling through his nose. But his delivery, his intonation, the quality of his voice, his gestures, were very happy. His language was very idiomatic, without effort, not flowery, without rhetorical embellishment, but terse, direct, "logic on fire," as he called it. He was not a scholar, did not know Greek and Hebrew, holding that a fair translation gives the same content in all tongues. Among the students he had his bitter critics. For instance, his habit of weeping at the close of his sermon was often declared not genuine—a mere stage trick performed by a good actor. This was a mistake, yea, a calumny, and showed ignorance of Finney's true character and of the real source of his power. This power under different forms

I have felt since that time in the great books of the world. I must confess, however, that Finney's manifestation of it never fully conquered me, else I would have become a preacher, a revivalist, possibly a theologian, certainly not a writer of books such as I have written. Indeed, he never quite succeeded in bringing me into the church-fold, though once I came very near it, but concluded to stay outside till I got good enough to enter—which never occurred. He could for a time make me very unhappy in preaching: "You, dear pupil, have done nothing but sin in getting your lessons this week without God's grace—nothing but sin in your study of Greek and Latin." But in a few hours I would react and plunge again into my classics with a considerable degree of happiness. Still I never could quite master the bitter contradiction he left in me.

Finney was, therefore, in my opinion, the original, elemental character throned in the Oberlin theocracy, and justly so, through his unique gifts, the great preacher, and the supreme judge for his peculiar folk of the deepest collision of his country and age.

II.

The Negro Blacksmith.

Another character I must put here, also original and elemental in its way, and representative, I think, of a racial distinction. There was a very large colored population in Oberlin, brought thither by its educational advantages for the black man, by its sympathy with him and by its protection of him in trouble. On the whole, it contained the better class of negroes, the more aspiring, more courageous, more enterprising. It may be mentioned here that Oberlin at the start was not altogether friendly to the colored brother. When the question came up for his first admission to college, the board were evenly divided till Father Keep threw the final vote in his favor—a memorable act, with memorable consequences in many ways. One result was the phenomenon of a bi-racial town, two races living together in the same community on terms of general equality. Still the two streams would not intermingle socially, but flowed along side by side, without serious friction, in the same channel. The most prominent colored man in town was the lawyer, John M. Langston, a fine speaker, gifted with striking eloquence in his range, which was the commonplaces of anti-slavery oratory. I cer-

tainly was very fond of hearing him discourse on his true topic; his enunciation of English was specially excellent. But for me he was not the typical negro of Oberlin; moreover, he was half white. As the Caucasians may be said to have had their genius in President Finney, so the Africans had their genius in a mechanic, humble but truly original, demonic also in his way—Blacksmith Jones. Thus the two lie together in my mind at least, each representing the supreme individual in each of the two strands joined in that bi-racial town. Undoubtedly the contrast between these two geniuses of Oberlin's two races was very pronounced (as it ought to be), and, indeed, grotesque after a fashion.

Going back to my first day in Oberlin at the graduation exercises, I must say that the speech which I now recollect best was that of young Mr. Jones, a negro and the sole graduate of his color. Not that the speech amounted to much, according to my judgment then or now, but I remember him from the fact that he was the son of Blacksmith Jones, the strongest negro character in Oberlin, or anywhere else, as far as my knowledge goes. I afterwards became well acquainted with Jones, the father, and I do believe, take him all in all, he was the one black genius of the whole community, and certainly the mightiest negro individuality I have ever met.

For several years I passed his shop every day, going to and from the college. I would often drop in to hear the man talk. He was a perfect Hercules in strength, shape and stature, unquestionably the strongest man physically in the town; indeed, I believe, from what I saw of him, stronger than any two men in the town. I noticed often that he rather terrorized his race. He had an enormous pair of lungs, like his own bellows; his voice brayed out like a trumpet, and he always talked loud, and was always discussing religion, politics and persons with great freedom. But that voice! The tones of any other man arguing with him seemed weak and piping in comparison. Then the laugh, the negro laugh, exploding at intervals with a detonation which could be heard a long distance above all the din of anvil and hammer.

The man had a great history, I think. He was born a slave in the South; he worked at his trade and bought himself free; then he came North and earned money enough to bring his wife and children. He settled at Oberlin, gave to each of his sons a college education and two trades—blacksmithing and gunsmithing. I have heard that there were five of these sons; I know that one graduated the day I arrived in Oberlin, and there were two others in college.

He, moreover, taught himself to read, as he told me, and was ackuowledged to be a well-informed man, especially in politics. Now comes the strange fact: Politically he was a violent pro-slavery Democrat, and that, too, in Oberlin. He had a very low opinion of his own race, who undoubtedly feared him, and always with great contempt spoke of them, at least when I heard him, as niggers. He utterly refused to take part in the famous rescue case at Wellington. I went into his shop not long after and asked him: "Well, Mr. Jones, did you go along to Wellington to help rescue your colored brother?"

Jones fired up. "No brudder o' mine."

"Why, is not every colored man your brother?"

"What, dose niggas? What are you talking about, man?"

"And would you not help to free him of bondage?"

"I say de niggah is not fit to be free."

"But this man had escaped, and you would not see him kidnaped and taken back?"

"Let de blasted niggah be put where he belongs. I would not lift a finger for him."

He laid down his hammer and hoisted his big, brass-rimmed spectacles to his forehead, saying: "Ole Jones would help put him back."

This was no doubt an extreme statement. He hardly meant it in view of his children and himself. It was a dash of his African bravado; yet there can be no question of his low opinion of his own race. He was as black as any negro in Oberlin; he talked with the most pronounced accent of the Southern darkey, yet he had that grotesque inconsistency of the African damning the African because he is an African. Jones, above all things in the world, wished to be a white man. He it was who said that he would be willing to be flayed alive if his new skin would grow white. That might be called his supreme aspiration. Though he owed so much to Oberlin, he was strongly antagonistic to the Oberlin ideal. His pattern was the Southern aristocrat. On the street he was the politest man in Oberlin; his bow was perfect, and his cordial smile was happy-making to any human heart. He, though getting old, would work in his shop in the morning hours, and afternoons he would usually dress in his broadcloth suit and go down town. There he played the manner of the Southern gentleman to perfection, which sometimes became grotesque in a certain chivalrous deference, and even attention, to white ladies crossing the street. Off would go his hat if he knew them, and his bald head would stoop, and he would assume an exqui-

site courtesy, not intrusive, certainly not offensive, but humorous.

Not only in politics, but in religion he would not conform to the Oberlin standard. I have heard him make fun of the early Oberlin community, "when the people didn't eat nuffin," "so lean dey could stick de face down in a coffee-pot." At last an Episcopal church was established in the town, and straightway Jones turned thither and sat in the front seat, reading his prayers rather louder than any person in the congregation, with that leonine voice of his, louder than the rector. So I thought once or twice when I was there. Passing with the crowd through the aisle, I addressed him: "Well, Mr. Jones, what are you doing here?" "Dis is de church I belonged to in de Souf"—an aristocratic church for gentlemen.

Thus he asserted himself against the political, religious and social tendencies of the community—a strong individuality. He is said to have kept his daughter in a kind of servitude, not at all believing in the Oberlin doctrine of female education; men only, his boys, were to have learning. An African king in prowess and in mind transplanted to Oberlin, he still retained a good deal of the spirit of Dahomey, and fought to the last the new tendency toward the emancipation of the

negro, though he was the first to take advantage of it in his own case.

During the war, and during my life in a Southern city, I have seen a good deal of the black brother and been in contact with him, but Jones still remains my African hero, and the only one. At Oberlin the negro was in the class-room and recited with the whites, but no hero presented himself, rather the reverse. I suppose I saw the best and heard them do their best; the impression of infirmity, of a certain adamantine limitation in the region of the skull, still remains with me, in spite of sympathy and good intentions on my part. Yet they too will evolve in the course of the centuries.

Jones, I claim, was an important fragment of my Oberlin education. Certain possibilities of his race appeared in him, which I did not find then and have not found since in any black man, though that may well be my fault. The negro question is still a leading one in American problems and is going to be for some time to come. That which the African shows himself so deficient in, compared with his Anglo-Saxon neighbor, is strength of individuality; he manifests such a diminutive selfhood and so little assertion of it. But Jones is the grand exception; he clearly outranked in strength of individuality any white

man of Oberlin, with the possible exception of President Finney. Thus he remains to me a hope; yes, a prophecy of what his race may yet attain, in a better and more humane form, when it has more fully evolved—which evolution it should be given every reasonable chance of fulfilling. I may add here that Jones has left such a vivid and permanent impress upon me that I, a Writer of Books, have tried more than once to put him into writ; especially in the *Freeburgers* I have given a sketch of his character, though in a different environment from that of Oberlin. Passing his shop, I often recalled the lines of Bryant, I believe, which I first learned at Quaker Jesse's:

Chained in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrank to hear his name.

III.

Struggles.

The life of the student, especially in Oberlin, at that time, was likely to stir up not a few inner perturbations which did not conduce to study. Especially the political conflict kept growing more intense, and I do believe that Oberlin was on this matter the most

sensitive spot in the country. The administration of Buchanan was continually pushed by the South for a more vigorous execution of the Fugitive Slave Law; this of itself was enough to keep the town in an undercurrent of turmoil with its large population of blacks, among whom were always a number of runaways. With their feelings a large majority of the whites more or less sympathized. Once I heard the old Squire of the town say: "This community stands on a volcano all the time." That was an excessive statement, the product of sudden excitement; still there were earthquaky tremors often going through the place, which would now and then penetrate to the student's closet.

Here I may mention some other conflicts more personal. I went at the opening of the fall term (in September, I believe) to the Principal of the Preparatory Department and handed him my credentials, which were a certificate of good moral character from a village clergyman at Mount Gilead. I was put into the Freshman Class in Latin and Mathematics, but was required to make up a year's work in Greek. All was new to me, the classmates, the college buildings, and especially the large throngs of pupils, for Oberlin then had not far from one thousand students, most of whom belonged to the institution's lower

classes. I had found a companion, and we pushed into study with a will. Two of my teachers became men of distinction, in fact, were then prominent: Professor Fairchild, afterwards President of the College, and Professor Monroe, afterwards Member of Congress and Minister to Brazil.

And now the Oberlin strait-coat I began to feel. The supreme object of the institution was to make the student religious. Very good; but the Oberlin method was by tremendous external pressure. The whole town was still organized somewhat in the spirit of a theocracy, and I have heard proclaimed from the pulpit there that the Mosaic scheme of social organization was the most perfect the world had ever seen, and was still the ideal toward which modern society ought to strive. The first phase of this external ecclesiastical constraint was the enormous number of religious exercises which students were required by the regulation of the college to attend: (1) Two sermons on Sunday, forenoon and afternoon, usually pretty long ones. (2) The religious lecture (really another sermon) during the week, Thursday. (3) Prayers in the morning at the boarding house. (4) Chapel in the evening. (5) Every class recitation (averaging four a day) was opened with a religious exercise. These were all

compulsory; every student had to give a record of himself in them once a week to the authorities of the college. Besides these compulsory exercises there were others, voluntary indeed, but which a kind of public opinion enforced, if the student wished to stand well. Class prayer-meeting, young people's conference, any number of local services and prayer meetings, were scattered everywhere through the town and were appealing to students as well as to citizens for support.

Now I shall have to confess that all this mass of religious observance begat in me a protest from the start. I felt cramped, limited by it, and I recollect how I used to run out of that town into the woods and fields for a breath of Nature, the great reliever. I could not help feeling that much of it was hollow, or at most a mere form; and that such rigid ecclesiasticism could only beget hypocrisy. I knew that external force will be circumvented by internal cunning—apparent submission there may be, but really secret disobedience, if not revolt.

Equally certain is it that I was unhappy. The situation started in me a conflict which I could not solve. Was it my own hardness of heart, my inborn depravity? So I heard often from the pulpit. President Finney

thundered at us and scared us all with terrible denunciations and with his lurid picture of the damned in Hell. But that fright again did not seem the right motive, and so I refused to be terrorized into Heaven. Still, I did not and could not take the attitude of antagonism, as some students did; I tried to be religious, but I could not travel that way to that goal.

Another struggle which broke out at Oberlin was with my emotional nature—that of the adolescent. In every class were young ladies of the same age, equal to the young men in ability, and, on the whole, more faithful to study. All of them were of superior training and breeding, and some of them not without beauty. In reading the classics with them the expurgated editions had to be expurgated over again by the professor, who would tell us to mark certain lines for omission, when they were a little too free. So he called attention to the very matter which he tried to suppress, and roused curiosity, in me at least, to find out what was hidden in that little passage thus put on the little *index expurgatorius*.

Very naturally, in the course of time one was selected. But I kept the choice hid in my heart. I attended to my studies, for therein lay my ambition and my hope. Still I had my

daily battle. The fair image would dance before me, and look faintly out of a page of Greek; but it would come out boldly from a mathematical theorem, for that wretched Geometry was hard for me and I did not like it, while the Greek was easy, and would rival any mistress in my affections. So I fought my feeling and my imagination with never more than a half-won victory. It affected my spirits so that I once ran away from the college and from the bewitching presence for some weeks to get back my peace of mind.

I was silent because I saw the folly and the ridiculousness of the thing. Moreover, my room-mate showed the same emotion working in all its extravagance, and he could not hold it in. He would come home from class, drive his fingers through his long yellow hair, or fondle his curly red beard and begin talking. "I could never look up during Latin recitation but I caught the eyes of Miss Sookey So-so peeping at me. I tested the matter a dozen times, and every time I caught her. Finally I smiled and she blushed and smiled, too." "And that is the reason why you flunked in Latin this morning just on the passage I read over to you in advance." "Confound the Latin; the Professor happened to call on me when my mind was the

other way. But is not she handsome? I am going to call on her to-night."

The next day or the next week the swain had changed to another. Thus he was tossed day after day upon his emotions hither and yon, losing his time, and, as I knew, making a fool of himself. A young lady's glance meant a complete upsetting of him and he thought at once that she must be in love. He could not keep himself a secret, but had to blab all what was passing within him, and ran his hand into his locks, aflame with the excitement of his own fancies.

I have told this not to make fun of my companion, but to confess that I was in the same condition. I saw in him a picture of myself. I was just as susceptible as he to a young lady's glance or smile. But looking at him and hearing him, I resolved then and there to keep myself to myself, at least till the crisis came. Therein was begotten a habit of secrecy in matters of the heart which has fairly gone with me through life, and which I have had a good many opportunities to exercise. But I am going now to let the matter out, and so have told on myself, but more than fifty years afterward.

In another respect I differed from him. He passively resigned himself to the momentary impulse, and was borne off into the wildest

fancies, whereby the educational purpose of his life was lost. But I fought, fought with all my might, and it was a daily battle, hand to hand, often desperate; for from the miserable Mathematics my mind would glance off easily, and the place was at once supplied by revery, which conjured up a fair image flitting about me in all sorts of sweet vanities.

Now I knew that this tendency in me was just the thing I had to master, more important than the mastery of Geometry or Horace. I may give myself the credit of having tackled in youth the problem with determination and held on—and I have been holding on ever since. But I should add by way of humility and truth that I never fully conquered.

The question of the joint education of the sexes has been much discussed. I believe it to be an important part in every complete education. The young boy must get used to the young girl and both get used to each other. In mutual presence they are called upon to exercise the first restraint. The training of emotion and of imagination must be gone through, and their education is an important branch, even if not set down in the curriculum. I have always held that this was one of the advanced views in which Oberlin might justly take pride. To be sure, for some it is strong medicine. It may be questioned

if my room-mate ought not to have gone to a monastic school. By the way, in the class there rose a division, not sharply marked but noticeable, into the youths who sought ladies' society and those who remained aloof. In a bantering mood I called them the *philogynists* and the *misogynists*. To the latter I belonged in the early part of my college course, though I had the hardest internal battles just then. Unconsciously I went to work; the stake was the control of the feeling and imagination, not their eradication by any means.

Another matter gave me some anxious hours in the course of the year. One or two of my friends had been brought before the faculty for smoking, which was against the rules of the institution. I knew of the fact, was a witness to it, for I was sometimes in their company when they did it, though I was not guilty of any breach myself. On the contrary, the conduct of my friends met my disapproval and I told them so. Not that it was a mortal sin to take a chew of dogleg or smoke a cob pipe, if a man wished, but on entering the institution we all gave a pledge not to use tobacco, and I was going to keep my promise, and I thought they should keep theirs. But the violation, though done secretly, got out, and the young people were cited

before the faculty. I was afraid that I would be summoned as a witness, and I deliberated what I should do with no little perturbation. I came to the conclusion that I could not testify in such a case. What if the faculty said: testify or be expelled. I concluded to suffer expulsion, even if it occurred just before graduation. Fortunately I was not called, though it was a very ugly situation. I have, as teacher, had to deal with similar cases, and it has been my plan to respect the point of honor in a boy not to betray what has been entrusted to him, though it be a breach of discipline.

I may add here that I, as life-long teacher, still agree with Oberlin in the matter of suppressing the tobacco habit and the drink habit in the students of the college and the university. It has almost stood alone in this point as well as in others. To be sure, let there be no excess, not even of temperance, which can also become very intemperate. But the adolescent, most dangerous to himself, needs some help in the control of such habits, yea, some restraint. I took with me no habits of the kind to Oberlin, and it looked out that I never acquired them—for which it has my lasting gratitude. From what I have seen in others, I believe that with my frail, but very nervous, organism, even a moderate

use of tobacco would have wrecked me long ago, or at least would have halted my career as a Writer of Books. If I had lived, I would not be writing now, but smoking; and you, my reader, in turn, would have to be perusing some other book, which, I hope, you would deem a calamity.

IV.

Literary Studies.

Oberlin was not specially literary, but first religious and then political. Indeed, the Professor of Literature was not a literary man, but a politician. Still, among some of the students could be found a few little specks of the love of letters. Toward these I naturally gravitated when I found them, for Literature had already become a strong fascination. Outside the regular course of collegiate studies I began a miscellaneous course of reading which probably developed my bent in life more than the prescribed work, which, however, was also of great value to me. My earliest dip into the greatest books of the race, the Literary Bibles, as I have elsewhere called them, took place at Oberlin, but not through the college or through any professor personally. Still, some stimulus must have been in the air. As this extraneous course in Literature turned out to be my most vital and

lasting interest, I shall set down some leading factors in it, as far as I recollect them after so long a period.

The literary spirit of the time therefore was working at Oberlin a little, though in a very weak fashion. Out of the thousand students there were two or three who read Emerson and Carlyle. These students were so marked by this one fact that they were known to the whole college. They were regarded as irreligious if not heretical, and possessed of a passing fashion, which was of no great moment. They showed their cult in their essays, and they were dominated by the style of their favorite authors, which made their exercises sound very different from those of the rest of us.

Of Emerson I doubt if a single professor had any sympathetic knowledge, or if he had, he kept it silent. The Concord sage had at that time taken deep hold of New England thought, and his has been the greatest literary influence of the land. At present there is hardly a New England writer of the younger generation who does not betray Emerson's style, thought or his knack. Hardly a clerical New Englander of any denomination can be found who does not show the Emersonian influence, or at least mannerism. Emerson is with truth counted the greatest literary power in American literature.

Now I shall have to confess that I never felt it in myself—let it be counted to my deficiency. At college I peeped into his essays, but I did not or could not catch hold. One of the Emersonians was a particular friend of mine and a young man of special literary gift; but in spite of his example I remained on the outside, and there I have remained ever since, no doubt through my own limitation. For Emerson has brought spiritual freedom to so many people that there is no denying him. Only he did not bring it to me.

Different is the relation of Carlyle to my development. At college I first saw his collected miscellanies, and, as far as I know I first heard his name there. I tried to read some of them, but with little success. I could not surmount the oddities of thought and style. I had been trained to the Latin manner of the eighteenth century, of which Addison was the master in prose. I had some taste for other books, yet within limits. But at college Macaulay was my favorite; the keenest delight I thrilled with from his essays. The article on Milton, the first one, has a power which Mathew Arnold has ridiculed, but which he really does not appreciate. I believe still it is one of the best educational books for boys between sixteen and twenty, or for men of the same degree of ripeness.

Here again the style captivated me. The short, snappy sentences, the epigrammatic thrust, the rush of the narrative, even the partisanship, takes hold of the boy and trains him.

Yet I outgrew Macaulay at college, and never have been able to go back to him since with any lasting satisfaction. There is still a fascination in his manner, yet he is often shallow, sees but a part, hence is but a partisan. His power lies in the realm of the Anglo-Saxon understanding to which he strongly appeals.

It must have been at least several years after I left college that Carlyle took hold of me. I came to him indirectly through his sources, through German Literature, not directly through himself, and the influence has staying power. In spite of caprices, follies, prejudices, he remains the greatest elemental force of the century in English Literature. As such he works and is going to work for a while yet—not through his ideas, which are often absurd and often commonplace.

Emerson and Carlyle as prose writers stand far ahead, in literary influence, of the two poets, Longfellow and Tennyson, their contemporaries. Both these poets were read a little in my college days, but without making much stir, or producing an influence. In-

deed, there is not much of a Gospel in either. The chief distinction in both poets, though otherwise very different, is the form, the poetic manner, whereas the true poetic message must lie in the content, in the thing said. Hence their imitators write quite as good as they, having picked the dress, or Tennyson himself complains, having got "the seed."

Yet Emerson and Carlyle are by no means the most popular of English writers. Macaulay is far more read to-day; in fact Macauley is sometimes said to stand next to the Bible and Shakespeare among Anglo-Saxon people round the globe. But that does not make him the greatest influence, because his work lacks two things: depth and the spirit—both of which are found in Emerson and Carlyle.

Oberlin was not much of a place for poetry. The surroundings of nature had little variety, little of nature's ecstasies; no mountains, no river or lake or sea, no antiquities in castle or church. Then the rigid Puritanic spirit rather frowned on art. If Oberlin had any poem, it was Paradise Lost. I read in that book a great deal, and committed many portions of it to memory, which I have long since forgotten. Milton is not one of the supreme Literary Bibles of the race, though he is probably to be placed in the second class

of great poets. I was still very full of him when I first came to St. Louis, but Brockmeyer quite knocked him out of me by a single thump of dialectical sarcasm.

In the spring of 1858 I began reading the Odyssey in Greek with my college class. As I now look back to that event, I see it to have its place salient in the Writer of Books. I soon learned the Homeric forms so that they never left me, and the Odyssey has been in many ways one of my chief literary companions. My class read only the first four books, but I went on, and in the following winter completed the reading of the poem in the original. Thus I took my first possession of one of the world's Literary Bibles, though it was the last one of them all upon which I finished a commentary. Of course, I read it then for the story, the pictures, the simple outline, and also for that peculiar fascination which the Greek tongue has always exercised over me. The miraculous voyage of Ulysses is likely to remain the greatest of all fairy-tales, for such it is.

It was not till some eight years later that I thought of putting a content into these wonderful stories. I rejected the idea of allegory, but Mr. Brockmeyer on an occasion gave a hint of what the work meant, of what the old singer was trying to say to these early

peoples. Then I began truly to get into, if not underneath, the whole poem. But the first resignation to that wonderful world was, and always will be, the primal charm. My earliest literary interpretation was that of the Odyssey.

It was also in my Freshman year when I bought my first copy of Shakespeare in one volume, containing all his works. I had previously read many extracts from the speeches of his characters, but never an entire play. In the old School Reader (M'Guffey's) were a number of passages which I recollect of poring over with an intense feeling of their power during my boyhood. Of course, I had heard that Shakespeare was the greatest poet of all, that was in the air; so I longed to try to see if I could find out why he was greatest.

But where shall I begin the big volume? While I was still deliberating upon this question and turning over the leaves, a classmate, who was several years older than I, for I recollect he had quite a beard while I had none, dropped into my room and saw the new book, and began talking about it. "Do you know," said he, "which is the best play in that volume?" "No, but I would like to find out." "It is Julius Cæsar." "Well, I shall tackle that." So I began with the best play

for boys in all Shakespeare; indeed, the best introduction to his works. Curiously that play, by a species of selection, came to me first, as it does now to hundreds of boys in the schools, through a regular text-book.

While I am dealing with these matters, I may state that I took now my first readings in Dante, not the whole of it, but some cantos of the Inferno. Dante's picture of Hell and the damned have always had some peculiar fascination for the Puritanic mind; it was a common book upon students' shelves. Then it had a certain degree of kinship with Paradise Lost. This kinship was brought into stronger relief by Carey's translation of Dante in Miltonic blank-verse. But I came upon Dr. John Carlyle's translation of the Inferno into English prose, with Italian text printed in conjunction. This book appealed to me very strongly. I could read Italian a little, and with the aid of the translation I began to work into the spirit of Dante. I can truly say that thus early I felt his style, and held in memory many of the lines of the first cantos of the Inferno.

Thus it happened that the three books upon which I was to spend such an important part of my life I began in my first year at college, all in their original tongues. None of these books or their tongues have ever slipped

away from me. Goethe's Faust, the fourth Literable Bible, I did not begin at present, but while still at college two years later; I read the First Part of it in the original with much help, however, from Brooke's translation.

I shall not soon forget the first time I was called upon to speak my piece before a large audience. It was a set oration which every student in the collegiate department had to write, learn by heart, and speak on a given occasion before the entire body of students, visitors and professors. Each class furnished its contingent, and there was a good deal of rivalry. The one who made the best speech was for the time being a marked man. There was no exercise in the institution which spurred me to so much effort, and I attribute some of my literary tendencies to that exercise. At the same time it was a good practice in oratorical delivery, and I then intended to be a public man, a lawyer probably.

Such is the ambition of nearly every American boy; he is going to be a speaker and sway the multitude with the golden gift of eloquence. About this time I bought *The Works of Edmund Burke,* and read portions of them with an intense delight. The speech to the Electors of Bristol seemed to me then to be oratorical perfection. The brilliant passages

I knew by heart, and daily I would dip into his speeches and fish out all the glorious sentences, paragraphs and images. For it was Burke's imagination that took hold of me mightily. The image of Hyder Ali swooping down upon the Carnatic (Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts) impressed me more strongly than anything that I had ever read. His sympathy with the Americans in their conflict with Great Britain was another bond. Still his political speculations took less hold on me than his literary power. His life, written by Pryor, I read and studied with great love and care. In my line of literary stars Burke succeeded Macaulay (I recollect the latter's death affected me deeply in 1859).

In the meantime two ancient orators had become known to me, Aeschines and Demosthenes, both of whom were studied in the Greek course of the college. The latter especially took hold of me in his speech "On the Crown," which demands for its proper understanding quite an accurate knowledge of Greek history and politics during the decline of Hellenic freedom. The power of the Greek orator I felt, as well as his patriotism and moral force. I devoured all the literature I could find about him; especially I read Plutarch's Life with delight. Also I obtained a Greek edition of his speeches and read (with

the help of translation) *On the Embassy,* as well as the *Olythiacs* and the *Philippics.* I even went so far as to commit certain portions of the Philippics to memory, and to repeat them aloud in my morning walks. These often extended to the neighboring woods, where I alone would try my voice, declaiming to the trees, somewhat like Demosthenes on the sea-shore. Whereat people passing have heard the sound and have stared at me, thinking I was crazy. One little boy, I recollect, crawled up stealthily without my seeing him, and at last stepped out in front of me from a stump, asking: "What are you preaching to these trees for? They are not sinners."

On this literary path I traveled, the oratorical, for a year or more, with full intensity. Burke and Demosthenes, the greatest ancient and the greatest modern orator, were my chosen friends. It must be understood that there was no full or exhaustive study of either; simply I culled what took hold of me, passages of power, of imagination, of beauty, and chiefly of demonic energy. Cicero never captured me; but I looked frequently into some others—Chatham, Sheridan, Pitt, Sir James Mackintosh, Erskine, Lord Brougham —all of which were found in a book then well known—Goodrich's British Eloquence.

There was not at that time, as is now, the special study; one was left to follow his bent, after getting his lessons in the prescribed course. Special investigation by scientific methods is the cry at present, almost unknown then. The old way has its advantages; it leaves the individuality of the student in this line largely to himself, and so he may trifle away his time, or freely find what he most craves spiritually. The oratorical stage was in me and had to come out. I gave expression to it in quite an elaborate and enthusiastic essay on Demosthenes which I read before the Literary Society.

The investigations by which I sought to get a conception of the times during which the orations of Demosthenes were delivered threw me upon Greek History. Thus I came to Grote. His later volumes I read through with care as pertaining to my immediate study, but I soon found that every set of circumstances presupposed a preceding set, and so I began to work into Greek History as a totality. Of course, I had studied the outlines of Greek History previously, but in Grote the whole thing began to live as never before. As I had to have at hand my instrument, so I made up my mind to purchase a Grote. It was in twelve volumes (Harper Edition), and the sum was a little heavy for

one outlay, but at last I found a student who had a copy of which he had grown tired, and I began to dicker with him and obtained it by exchanging some books and adding some cash.

I read in it a good deal, by rote and also irregularly; at last a curious ambition took hold of me: I must master not only that History but its sources, especially the Greek Historians. I recollect the idea had been growing on me, for I had already delved in portions of Herodotus by myself. But now I went to work in earnest at my first real historical study, which, by the way, was the first Historian, the father of History. I made a prolonged grapple with total Herodotus in Greek, conjoined with Grote and with Rawlinson's Translation.

This study of Herodotus has had an important influence upon me in various ways. It is one of the books to which I have often recurred since, and I still deem it one of the most important of world-books. In it we see the historic consciousness arising; the grand dualism between Orient and Occident, the deepest and most significant in all History, is really the theme of his work, which thus recounts the first great historic fight between East and West. Herodotus is one of those books whose value must continue to grow as

man moves forward and obtains a more profound knowledge of his destiny. It still remains the greatest historical book which has been transmitted down the ages. Very distinctly and decidedly is it to be placed above Thucydides in universal import.

Herodotus was not touched in our Greek course at college, but some vague sense of its meaning haunted me and I grappled with it and never seriously stopped till I had read the whole of it in the original. Of course, my chief interpreter was Grote, who dominated me then with his plain utilitarian mind, his rationalizing tendency and rigid scrutiny of everything unhistorical. Grote gave me a great training in that wonderful work of his, and it still has excellences unapproached. Yet I now see it has great defects. Grote has little or no sense of art. Yet he has to write of the Greeks, who, of all the peoples before or since, are just the art-people. Grote has no poetry, no idealism, very little feeling for beautiful form in style and speech. His thinking springs from the school of Mill, not very Greek, and he is a sensist in philosophy. In general what we call the ideal side of the Greek world is not to be found in Grote. He is also somewhat of a partisan, yet in the right direction. Such was the book which for about two years was my constant companion.

In the junior year, spring of 1860, I had a little disagreement with my class, and I left and went home to Mount Gilead. On the whole, this act of mine was a caprice, at least the provocation was small, and I have always regretted the act, though I defended it warmly in the first impulse. But it was a strong lesson for me. I found out the nature of caprice which has always been one of my fiends, and still is not dead, after many thumpings.

But having taken the step, I resolved to get what profit I could out of my time. I could now finish two other Greek Historians; I had a year free, though I was compelled to teach part of the time for a little cash. This year, when I was 19-20, I may call my historical year, devoted as it was wholly to the old Classic Historians, Greek and Roman, and passed outside the college, which then had no department of History. It should be added that these Greek and Roman Historians have quite as lofty a literary place as historical. In studying them I was studying Literature as well as History.

Still the historical element began to receive much the greater attention from me on account of the volcanic political events then bursting forth in our country. During my off year the Presidential campaign of 1860

and the election of Lincoln had occurred, followed by the secession of the Cotton States, the firing on Sumter, and then by the President's call for troops. That was a succession of mighty occurrences upon which all History might well write a commentary. I was specially studying ancient events, but it seemed to me that in those remote acts I could feel a common throb with the pulsations of our own land. Then the political conflict or dualism of the time was very intense at Oberlin, and I had not failed to appropriate it inwardly.

V.

Political Oberlin.

This is a great theme, and I wish I might do justice to it. In my judgment, political Oberlin has been of far greater significance to the world than religious Oberlin, though this statement would probably be scouted by the unadulterated Oberlinite, and the author of it set down on the list of the damnables. Indeed, religion there had in my time a decided political tinge, and also education. Neither of them, in my view, were damaged by the coalition. The period of my college course ran on the very topmost wave of Oberlin's political activity and importance. After the war she might well say that her principle

had practically triumphed, and that politics must henceforth mean less in her work. But during my quinquennium there was a steady rise of the political tide up to my graduation day; that conflict within her and also outside of her kept grinding with fiercer and fiercer energy till it whelmed us all—professors, students and community—into its maelstrom. In fact, her conflict was rapidly becoming that of the Nation, but in her bosom it was sublimated to the last degree of bearable intensity. Thus she became truly typical of the time and the people; yea, the most typical town of the land, viewed in this one concentrated aspect. Hence Oberlin has won a significant place in the history of that period; she cannot be omitted from any account which shows the deeper sources of the Civil War.

While a student at Oberlin I passed through two rescues of fugitive slaves—the one on the spot itself, the other many miles distant from it, in a place where I happened to be at the time. In neither case did I share in the act itself or know of it beforehand; but immediately afterwards I was involved along with the whole community in its reverberations, inner and outer, oft-repeated, prolonged and agonizing. I must give some account of these events, as I deem them a part of my education as a Writer of Books, since

in one form or other I more than once have expressed them by the printed page.

There was always a good deal of political excitement at Oberlin, owing to its pronounced anti-slavery position. But when I arrived in 1857 the Presidential election was past history, and everybody had settled down to a four years' quiet. Still, the town was inflammable, having such a large colony of negroes, many of whom were fugitives, hence living in a kind of dread of capture and of kidnapping. A suspicious stranger in the place would be watched, and a rumor would set the black quarter in a ferment, while the whites were not far behind if a Southerner should be found lurking about. The authority of Buchanan's Administration did not inspire much respect, and the Federal Constitution was not Oberlin's political Bible.

Everything was going on in a quiet way when one afternoon in the Fall of 1858 word was brought to town that several men were seen dashing toward Wellington in a wagon with a person of color, evidently having the design to take the train there for Cleveland in order to bring the negro before the United States Commissioner, who would send him back to slavery legally. At once the people were afire; white and black rushed toward Wellington to rescue the captive. They

found the United States officers with the prey at the hotel, where the building was, as it were, stormed without bloodshed, and the black man set free.

The outcome was that a number of citizens of Oberlin were arrested and were ordered to Cleveland to jail, among them one Professor. They obeyed the writ and went to prison. I was not in Oberlin that autumn, but the next spring I was on hand and passed through the strangest social excitement of my life. The Government of the United States had arrested and were trying to punish men for doing an act of purest humanity. A free country was seeking to convict men for giving freedom to a human being. The institutional order was in a conflict with the very thing which it ought to secure. The Constitution, as interpreted by the highest tribunal, was arrayed against the conscience of most men in the North.

The situation gave me much to think about, nay, it was painful at times to me. It has left such an impression upon me that to this day I see the war growing out of this typical event; typical, for it was transpiring everywhere. It went inside of me and cut me in two. I was by nature a lover of law and a believer in the Constitution, yet equally certain was it to me then that I could not obey the Fugitive Slave Law.

The trial took place at Cleveland, and every up and down was felt like an electric shock at Oberlin. The newspapers were eagerly read, the evidence of the witnesses minutely scanned, the speeches of the lawyers carefully perused. The community showed a scission in itself. There was in Oberlin an element antagonistic to the prevailing political tendency of the place, and some of these people appeared at the trial. Study went on, yet interest in it was largely absorbed by the greater drama of life.

A large meeting was held at Cleveland while the prisoners were in jail. The ostensible object was to consult about the prisoners. The sheriff was friendly, the city was friendly, yet the men were deprived of their liberty. I recollect well the fiery speech of Giddings. He proposed to take the prisoners out at once, and asked a committee to meet him at the hotel. Many thought that he meant violence. But more sober and wiser counsels prevailed. Governor S. P. Chase was present, and, though an abolitionist and deeply sympathetic, he spoke for the supremacy of the Law. On the other side Judge Willson of the United States Court peered out of a third-story window of the Custom House, which overlooked the meeting on the square below. Some men shook their fists at

him, in sport probably, which might have become serious.

At last, after two trials and condemnations, the rest of the prisoners were released. One of the Kentuckians had been arrested for kidnaping, and a kind of exchange took place. No doubt the authorities were tired of the trial and of the excitement. There was great popular indignation, which it was policy to allay. So the Oberlin prisoners came home in triumph, and were received at the church with speeches and festivities, and a grand parade with music.

But this was a small affair compared to what soon followed. Simeon Bushnell, a printer of Oberlin, was one of the most active of the rescuers, and was put on trial, condemned to a fine and an imprisonment of some weeks. When his time expired it was agreed to give him a rousing reception on his return home, in which reception all the Western Reserve should participate. A large delegation came from Cleveland, headed by the Heckers, a famous brass band of that day; J. R. Giddings did not fail, always a strong personality, though a Northern fire-eater. All gathered into the large Brick Church, where they were received by a grand chorus of singers with big organ, with flags waving and horns blowing, while at the head of the

procession marched thin, pale, consumptive Simeon Bushnell—really marching for a few hours that day at the head of the World's History.

Every speech turned on one topic, the sentiments were voiced in one way: the protest of humanity and religion against slavery. But slavery was strongly intrenched in the Law, and in the Nation; there could not help being a violent undercurrent against established Law in favor of another Law which took the name of Higher Law, or the Law of God. The individual, the community, indeed the whole people, were in a process of education toward smiting the established institutional order.

Finally Simeon Bushnell was called upon for a speech. The little man arose, and began in high tones like a woman's voice; he grounded his conduct upon Scripture, which commanded us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. And then he concluded: "If I were called upon to do the same thing over again, even after this penalty, I would do it, so help me God." At this the whole church, galleries above and seats below, upsprung, cheered, shouted, waved handkerchiefs, amid a tremendous commotion in which all joined for a moment. Then the vast choir rose, like a cloud in the skies, and sang the Marseillaise, in the midst of the ap-

plause. Then it was to me a most exalted phenomenon; but the recollection of it now takes a peculiar color, for I heard the same music played and sung more than a quarter of a century afterwards with equal fervor and with a more desperate purpose by the Anarchists of Chicago on a memorable occasion when I went into their haunts just before the hanging of Spies and his associates. Was there something of anarchy in the Oberlin spirit? Each Chicago anarchist insisted upon his right of judging for the popular weal and defied the majority. Oberlin appealed to the right of individual conscience against Law and was going toward the same goal, yet by a different way—for one was religious, the other atheistic.

When Simeon Bushnell had ended, Giddings (old Josh) arose, white-haired, with ploughed features, lit up by a marvelously illuminated face. He grasped Bushnell by the hand and gave utterance to this sentiment: "Simeon Bushnell, I have been presented to Monarchs, Dukes, Lords, in my time, but never have I felt as great honor as I now do in taking your hand." Once more the audience stood up and shouted and stormed, and the prodigious din seemed to pass into music as the choir rose again and sang.

Such was the greatest day I saw at Oberlin; I was carried off, and I hardly knew whether there was anything established in the country or not, whether there was any Law. There was, indeed, no illegality done, or even proposed, but the spirit, the sweep was: down with slavery, though supported by Law. Poor Simeon Bushnell, the hero of that day, I saw fall down, not many months after, on the steps of the Second Church and cast up great mouthfuls of blood, which stained pavement and garments; thence he was carried home in the agonies of death. Consumption had marked him, and the premonition he doubtless felt on the day of his triumph.

In the fall of 1860 I was called to teach at Iberia College. It was a small copy of Oberlin, having colored students and a strong anti-slavery sentiment. Here again I was destined to pass through the excitement of another rescue. Late one evening word was brought to the village that a posse of United States deputy marshals had seized a runaway slave, and was hurrying him off to the railroad station on the way to Columbus. A mob of armed citizens overtook the posse, scattered it, caught two or three of the officers, and tied them and whipped them. Then they were set free. There was a little fusilade of firearms, but nobody was hurt. The escaped part of

the marshals walked through the country, which was everywhere excited, but they at last got away from the angry crowd in pursuit. President Gordon of Iberia College did not fail at the whipping of the marshals, and remarked to them that they had not received half their dues.

Once more I observed how it goes against the grain of a community to see a human being seized, manacled and hurried off to slavery. Democrats as well as Republicans took part in the rescue. For many miles around the country was stirred up. As I walked home in the fields three days afterwards, I started quite an excitement, being taken for a "nigger thief."

On the part of the Government, it seemed a kind of bravado, a challenge to arms. I think that the South or its leaders at Washington wished to make trouble. Well, they succeeded at last, to their terrible cost and ours, too. More than anything else this attempted kidnaping of runaways brought the matter home to every man's door. Ohio would not have concerned herself much about slavery in Virginia; it was none of her business and was allowed by the Constitution. Slavery would have been in the South to-day but for the Fugitive Slave Law. But the Southern leaders seemed to want a pretext for dis-

solving the Union, hence these useless but exciting attempts.

In due season the United States Marshal in person appeared at Iberia with warrants for the arrest of those who had participated in the outrage done to his deputies. It was known when he was coming, he alighted from the train and walked rapidly to the village and thence to the college building. There was a quick scattering of the students implicated; one darted out of the backdoor as the Marshal entered the front door. The only member of the faculty who was on the ground at the rescue was the President already mentioned. Word was brought to him that the Marshal was in the adjacent building, asking for his house. At first he refused to flee, saying that he had done no wrong; but friends and his wife prevailed upon him to slip out into the fields.

Shortly afterwards I was speaking to Professor Henry. The Marshal was returning from the President's house without his prey. I asked: "Gordon declared he would not flee; do you know where he is?" "Yes," he replied with a laugh, "I see him now." I looked around everywhere in surprise and said: "What do you mean?" "Do you want to see him?" "Yes." "Well, yonder he goes," and pointed to a man fully half a mile distant

leisurely walking through a stubblefield. He gave me a wink as the Marshal came up, while Gordon was still in sight, but soon disappeared behind a knoll.

I talked a good deal with Marshal Johnson in the course of the day, and I do not believe that he relished his business. To be sure, he maintained his side of the political question with argument, even with warmth and gesticulation. But he must have felt that an odious business had been put upon him rather unnecessarily, for Lincoln had been elected President, and the South was talking of secession. The Marshal offered some compromise; he would permit Mr. Gordon to appear before the court without any public arrest or imprisonment. In the course of the day Prof. Henry went out through the country and found Gordon and submitted the Marshal's propositions. Gordon refused to entertain them, and the Marshal left without a single prisoner.

Gordon afterwards changed his mind, went of his accord to Cleveland and gave himself up, becoming a voluntary jail-bird. President Lincoln offered to pardon him, the only thing he could do under the law. But Gordon refused the pardon, saying he had done nothing wrong for which he could be pardoned. So he distinguished himself. The newspapers

made a good deal of fun of this attempt at martyrdom when there was no stake, certainly none then afire. The war was already on and no more slave-hunting in the North possible. Oberlin had already forestalled him in winning the prize of the martyr.

During the fall and winter of 1860-61, I gave myself up to Greek History and specially to Thucydides. The contrast of this historian to Herodotus was great, the historical consciousness had arisen in full bloom, impartiality had become such a test that it was not easy to find to which party the historian belonged. The cool judicial understanding is the merit of Thucydides, the mythical element has quite departed from his pages. Yet he is capable of deep undercurrents of warmth and sympathy; mark his account of Pericles and of the Sicilian expedition. He represents a stage of the Greek world different from that of Herodotus, who had shown the union of Hellenism in its great struggle against Orientalism. Thus his book ends in a grand triumph, just about the grandest of the world's history, the happy conclusion of the mighty drama. But Thucydides turns in the opposite direction. Separation, inner conflict, and disintegration is the movement of his history and of the time it describes. That unity which Herodotus

unfolds so effectively, a political unity in part, specially a unity in spirit, is going asunder in the Peloponnesian war, which is the theme of Thucydides, who shows internal disruption for twenty-eight long years, with fluctuations from one side to the other; a weary, wasting disease which he carries out into its little details. The two Greek historians form together a great cycle of human development and transmit one supreme symbolic event for all time as well as the supreme record of the same.

I saw what seemed the beginning of the same process in my own country. While I was reading Thucydides one Southern State after another began to move in the line of secession. The whole country seemed to be breaking up into pieces, and these pieces were showing fight toward one another. It was a time of dissolution and disintegration; the spirit of separation or apathy had complete hold of the land. The stoutest heart felt the craft going asunder, yet knew not where to turn. The early months of 1861 saw the movements in South Carolina and other States successively getting ready for separation and war.

During those months I was at home in my father's house in Mount Gilead, having closed my engagement of teaching at Iberia. I read

Thucydides and the newspapers at the same time; both were telling one story, though in very different ways. When I contemplated the inner scission, war and desolation of those Greek States, my heart responded with a strong premonition of what was going to take place under my own eyes in my own time and country. The autonomy of the little Greek cities was our State's Rights in its excess; the movement against the supremacy of any Greek State—Sparta or Athens—had something of its counterpart in South and North. Separation meant indefinite turmoil and conflict. The parallel could often be drawn in special instances.

Thus with the strongest sympathy I pored over the second Greek Historian, and with lurid prophetic gleams into the future. The call for troops came, and our Peloponnesian war had opened. What was to be the outcome? That Sicilian expedition fitted out with so great outlay and hope—we had it, too. Athens to a certain extent represented the North, or the union of the Greeks; Sparta the South, or autonomy, without union or with the slightest external bond. The one democratic, the other aristocratic; on the question of slavery, both alike held slaves; Sparta had distinctively her Helots.

America and Greece thus seemed to be pass-

ing through a similar historic cycle—toward unity first and then toward disintegration. Each principle in Greece was represented by an historian. Xenophon's *Hellenica,* which is a continuation of the work of Thucydides, I also read and so brought the Peloponnesian War to a close and joined it to the period of the orators, specially of Demosthenes and Philip, with which period I had originally begun. Thus that marvelous sweep of History, just about the most fruitful and important which the race has enacted, from the Persian War to the battle of Chaeroneia, I had fairly mastered in its original sources and had felt the heart-beat of the men who were its chief recorders and speakers, some of whom had been also participators in the deed.

I had not only read it, but felt it, as it ran parallel with the events and tendencies of my own time. It was a history to a degree reenacted both in the nation and in me, for I had felt all the hopes, fears, and dark forebodings which a Greek of the fifth century, B. C., might have experienced. A waking nightmare continually weighed upon me, for I could not help thinking that possibly the same outcome was in store for my own country. After long internal strife (another twenty-eight years) was it to sink down exhausted under a conquering monarch? Greece de-

stroyed herself in that Civil War. Will the same fate befall America? The balance stood quivering for a long time, but at last the decision came, and a new life and new order began out of the ashes of war.

The Greeks were put under the discipline of subjection, and there have remained quite to our time; many are still under the yoke. But America was transformed, renewed, enfranchised by her struggle, chiefly because she fought for a higher freedom. But each side in Greece was struggling to subject the other side, its own neighbor—hence an act suicidal by necessity. Both Athens and Sparta were tyrants in victory. Such was my historical training at this time, embracing the past and the present.

Thus I passed a year outside of college. The throbbing events of the time as well as my own development had thrown me upon universal history, which was then very inadequately provided for in the Oberlin curriculum. While I was reading one set of mighty, world-historical occurrences, the first in the line of continuity, another set, the last in time, of far vaster proportions outwardly were taking place under my eye, indeed I was a participator in them after a small way. So I was brought to bridge historic time in my soul's experience. I have set down

this bridge also in writing—quite a portion of the structure was reared very recently, though its materials reach back a lifetime. But my intercalary year—so I may call it—has come to a close, and the hour has struck for me to return to college, and to resume its work, if I intend to complete its course.

VI.

Last Year of College.

The turning-point to war is rightly regarded as the attack upon Fort Sumter. I was about ready to start back to Oberlin when Lincoln's call for troops gave the stunning but necessary pen-stroke for setting the bloody machinery in motion—April 15, 1861. That halted me in my immediate purpose, as it did nearly every young man of the land. I deemed it my duty to begin at once a new vocation, that of the soldier. A verdant military company paraded the streets of little Mount Gilead, where I then was and I entered its ranks. But such was the rush in response to the President's call that the State could not handle even the better drilled companies. So our small local squad disbanded for the nonce, and I reverted to my previous plans.

Accordingly about May, 1861, I returned to Oberlin to take up the regular studies of the

college course where I had left them a year before. As I went into the town from the station, I noticed a great crowd of men marching toward me, and at the head was an old grey-bearded person carrying the American flag. I knew the man, he was a well-known Southerner, who, though white, had come to Oberlin years before with his colored wife or mate and their children. It seems that he had been too free in expressing his sympathy with secession and had roused the townspeople, who besieged him, and captured him, and compelled him to walk the streets carrying the Stars and Stripes. I mingled with the crowd, there was a good deal of violent talk, but the affair soon simmered down. Still it was a prelude of excited and excitable Oberlin. But when I came to the college grounds, I found an incipient military company marching around on the common. The war spirit had seized Oberlin, as it had the whole North, and there was only talk of enlisting and of the next step of the secessionists. In due time the company was provided with a fine grey uniform, and was accepted. The whole college turned out and went to see it start for camp at Cleveland—a part of Lincoln's first call for 75,000 men. As the boys marched to the railroad station they made a fine appearance, and there was a good deal of emotion.

It seemed to be taken for granted that the poor dear fellows were going straight into the jaws of death. The girls worked hard to make the uniforms, then cried to see the warriors, all of them lovers now, move off, never to be seen again.

My services were in demand as a musician, for I played the cornet and the town band headed the grand procession. Cleveland was astir that day, every house on the main streets had a display of bunting. Companies were arriving with every train; a thousand men and more, an entire regiment, headed by Colonel, afterward General, Steedman, came from Lucas County alone. The common impression was that the war would soon end; or as somebody shouted: "Jeff Davis has caught a Tartar." That was my opinion, too; and so, after escorting the company to camp, and adding to the noise and the martial sounds there for one day, I went back to Oberlin to my studies, but with my nerves tingling in response to the exciting events of every succeeding day. Of course, each side at the start undervalued the other. The South thought the North would not fight, or if it did, one Southern man would whip two or three Northerners. The North believed the negro would rise and fight—that turned out a delusion.

I was in a new class and in new associations when I went back after a year's absence. I sought to study with zeal the prescribed course in logic, mathematics and languages, but nothing specially seemed to take hold of me as in former years. The overwhelming national question threw a dark shadow over everything. The battle of Bull Run (July 19) caused the keenest anguish, as well as anxiety for the seat of government. A spirit of despair brooded for a time over the land. Then came the personal question again, Shall I enlist? I wished to complete my course, but I resolved at the same time to be getting ready for future service, and so I joined a military company and tried to make a little preparation. Also I sought by reading to acquire some military knowledge.

Our family was at this time well represented at Oberlin. I had a brother and two sisters there. A call again came to me to go back to Iberia and teach for the fall term; this call I accepted. In that quiet place I resolved to try to do some special work, and now I have reached the next subject into which I threw myself heart and soul, the study of philosophy.

The lectures on metaphysics by Sir William Hamilton had spoken the latest word on this subject. I bought a copy and began a

very attentive reading with notes and careful review. I was much interested by it and grasped its leading thoughts. More enticing than anything else in it was the vast display of erudition. I had not a little of the instinct of the bookworm in me, so I was amazed at Hamilton's oceanic reading, and wished to be able to do something of the kind myself. There was, too, a self-assertion in the manner of the man, which led me to accept quite all that he said as sterling gold. The book did not enter deeply into the questions of pure philosophy, it was rather a psychology of the old sort, but with many fresh suggestions and much combativeness. Still I owe to that book my first induction into philosophy, and thus begins with me a new discipline which has lasted all my life, and which has called forth a number of books in the Writer of Books. It took hold of me on the side of learning and became a very attractive work at that stage of my culture. Its speculations and distinctions I now think were somewhat external to me, rather a matter of intellectual gymnastics, which is Hamilton's own view of the purpose of philosophy. Still, the work as a whole, took strong hold; I continued to believe in it as the final word on its themes, till I came to St. Louis and heard Brockmeyer criticize it, and really annihilate it as philoso-

phy not without a warm defense of it at first on my part. The confusion between Imagination and Reason (the two Infinites) is fundamental, and vitiates his whole discussion. After all his reading Hamilton had not mastered one of the most important distinctions in philosophy, specially enforced by Spinoza, and fully developed by Hegel, but also brilliantly poetized in the flights of Brockmeyer, who, to my praise of Hamilton's erudition, scornfully replied: "Pooh, you can get a gin, jenny or engine to do that."

I recollect also of trying to do something with Livy, the Roman Historian, this same fall. I obtained an enormous edition of his works for a small price, with Latin notes of all the Commentators, and I waded through the first decade, reading Arnold and Niebuhr in connection. But I got little or nothing out of it, the Latin Historian gave me no spiritual hold of Rome, or of anything; he had a certain rhetorical glow and finish to his style, but the whole had something false in it. I had hoped to find the same fruit in the study of Roman History that I had in Greek History, but there was no comparison.

It was the same experience I had had before and have had since. The Roman literary expression is not congenial to me. Latin culture seems largely on the outside, an imita-

tion, lacks originality and often sincerity. It borrowed literature and art from the Greeks, yet as playthings, not sprung of any deep or deepest need of the soul. The Roman was first a soldier, then a political man, then a legal mind, never a genuine artist. So I reacted from Livy, dropped him, and Latin literature has had pretty nearly the same bad treatment from me. That will-people has strangely clung to an artificial expression in Letters; not till Dante does the Latin mind find a great original utterance, in spite of Virgil and Cicero.

In the spring of 1862 I returned to Oberlin to wind up my college course, of which two terms were still due. I was not in a good condition for study. The ups and downs of the war dragged me along, to which was now added the excitable temper of Oberlin itself. I do not think that any new matter in the line of my work took strong hold of me. I heard the course in Moral Philosophy by Professor Fairchild (afterwards President) with some interest; I worked a little into Political Economy, and became for a time a follower of Carey, whom later study caused me to abandon. Plato's Gorgias was in the course, but though I translated the Greek, I did not then reach at all to the soul of the great Attic philosopher.

There was recruiting in the town, a second demand for troops had been published, the stress was upon the war. Washington was in danger through the advance of Lee and Jackson, a temporary call was issued to go and defend the Capital. I made ready to start; but as the immediate danger passed off and as I was within a few weeks of graduation, a great object of my ambition for years, I withdrew my consent, not without some strong pricks of conscience, and good resolutions to do my duty when my hands were free.

At last the week of graduation came. The church was thronged as usual; the young ladies first read their essays; their white dresses made a fine display and filled the choir seats with a huge snowbank which overflowed into the rest of the church. The next day we, the young men, made our speeches. These had much to do with the present order of things—the war, the abolition of slavery, the preservation of the Union. There was great condemnation of the President. Oberlin reflected mainly the strong Abolition sentiment and supported Fremont's proclamation. I leaned to Lincoln's side, though shaky at times. Our graduation took place in the latter part of August. At the close we were all drawn up and received a short exhortation with a diploma, and then dismissed. A

few days longer I stayed in Oberlin bidding good-by to classmates, soldiers and friends, not leaving out the young ladies. I quit the town somewhere about the first of September, 1862, within a week or so of the date of my first arrival in 1857.

For five years my thoughts, my ambitions, my affections had clustered around Oberlin. It had an extraordinary influence over me, greater than any place has ever had before or since. There was a spirit in it which ruled and took hold of every person within its reach, sometimes repelling but mostly grappling with hooks of steel. And yet I never was distinctively an Oberlinite. On their main test, the religious one, I did not come up to the mark; I tried to believe as it did, but in reality I doubted, and on some matters I revolted secretly. Politically I was nearer, and educationally I stood quite with them, and have on the whole remained so; their basic principle, the joint education of humanity, both as to sex and race, has shown itself prophetic, and is becoming national with a world-historical outlook. The administration of the college was certainly of a high order; its discipline and control of a thousand students—adolescents of both sexes—I believe to be unequaled in success. Indeed the chief merit of the Oberlin com-

munity to my mind is to have evolved such an educational institution, in whose spirit the pupil's participation was itself an education apart from its curriculum of studies.

On the other hand there was weakness in instruction; I found it insufficient and had to supplement it by myself, though it certainly was equal to the average of Western colleges of that time. Along with my course I pursued a system of self-education. I wrote Greek and Latin prose, studied Greek particles and accents and sought to acquire a number of things which ought to belong to a thorough collegiate training. Yet after all is said, the student must at last be left to himself, when he has the implements, and Oberlin gave largely the implements of all culture into my hands. The body of teachers did good and faithful work, but I do not think that there was any man of very unusual talent or power in the institution, no original man except President Finney. But there was a spirit, a common atmosphere, product of many good people working together that made the institution unique in its influence. The same fact I have often noticed. The universal spirit is one thing; many individuals quite another.

The central fact of my college experience I may again emphasize: it called up in me the

grand conflict between the two laws, divine and human, or otherwise expressed, between the inner behest of conscience and the outer command of the State, or still again formulated, between the moral and institutional elements of man. This dualism awoke in me with no little trituration of the spirit at Oberlin, which was deeply writhing in the same contradiction, as I diagnose her case. I leaned to the side of conscience, yet with a strong inner protest from the other side. I carried this dualism with me into and through the war; I brought it to St. Louis where I happened to meet a man who threw the illuminating searchlight of his genius into the dark abyss of my own history as well as into that of my time and my country. Such was for me the true University, dealing supremely with what is universal—whereof later.

The theocratic solution after all did not solve, especially as it was coupled with the Protestant right of private judgment, between which decided antitheses there was often friction enough in the minds of the best Oberlinites. In this case, too, there were felt to be an inner law and an outer, which could and did fall into collision. But such a minor, quite local collision lapsed into the background before that far mightier conflict be-

tween the two laws, that of Conscience and that of the State, which had become national, and was just then being fought out at the point of the bayonet. The inner conviction of the North, which we saw concentrated to a white hot point at Oberlin, was in the process of making itself outer Law in the Constitution through the might of arms. It could not stop with being merely a subjective belief, but must realize itself, or better, must universalize itself in an institutional order binding on all who live under it. Such was the essential act of our Civil War, in which every individual had in some way to participate.

Accordingly I was now to pass from theory to practice, from the thought to the deed. Could I make the transition with a fair degree of success? After a quinquennial exercise of my brain, had my right hand forgotten its cunning? My view was that I must start again at the bottom in this sphere of the Will, as I had done in the sphere of the Intellect, and work upwards, if it be in my power. My nature I felt to be dominantly brooding, bookish, speculative; but now I must make a spring headforemost (as it were) into the roaring stream of action at its most furious intensity, into the midst of the whirlpool of war.

CHAPTER THIRD.

IN WAR TIME.

The graduation exercises of Oberlin, at the end of August, 1862, took place under the blackest cloud that ever hung over this country. The Nation was passing through a veritable infernal journey whose darkness was so dense and murky that many of its warmest friends began to despair of a successful outcome. The General upon whom the fondest hopes had been lavished, M'Clellan, had failed in the East, which was then supposed to be the pivot of the whole war. The Army of Potomac, after an unstinted outlay of treasure and blood had been practically thrown back to the place from which it had started a year before; all had to be done over again under new and greater disadvantages. Inadequate military leadership was felt to be the chief cause of these disasters; a success-

ful General of the West, Pope, was summoned but soon found himself unequal to the task and threw it up. While we young gentlemen in black frock coats and white vests were making our graduating speeches on that hot August day, word was brought that Lee and Jackson at the head of their victorious legions superbly officered were surging northward with only a dispirited mass of troops between them and Washington, which was of course in a great flutter and sent its pulsations of terror to every part of the land. These throbs were distinctly echoed in the words of the speakers and found a strong response in the large audience. A crushing anxiety over a Nation going to pieces weighed upon each soul present; but some fervid religious natures, who were never lacking in Oberlin, seemed ready to believe that the world itself was in the throes of dissolution, that the Last Judgment was at hand with the new coming of the Lord. At any rate I think I may say that Oberlin was in Hell that week, I know I was; and I have to believe that President Finney himself must have gotten some taste of that infernal damnation which he portrayed so luridly to us students.

Now, I maintain that this terrible anxiety was largely based upon a delusion. This was that the fate of the nation hung upon the

Army of the Potomac, that the war for the Union was to be settled in the East between the old Northern and old Southern States. The history of the conflict shows the opposite. The only place where the vehement resurgence of the Confederate armies in 1862 did not break through the Federal lines was Grant's department in the extreme Southwest. There the star of hope still shone above the horizon during the darkest hours, but nobody seemed to notice it specially, still less to forecast the import of the wondrous sign which really was raying out again from Heaven, "Hoc vinces." The reason of this neglect lay mainly in the fact that the great newspapers of the country were in the East and concerned themselves chiefly, though not wholly with the military occurences of their own section; the best-known writers, preachers, lecturers belonged to the Atlantic States and had their minds and their hearts upon their friends, relatives and acquaintances in the Army of the Potomac, around which, accordingly circled nearly the whole literature of the war, especially that of the better sort. Oberlin was of New England origin and echoed New England feelings, particularly in political matters. Undoubtedly all the North was anxious for the safety of the Capital, and the Eastern army performed the

service of saving it; but the protection of Washington was not the defeat of the enemy or the preservation of the Union, which could be rent in twain with the Capital still secure. In 1862 the Western troops and their battles were regarded as a kind of fringe around the main center which lay between the Potomac and the James—a fringe important indeed, but not the essential matter. Still the men, generals and soldiers, who were to perform the great positive national task were just in that fringe and under training. But the voice was in the East, though the act was in the West, and so it remained through the war, and thus it is to-day. One result of this divorce we may note: there is no adequate national literature; the American Deed is not recorded by the American Word, since they lie quite apart both in space and spirit. At that time President Lincoln seemed to see the situation clearly and tried to mend it; but one trial showed him how perilous it was to fly in the face of the prejudices of the East and its army. He had to bide his time till the wheel turned slowly around from the West to the East, not through the North but through the South itself.

I left for home about September 1st, intending to enter the army. At Oberlin I heard the opinion frequently expressed that

the history of Company C (7th Regiment) showed that the enlistment of students in companies by themselves was not the best way of utilizing their services to the country. I may have been influenced by this view, but cannot now recollect; at any rate I resolved to go back to my little town of Mount Gilead, where my people still lived, and to start thence on the new career, which at that time had a very dark prospect. Lee was crossing the Potomac, Bragg was threatening Louisville and Cincinnati, a universal panic ran through the whole State of Ohio. It seemed as if the prophecy, which I once heard a College Professor make, of a victorious rebel army surging northward till it reached Oberlin, of which it would not leave one weatherboard unburnt or one brick of Tappan Hall on top of another. The sensational forecast created a smile in the early part of the war, but when every boy capable of carrying a gun was summoned to find one as soon as he could and hasten by rail to the Ohio River, the war seemed getting to be a next-door neighbor to every farm house. That was the situation when I reached home and found the so-called squirrel-hunters organizing for a quick trip to the front. I started to go along but turned back when I found the whole thing to be a panic gradually changing into a frolic.

Moreover the resurgent wave of the Confederates slowly receded after the battles of Antietam in the East and Perryville in the West; the two hostile armies settled back into their positions essentially as before; at the end of 1862 it seemed as if a permanent line had been drawn between the North and the South, over which neither side could pass without defeat; that line appeared to mark the fixed division of the Union; in such case the South had won, as it simply asked for separation.

The first great effort had gone to restore the Union simply as it was; but a second greater one must now be made to restore it as it ought to be. So into this second rise of the loyal States was woven a new purpose: emancipation. From the head of the Government down, it had begun to be felt that the Union must not only be preserved but emancipated. Lincoln issued his monitory proclamation September 22d, immediately after the battle of Antietam; it heralded the second great stage of the war, which attacked slavery as the main prop and motive of the rebellion. After a hundred days (Jan. 1st, 1863) the slaves of the revolted States were proclaimed free. In that manifesto lurked another and possibly deeper principle which was not fully recognized at the time: the new

Union is henceforth to be productive of free States only, being able even to make a free State out of a slave State. Of course, such a supreme act of enfranchisement was asserted as a war measure, as a means; in the deepest sense, however, it was the end.

I had now separated from Oberlin, as it turned out, forever, having been connected with it during a very receptive and formative period of life, that between 16 and 21 years of age. I was attached both to the college and the community, in spite of certain inner protests, which prevented me from becoming a full-fledged Oberlinite. It gave me much, still I needed something which it had not, and which I then vaguely felt. Later years will bring me experience of what I was groping for.

As a vocation I leaned to the law with its natural opening into public life. But the pursuit or even the preparation for a civil calling was not to be thought of in the existing condition of the country. Every young man ought to be in the war. When I reached my father's house after due greetings I went up stairs to my room and looked wistfully at my books, of which I had quite a collection. I sat down and tried to relieve myself of the feeling of the oppressive present by reading of a distant time—the work I recollect was one of

Macchiavelli's. But the Now came down upon the page with its dead-weight of anxiety, and as it were pushed the volume out of my hand. I rose and went down town, where I found great excitement over the draft, which was progressing in the county. I rather hoped it would strike me and settle my uncertainty "by the act of God," as it was called. But I escaped and was again thrown back upon my own free-will for a decision as to the manner of tackling the supreme business at hand. I mingled among the drafted men and talked with them; they were an unhappy set and colored me somewhat with their mood. Even good Republicans I noticed turned sour at a dose of conscription. With such people I did not care to enter the service which at best required all the hope and upspring of spirits which I could muster. Still I resolved to accompany them to their general camp at which the drafted men of about a dozen counties were to assemble. This camp was located near the thriving town of Mansfield, in the adjoining county of Richland, and would certainly furnish some new experiences. Moreover, several regiments were recruiting at that place volunteers for the three years' service, which I was inclined to prefer as containing a more patriotic class of men.

So, on a beautiful day of autumn, when the leaves of the woods were changing to every variety of hue and had begun to fall in profusion, I boarded the train at Gilead Station with nearly two hundred conscripts and their friends, who also showed a great diversity of tints in character and feeling. But the dominating tone was very sombre, it was indeed a melancholy crowd, to some of whom even tears were not wanting at times, while curses of the war never failed. Then the country's peril still weighed down the best-disposed minds; just after the battle of Antietam people were gratified to hear of Lee's hasty retreat across the Potomac, but when they learned, as they soon did, that M'Clellan had never brought into the action nearly a third of his army, and had then quietly let Lee and his forces escape, a dark suspicion of his fidelity began to cloud the loyal souls of the land; this gloom was not dispersed by the fact that Buell had permitted Bragg to walk off with all his plunder. There was something infernal in that railroad ride with spirits damning if not damned; we had to change cars at Crestline where we fell in with another lot of drafted men, even more discontented and treasonable in talk, from the rock-ribbed democratic County of Crawford. But in an hour or two we reached Mansfield Sta-

tion; thence we passed to the camp through a stretch of the seared fields and faded woods of fall, in which Nature uttered the mood of the soul as well as the state of the nation:

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year.

I.

At Camp Mansfield.

We were welcomed in a pleasant little speech by Colonel Sherman, commander of the camp, who evidently knew the morose feeling of the people he was addressing, and tried to put them into a good humor with their lot and their surroundings. He was a civilian, a lawyer of Mansfield, who had two famous brothers. One of these was Senator John Sherman, also of Mansfield, who had distinguished himself in Congress and was to have a great political career, though he never reached his much-desired goal, the Presidency. I had often heard him speak in Mount Gilead, where his tall spare form was a familiar figure. My father was a delegate to the Convention which nominated him for the first time as Representative, and gave him his start in public life. Hence the old gentleman used to take pride during his later years in saying: "I helped make John Sherman." I once replied in sport: "But you

have not completed your work; you still have a chance to make him President." The other even more famous brother was General William Tecumseh Sherman, after the war a well-known resident of St. Louis; beside his conflict of arms with the Southerners he was already engaged in his conflict of words with those Northerners who held that the Federals were surprised at Shiloh, where he commanded a division. Very brilliant was his success in that first sort of controversy; but the second conflict has remained undecided to this day.

I went with the crowd to the barracks which were still in the process of erection, though a few were finished. They were one-storied, weather-boarded shanties with bunks above one another at the sides; upon the joist under the roof were laid some loose planks, on which in case of necessity the human body might stretch out for sleep. This we called the cock-loft, and it became during my camp-days my favorite place of repose. As I was neither a drafted man nor an enlisted soldier as yet, I properly had no right to Uncle Sam's rude shelter; indeed I felt myself an intruder and intended when evening came to slip off to a hotel in town. An acquaintance urged me to stay; I told him I would if he felt like sleeping with me in the

cock-loft, which was unoccupied, the bunks being pretty well filled by those who had the best right to them, namely the growlers. Not long after dark we crawled up the nailed slats on a post and lay down across the planks with feet hanging over the sides; stretched along the planks we dare not go to sleep, for if we should happen to turn over once too often, we would be precipitated below. I succeeded in getting a block of wood for a pillow, but it went overboard during the night. The guard yelled: "What's that?" "First shot," was the answer. In the morning I rose somewhat sore from the hard bed. Often in the South afterwards when sleeping in a puddle on a rail with the rain beating in my face, I would have been glad of such comfortable quarters. Such, however, was the first night of the new career.

So I had passed from town-life and college life to camp-life, which was to last many months. Moreover I had made the step from peace to war, at least to the first as yet harmless stage of the same; the previous forms of human association were to be broken from, and a new form built up and lived in—that of the soldier. Such was the process now begun, not very concordant with my temperament, but an absolute necessity of the time.

In the barracks during my half-sleep I had

heard growls and oaths all night from the bunks. In the morning I ran off as soon as I could from that seething vat of discontent, making first for the camp sutler, from whom I bought a fair lunch. As I sat on a log under a sapling, eating a good apple and sunning myself for a happy mood, Commissioner Dunn, who had charge of the Morrow County draft, came up to me and began talking with a look of anxiety. I knew him well as a leading citizen and lawyer of Mount Gilead; moreover he had given me when a boy some instruction in Latin, which I gratefully remembered. After some questions I told him of my intention to enlist when I had looked around a little. "Good, you are just the man I want to find; we must at once have some organization of these drafted men, and I appoint you captain." I replied that I was neither a drafted man nor an enlisted man; that those discontented fellows would resent any outsider placed over them; that I declined the task also as inconsistent with my purpose. He seemed puzzled, yet persisted. We both lapsed into reflection. Finally I spoke up and said to him about as follows: "The best way of meeting the emergency is to appoint temporarily officers from their midst, selecting the most influential men among them and clothing these men with responsibility. At

the same time let it be understood that later the company can elect its own officers, and the present ones can be changed if not satisfactory. In fact I would make two companies and appoint over them two sets of Captains and Lieutenants, who will have an interest in keeping order and in allaying discontent, and naturally will feel some ambition to retain their position when the election of officers comes off." The Commissioner replied that he had thought of a similar plan and that he would at once carry it into execution. We sat down and talked over those who were fitted by character and station for such a duty, as nearly the whole set were known to us personally. The Commissioner then hastened to the barracks (of course I went along) and called out the appointees, getting their consent and giving them a few simple instructions. Next he summoned all the conscripts and made a proper little speech, soothing them and announcing the officers, who, he emphasized, were only temporary and could be re-elected or changed when the company got ready to have a final election.

The effect of this measure was at once perceptible. The officers were men of influence, and they used it to put things in order and to encourage the discontented to face with a light heart the inevitable. They could do so

the more successfully as they were in the same boat with the drafted people. One of these officers especially showed a real military aptitude, a natural gift for command. I knew him quite well, and had talked with him on the way to the camp; the draft had soured him, though a Republican, as it did the rest. He was a farmer of means, with many irons in the fire; he intended to hire a man in his place as soon as possible, and hurry back home where he would finish his sulk over the loss of $300, the usual price then of a substitute. But the appointment to an office changed him at once; it called forth a new and unexpected talent in him which was also fully recognized. His face changed from biting wormwood to chewing candy. He would go among the men with happy look giving his orders and imparting his contented mood as if just that had been his business from birth; obedience to him was easy and natural. As an extensive and prosperous farmer he had a keen eye for dirty fence-corners, and he cleaned them up in camp too. He had discovered himself or a new gift of himself, and of course took delight in the discovery. Observing his ability, I complimented him: "Ike, you ought not to go home, but to stay in the war and become a General." He replied, "I could do it, but I must go

back to the farm now." He had a good opinion of himself, and with good reason. Having gotten his substitute, he returned home after some weeks, as I believe with real regret, since his peculiar talent, developed for the first time by the new environment, met everywhere with ample recognition—always a sweet morsel to the hungry soul. I have heard (though I do not know) that he afterwards enlisted a company when the call came in the last year of the war, putting into practice again that gift which budded out at Mansfield.

I may here state that another unexpected turn began to show itself with a good deal of energy. One of these appointed officers was soon known to have a physical trouble for which he could get and did soon get a surgeon's certificate of disability; two if not three of them were going to hire substitutes, when they would quit the camp. Thus a new election of officers was impending quite from the start. Then began such a scramble for the six commissioned positions as I had never seen. A dozen or more of those drafted fellows started to electioneer with all their might, promising, cajoling, even bullying where and whom they could. One good effect it certainly had: it took the sulky conscripted mind off from its incessant lamentation over

its ills, and gave it something else to think about beside itself. I was solicited a number of times for my influence which I always disclaimed, and with truth. Still an eager candidate, whom I knew somewhat, climbed up to my cockloft at 12 o'clock midnight, waked me up, and asked me to help him in some scheme of overreaching his competitors at the election next day. I was put out enough just to tell him the truth. "Look here, Mikkey," says I, "don't you know that this whole election is a farce and that you are making yourself a fool? These drafted men will never be permitted to have any permanent organization of their own; by the terms of the President's call they are simply to fill up the depleted ranks of the old regiments in the field which are already officered. If you have any sense, you will drop the whole matter and go to bed; anyhow, clear out and let me sleep in peace." But so intent upon his delusion was the fellow that he did not seemingly understand my remark; he crept off, however, in the dark, and he grabbed a small office, I believe, in the rough-and-tumble contest next day.

Meanwhile the other contingents of drafted men from the different counties had organized, chiefly by means of the old soldiers among them who had been discharged from

the army for one cause or another, but who could not stay at home. Some of these veterans were good drill-masters, and loved to show off their skill by trotting out their companies to the parade ground and putting the greenhorns through the simplest evolutions of the manual with the loud, stern voice of command. A sort of rivalry in drill arose which was witnessed by the entire camp, and soon the best man in the business was picked out. He had been (it was said) a captain in the 64th Ohio, and still wore his regulation coat, with big brass buttons and prominent shoulder straps; his blue pantaloons also had the officer's stripe in it, and on his head lay sidelings his tasseled slouch-hat. He was tall of figure, bustling or rather swashing in manner, which deeply impressed those ruralists. Very soon they began to say: "That is the man for our Colonel." He came with the conscripts of Hancock county, as I remember, and intended to start upward from the position of substitute. I heard him make a little speech, innocent of grammar, but full of ambition, which squinted toward getting votes for the colonelcy. There was also some log-rolling for the places of Lieutenant-Colonel and Major, as was rumored, but it never crossed my path and I never cared to dig it up.

The entire camp of drafted men, accordingly, passed into the fixed belief that it was to have its own regimental organization, as well as that by companies. This popular delusion not only persisted, but grew more deep-seated, in spite of warnings to the contrary on the part of persons who recollected Lincoln's proclamation calling for the draft. In fact, there was guard-mounting, an appointed officer of the day, and snatches of battalion drill commanded by ambitious aspirants for the regimental offices; really the regiment had pretty nearly organized itself under the direction of the old soldiers—that is, a year old or so—in its ranks, and was performing a good part of its routine. I certainly experienced pleasure in the American gift of self-organization here manifested, even if founded on the sand in the present case. The head officials of the camp took no pains to correct this pervading and actually dangerous delusion; perhaps they were uncertain about the matter themselves. At any rate the disillusion came like a thunder-clap with sudden upheaval of human passion—but all that culminated later, whereof we shall take note in its place.

The picture would not be complete without noting the streaks of comedy which kept playing through this raw camp life. Not a half-

dozen days had elapsed when a sudden dysentery, caused doubtless by change of diet and habits of life, flashed through the barracks like a line of gunpowder, not sparing anybody. At eleven o'clock in the night I first became aware of it by men tumbling out of their bunks and running for the rudely excavated cesspools. Then the thing hit me in my cockloft and I knew what was the matter, having to climb down with great celerity and to race with a hundred other people. At about two o'clock in the faint moonlight the attack of this new enemy culminated; I must have seen fully one-half of the camp on the march in double-quick time at that early hour, a few of them laughing with me, but the most of them cursing the war and asking for a dram of whiskey or some medicine. The malady was not at all serious and passed off as rapidly as it came, treating me in the meanwhile to a huge comedy, in which I had to play a part without my consent.

Even greater was the excitement over another foe who appeared not long afterwards, a foe peculiar to war time, as far as my knowledge goes. I have no doubt he was brought by old discharged soldiers, of whom quite a number came with the drafted men for the purpose of hiring as substitutes. In their long-used blue pantaloons this little en-

emy would nestle, and, if neglected, would breed with extraordinary fecundity and begin his sly mysterious migrations. Many conscripts were observed to be scratching in a suspicious way; one of them resolved to investigate, when he made a discovery which was soon trumpeted from one end of the camp to the other. Every man began to throw off his coat for a fight and to draw his shirt in hot pursuit of this new insidious antagonist who had literally crept upon him unawares and had already made many a sortie from a hidden fortress. The execration of the war was renewed, Abe Lincoln was blamed for this fresh curse, and I heard the Lord himself brought to the judgment-seat for having created the damnable insect world. The old soldiers from their high perch of experience laughed and jeered and mocked the greenhorns, enjoying the Aristophanic comedy of a whole camp acting in dead earnest a serio-comic burlesque before them—they being seasoned veterans in this phase of the war, as well as in others. One of them remarked: "That is an enemy whom you will never conquer while this war lasts—the biggest general has to keep fighting him as well as the lowest private." It was strange how this pest never failed to appear when men left their homes and began herding together. Still

the watchful housewife became well acquainted with it during the war; she was always suspicious (*crede experto*) of that blue uniform, much as she otherwise loved it and its wearer, and, when cast off, she would not allow it to lie around in the house until she had put it to a thorough boil with lye.

Alongside of my relation to the conscripts here set forth, I had a line of other experiences even more personal, which I shall recount. Two or three days after my arrival I was lounging around, hearing people grumble and sticking my nose into every corner to smell out something new, when I happened to stroll into the office of the commissary of subsistence. Suddenly I started in surprise, for before me stood my old red-bearded professor of Greek and Latin at Iberia College in blue blouse and cap, weighing out pork and coffee and sugar and bread to a group of soldiers. I went up to him and spoke: "In the name of Kikero and Kaesar, what does this mean, my learned professor—translate this passage to me, I give it up?" Of course he recognized me, though some five years or so had passed since he had seen me. He told me to sit down and wait a few moments, when the rush would be over. I did so and we soon had our chat together. He said that he left Iberia not long after my time

there and established an academy in an adjoining town. When Lincoln's call for 300,000 volunteers appeared, a war meeting was held in the place, at which he with all his students who were old enough, enlisted in a body as privates. His regiment was still in the camp, but expected orders to leave for the front, as it was practically complete. On my part I confided to him the fact that I was not drafted, but had come over to Mansfield to enlist after looking about a little. At once he called up his chief, the commissary of the camp, who was recruiting a company for the 10th Cavalry, and introduced me as a person who ought to be talked to a little in the right way. The man was pleasing in appearance, very smooth and oily in his words, with a tendency to lower his tone of voice almost to a whisper without imparting any great secret. Evidently he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve. He answered my questions in a reasonable way, I thought, and then began to set forth my brilliant prospects for promotion in his regiment, which was to be organized not at Mansfield, but at Cleveland. This last fact I liked, but I dashed a cup of cold water in his face when I told him I did not wish for any office, not even that of a corporal; still I did have an ambition to do my little share toward putting down the rebellion, and then

if I survived to return home to some civil calling. The man, whose name was Hickox, actually seemed to color up under the roots of his cheek-beard as if I had given him a secret dig, which, if I did, was wholly unconscious on my part. I rose up, telling him that I would think the matter over and see him again in a day or two. That night I climbed up to my cockloft with my brain puzzling over the next step, which must be a stepping off irrevocably; I soon went to sleep but woke up in the wee hours from dreaming about my case. I turned the matter over and over in my mind along with many turns of my body upon that hard plank covered with a thin blanket; on the whole I concluded that I had found probably my best opportunity. Still I would inspect the situation a day or two longer.

The camp was full of recruiting officers for every arm of the service—infantry, cavalry, artillery, sharp-shooters. I talked with a number of these men; as a body they were addicted to false promises and prodigious puffery, that is, to lying. I found out afterwards that not a few of them had other accomplishments. Their ostensible object was to induce by hook or crook the drafted men whose term was nine months, to enlist in the three years' service.

Strangely I ran upon a literary fellow among them, nice-worded and rather elegant in manner and attire, who was quite as ready to talk of the last novel and especially of the effect of the war upon American Literature, as to enlist recruits. To be sure these furnished him exceedingly few opportunities for high-toned literary conversation, which was evidently his passion. But my chief experience in regard to this recruiting set of people was with a youngster of 19 or 20 years (to be sure I was not yet 22 myself), who was strutting around in new blue uniform with Captain's shoulder-straps, the loudest mouth of a loud lot. Stray pin-feathers were shooting out boldly from his chin, while a moderate down on his upper lip and cheeks was perceptibly struggling for existence. I knew that I had seen that face somewhere before, but I could not quite locate it on the spot. After a while he came up to me and said: "I used to pass you on the sidewalk before the Chapel at Oberlin when each of us was going to his class; of course, you did not know me, I was an undergraduate and you were a senior." Then he launched forth a torrent of self-glorification which was as interesting and as improbable as a tale of Munchausen; telling how many men he had recruited, not only companies, but a whole regiment, of whose command

he had been defrauded by a blasted uncle on account of his pretended youth. I shall have to confess that I was fascinated by the fellow's yarns. Soon, however, he struck into a fresh vein; he began to play before my imagination, already somewhat tranced, a gorgeous picture of my rapid advancement if I would only join his contingent which was camped at Columbus. He claimed to stand on intimate terms with the Governor of the State, and to be able to get what he wanted. Early next morning he was going to leave Mansfield; at parting he said with a hearty shake of the hand: "Expect soon a telegram announcing your appointment to a captaincy, then board the next train for my quarters at Columbus." I never received the telegram from him, but I did get an altogether different piece of news about him some weeks later.

Now I was the mystery to myself in this delusive sport with a God-gifted mountebank who hypnotized me into an actual belief in his fables. I still think that he was the most spontaneous liar I ever met. It took me the whole afternoon to get over his weird spell, and I sauntered about through the sunshine in a kind of phantasmagoric unreality, somewhat as if I were sleep-walking, and rather expected the telegram. At last sobering night drew near with her real shadows, and I

mounted again to my cockloft for honest dreams, when I began to laugh at the comedy I had acted. It was clear that I, too, had my little nook of gullibility if the right performer would touch it up in the right way.

About the leading matter, however, I had made up my mind. The next day, perhaps, it was when I went to the Commissary Department, found Hickox, and told him that I was ready to enlist. I took the oath—my first oath to support the Constitution of the United States—and became a soldier. My old garments were flung off, and in accord with my new condition, I put on the new habit, namely Uncle Sam's blue uniform with yellow border and stripes—which color indicated the cavalry arm of the service. I should also add that I received a handsome bounty, enough to clear off the debt which I had contracted in finishing my college education. A short furlough was granted me; Mount Gilead lay only some twenty-five or thirty miles distant; bundling up my civil duds, I started for home in my fresh military outfit, not too hilarious, for the future was layered over and over with the denest clouds. On my way I saw at the station a large group of drafted men brought in from Crawford County by a company of soldiers, who marched them under guard to the camp.

They were not a happy set nor happy-making; with them tramped through the mud Judge Hall, the leading judicial authority of the district and once a Congressman. I may add that he had evidently succeeded in drowning his sadder feelings in a jug of liquor, for he certainly felt merrier over himself than I did.

One of the curious facts of just these months was the sudden disappearance of all coined money—gold, silver, and even copper. There was no small change current in that part of the country; purchase and sale were carried on with the greatest difficulty. For a while postage stamps were the only means for buying a dinner. Then the treasurer of Richland County issued some rude stiff cards promising to pay the bearer five, ten and twenty-five cents; these cards became the circulating medium, the precious metals and doubtless good bank-bills being hoarded. This was a striking and very troublesome sign of the distrust which seized the people in the fall of 1862. Toward the close of the year Uncle Sam's little oblong pieces of paper for sums less than a dollar began to appear, and relieved the situation. But when I went home on my furlough, I had no change except the foregoing cards, which the conductor of the train at first hesitated to take. Yet as every-

body else had only that kind of money he had to succumb.

In the men's waiting-room at Mansfield Station was a bar at which a drafted growler from a back settlement stood taking a drink. He seemed to have a special spite against Lincoln for having personally drafted just him. A slip of postage stamps was in his hand, after he had paid for his dram; he appeared ignorant of their real nature, never having had any use for such things before, and he did not know that they were gummed on one side. He slobbered some of his whiskey over them with the result that they all stuck together in a mass; he began cursing "Abe Lincoln's stomps" as he tried to pull them apart, but soon in a fit of wrath he threw them all on the floor, crying out: "I'll stomp to h—l Abe Lincoln's stomps." A blue-coat jeered at him: "You fool, you have just given Abe Lincoln fifty cents for nothing."

I reached home between nine and ten o'clock in the evening; the household was already in bed with doors unlocked as usual. I gently raised the latch and slipped into the sitting-room, with which were connected two bed-rooms, one occupied by my father, the other by my aunt with a sister. I made a little stir when a woman's voice shouted: "Who's there?" I was again quiet for a

minute, and then made another audible stir. At once my aunt sprang out of bed with a cry to my father: "There's a man in the house, John, get up." He replied: "I hear him; I have a shooting-iron here." That was too much for me, as I knew my father had no gun, and would not use it on a human being if he had. I broke into one of my peculiar snickers which they all recognized, Aunt Mary, saying, "Oh, that's Dent, it's just one of his tricks." They all hastily dressed, the lamp was lit, and I stood before them in my military attire, answering their good-natured reproaches for scaring them: "The soldier must be terror-striking, and I thought I would first try my hand on you to see if I can scare the rebels." Of course I told my story and then all of us retired for the night. In the morning I went down town, and chatted with friends; but soon the awful burden of the time began to weigh upon my spirit; I returned to my room at home, and sought relief by glancing over my classics and trying to read in one of them, but could not; a peaceful occupation was no longer possible. Still I felt the loadstone in those books and hoped to return to them. I picked up a small, thin copy of Horace with flexible binding and put it into the breast pocket of my blouse where I carried it till I came back from the war, and

I have it still. I recollect of peeping into it often on the picket line, when time turned heavy. So the writer of books in his training was not wholly extinguished, even in the direct clash of arms.

In a couple of days I was again at Camp Mansfield, and took possession of my bunk in the barrack, ready to begin the work of learning the drill which had begun in a small way, of course without horses. The company was chiefly composed of young fellows of Pennsylvania German origin from the adjoining counties (Stark, Holmes, Crawford, etc.). They were innocent farmer boys, cheerful, obedient, but a little phlegmatic like their ancestors. It was indeed my own stock, or half-way so, as my father was in descent wholly of this blood. Thus I caught in them a backward glimpse of my own ancestors, since the Pennsylvania German agriculturists are known to be just about the most conservative people in the whole country, retaining the same beliefs, customs, even styles of garments for generations. Very striking was the fact that nearly all these boys spoke English with a decided, yea, labored accent, though often their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, as I found on inquiry, had been born in America. The same way of speaking had been transmitted from father to son

along the whole line of migration from Berks County, Pennsylvania, to Western Ohio; and the movement did not stop there, as I often had occasion to notice after the war; it passed through central Indiana, through central Illinois, crossed the Mississippi—once I found marked traces of it in the heart of Iowa. A very persistent type of folk, yea, crystallized, we might say; it was, perhaps, well that the war surged into their self-satisfied isolated existence and broke it up for a while, even if it was in its way idyllic and beautiful. These people, however, were not all alike. I was amused at a youth, who, on my talking with him, boasted of his true "Lancaster Deutsch," that is the classic Pennsylvania Dutch spoken in Lancaster County, in contrast with the rude jargon of other counties, for which he showed a singular contempt. In like manner I have heard Germans of the old country hotly dispute which province spoke the best German. with the correct accent.

Very soon the remarkable fact came to light that a wholly different strain of men, in fact just the opposite sort, was getting woven into this paradisaical set of rural youths; a group of toughs from the Bowery, reputed to contain some of the lowest slums of New York City. Two of these fellows were already in

the barracks when I arrived, a third one came not long afterwards. They were very secretive, but I wormed into the most communicative one of the three, in my search for military knowledge. I found that he knew well both the old system of drill according to Scott and the new one according to Casey. I further discovered that they all three had been members of a New York Regiment in the Army of the Potomac. I also knew, but not from them, that they were substitutes, and had been brought from Columbus, for I happened to be present when they were enlisted by Hickox. The other links of their history I could not then make out, but the whole chain rose to light afterwards when I was at headquarters, and it gave a good example of the corrupt undercurrents which had started to flow beneath camp-life everywhere.

Another group of total depravity, but different in origin, consisted of two hard cases, who claimed indeed to be cousins, which they were in deviltry at least. One of them was an expert swordsman and took pains to show off his skill before our men who had also to use the sabre. Of course there were some other scoundrels in our batch, but these five had the infernal mark so distinctly stamped upon their looks, acts and words that they won the special title of "Hellions." This

name was first applied to them by the reader's humble servant, who was clearly learning, among other things, the use of the stout expletives of the camp. So we began to have in our little company a reflection of the total universe, or of Dante's conception of it: Paradiso with its innocent, more or less angelic, youths, religiously trained mostly after the evangelical German pattern; Inferno with its demonic spirits, the five Hellions still on earth, but making it a Hell according to their ability, which in that line was not small; Purgatorio in whose intermediate region I may place myself, with several other rather staid fellows, not very good, not very bad, all of us deserving some stripes now and then for our betterment, and freely saying so.

It soon turned out that the two infernal sets, though they were wholly unknown to each other when they entered the camp, rapidly evolved a feud which frequently caused an uproar in the whole company. Dante again with his demons fighting one another in Malebolge! The quarrel started, it seems, in the town at a place of ill repute where the two protagonists happened to meet in rivalry about a woman.

I was poring over a copy of Tactics in my bunk one day not long after my arrival, when word was brought to me that I was wanted at

headquarters. "What, I? Some mistake, probably; another man of the same name is meant." "Is not your name Denton J. Snider?" "So it is." "Well, Colonel Sherman wishes to see you at once." I went with the messenger, wondering what mischief I had done now; I did not know a single official of the camp except Hickox, who, it seems, had recommended me at headquarters for a position just after I had disclaimed in my interview with him any ambition of the sort. The Colonel drew me aside and said in a low tone: "You have been reported to me as a person of education and character; I need you here to do the work of chief clerk, which requires good writing and good judgment. You will have important responsibilities, but no increase of pay or rank. Still faithful service is certain to have promotion. The young man now leaving the place earned in it a commission." I must have smiled at the Colonel, saying: "Never mind the commission, I am in no mood to chase after that; but if I can be of service to you, Colonel, I am willing to help you to the extent of my ability." He gave me a rather incredulous look, but the result was that I took my place at a desk near the railing where people could get at me, and plunged at once into my task; that evening I moved my belongings into the cock-loft once

more, a much better one, however, with additional blankets to soften the plank. I was required to sleep in the building that I might be on hand during the night if anything should happen, the Colonel being then absent. Very soon I found that the clerical part of my duties was the least. The whole line of drafted men in one form or other along with the substitutes had to pass through my hands, by way of record, when furloughed, discharged, enlisted in the three years' service, and especially when the conscript had found a substitute and wished to have him enrolled. As there was any amount of deception, falsification, bribery and desertion going on, I had actually to judge of every case brought before me. Some of these cases were complicated and puzzled me; I would refer them to the Colonel with my opinion; the outcome was that he left the business pretty much in my hands. It was not long before I got on track of the entire scoundrelism of the camp; I came to know quite all the sharpers, both civilians and recruiting officers, and made in my mind a list of the honest and dishonest ones, the former largely predominating, but the latter well represented. I can truly say that the judicial function of my office far outweighed the cheirographic; I might liken myself to Dante's Minos, judge of the Nether-

world, who sits at the infernal entrance and inspects the cases of all who have to pass through.

It is my opinion that Camp Mansfield especially offered the most inviting field in the State for the artful deceiver. A large part of the conscripts were Pennsylvania German farmers, a very guileless paradisaical class of men on the whole, deeply religious in their way, most of them unfallen souls, indeed many of them had seemingly not yet heard of Adam's fall, in spite of Luther's translation of the Bible, which they read. They had money and plenty of it, being an extremely frugal and industrious folk, with hoards saved from their own earnings and also transmitted from their fathers. Of course, this coffer had now to be tapped for themselves or their sons or perchance relatives, as the kin hung together closely. They brought great wads of bills often sewed up in various parts of their garments. They did not like the war and tried to keep out of it, wishing only to pursue their idyllic life of innocence by themselves, and on election day to vote the democratic ticket—which vote was also a kind of inheritance. Now this hidden money the sharper soon smelt out and began to fish for through the business of substitution, since all these people wanted substitutes, but were ig-

norant of any methods of transacting such business. They had been suddenly tumbled into a wholly new world and were half dazed at the situation. It required no great insight to see that they needed a peculiar protection; they had little use for fire-arms, and indeed were half afraid of the pistol lest it might go off of itself. Two or three times some of them ventured outside the lines when they were waylaid and robbed by thugs who infested specially the road between camp and town, skirted as it was by woods for a cover. Though I, too, was a greenhorn and had just come from the Oberlin Eden, still I knew enough of the Devil and Hell, even from President Finney's lips, to get on track of these sinners who were worrying the innocents of Camp Mansfield. I resolved to do my part toward protecting them, which in the nature of the case could not be much. Still I did a little directly, and more perhaps indirectly through a kind of terror I inspired in a few evil-doers who knew that their work had to undergo my inspection.

Let me give an example. A very simple Pennsylvania German farmer came into the office with his substitute, accompanied by a recruiting Lieutenant, in whom my confidence was not great, had his papers made out and received his discharge as a drafted man, the

substitute enlisting in the infantry. The parties left and I supposed the transaction ended. What was my surprise when after about a week's time the same simpleton of a Pennsylvania Dutchman appeared before me with another substitute, accompanied by another recruiting officer and asked for another discharge. I recognized him at once and said, calling him by name, which I then recollected and still recollect: "Why, Mr. Schäfer, you have been here already and have received your papers." This fact the recruiting officer stoutly denied; but I turned to the back pages of the register and found a record of the whole affair. At once the nature of the fraud flashed through my mind from the varied experience I had already enjoyed. Meanwhile, the recruiting officer began abusing the poor fellow, which indignation I felt to be only a cover for his own trickery. I interfered and addressed the man, who stood pale and trembling as if ready to fall into a faint: "You have that former discharge in your pocket; show it to me." He produced it rather hesitatingly, for I imagine he had been told to keep it hid. I seized it and spoke to him with emphasis: "This has already freed you of the draft; you need not pay for this second substitute." He was the very simplest of all simple Susans; he spoke English

very imperfectly at best, and now he stared at me frightened and speechless as if he had committed the unpardonable sin, and was present at the Last Judgment. The notion struck me that I could help the poor fellow with my German, which the recruiting officer did not understand; so I flung some "Dutch" at him in this fashion: *"Mach' dass du fort-kommst, nimm' dein Geld mit, geh' gleich nach Hause und bleib' da, Nichts soll dir geschehen —Ich sag'es!"* and I brought down my fist with such a thump upon the balustrade before him that it shook and he ducked. I believe this to have been the biggest piece of presumption and pure bluff that I ever indulged in during my life, for I had no authority. I was simply a private in the ranks detailed to do some writing. Yet I acted the part of the commandant of the camp (the Colonel was not present at the time) and succeeded in wresting an innocent fool from the clutches of a harpy and getting him out of their way. I handed him a pass which would let him through the guard at the gate, which was only a few steps distant, going with him to the door and seeing him off and out. That was the last I saw or heard of Herr Schäfer. The recruiting officer pushed off in the opposite direction, angered, but foiled, and I doubt not, vowing vengeance.

The scheme I imagine to have been the following, though I have no proof positive. Two sharpers (and possibly more) took the victim in hand, seeing his verdancy; they made him believe that he had to furnish two substitutes, one for the infantry and one for the cavalry. The first of these sharpers as recruiting officer was to take charge of him the first time; the other was to manipulate him in the second and more difficult operation. The man may have had to send home for more money; at any rate the two acts were to be kept as far apart in time as possible. The scheme depended upon my forgetfulness; as I had often to look into a hundred faces individually a day, it was likely that I would not remember them after the lapse of a week. And possibly some I did not remember, as I was doing that sort of work during many weeks. Anyhow it was none of my business to interfere (they may have thought) as I was merely a recording clerk.

Complaints against me came to the Colonel and I knew that they would, as once or twice I was threatened by outsiders with a chopping-off of my clerical head for "sticking my nose into other people's business." I went to the Colonel and told him that I wished him to investigate thoroughly every definite charge and to bring me face to face with the

accuser, even if he deemed me innocent. This I asked of him for my own sake, for my honor. Innuendos of corruption against all the officials, highest and lowest, not sparing the Colonel himself, were flying about the camp, generated by a real cesspool of rottenness which in my judgment lay in the system itself. I never received a summons from the Colonel to answer any specific accusation, but that did not stop the disappointed from secret flings on the outside, such as tyranny, favoritism, bossism by "an upstart of a petty clerk trying to play the boss of the whole concern."

On the other hand, I may add, for the gratification of my reader I hope, that I received not a few marks of recognition. One I may mention. I did not drill with my company, nor did I live in its barracks; the fact is I had been only a few days with it at the start; still it did not forget me. A furious competition broke out between Hickox and another recruiting lieutenant of the same regiment in regard to precedence in the line of promotion; each came to me and told his story, apparently seeking my influence or sympathy. I said little to them; in truth the whole controversy bored me, yea, disgusted me. But I felt in a different mood toward a fine young fellow who hoped and deserved to be second lieutenant. One day he came to headquarters

and called me aside, saying, in evident anxiety: "I am in danger of not receiving the position I expected. The first sergeant is pushing hard for it, both openly and secretly. I would like for you to say a good word on my behalf." I again disclaimed having any influence and certainly I had no authorized power; "you forget," said I, "that I am but a private." "Not at all," he replied, "everybody is saying that you are the fittest man to command the company; if an election were held to-morrow I believe you would be chosen captain." This of course was questionable, and no doubt the young man wished to compliment me; but such a statement by him, who was on the whole modest and truthful and also well-informed, tickled my vanity not a little. Naturally I told him that I did not think he was in any danger (which was my real opinion), but that I would look into the matter. I did talk with various influential men of the company, and was able to report to him that he was in no peril and that he must not let himself be scared in war by a little bluster. Of course he easily landed his position through his merit, not through me. Still he did not fail to show his gratitude when we both went to the front; he took the trouble to hunt me up in a wholly different division of the army and to ride out to the

advanced picket line where I was on duty when he thought he had an opportunity of doing me a service.

Thus I was getting a pretty extensive acquaintance with the night side of the war as brought to the surface by the draft; yea, with the night side of human nature itself, into whose dark underworld I had never before been dipped by personal contact and association. I was myself an inexperienced simpleton, with Hell only in my imagination gotten from Scripture and especially from the Oberlin preachers; but here at Mansfield was a bit of the genuine article, of the burning reality itself, and I was swashing about in it engaged in my little but desperate fight with the demons. Even good men had lost in that awful sludge the great end of the war, which I at least tried to keep alive and indeed aflame within me; friendly people could not understand why I did not care for promotion, and wondered how I could be interested in doing such work without an immediate personal inducement, namely the much-coveted commission, with its rank and pay. I was an "odd genius" in the camp—a character which I have kept up pretty well ever since. The literary fellow of the group elegantly designated me as "an impracticable idealist," in spite of my rather practical handling of some of his

fellow-craftsmen, the recruiting officers. But the epithet I myself deem a good hit, for it has clung to me in one form or other during life.

The negative forces of the time, or perchance the infernal spirits, let loose upon that camp and through it upon the country, may be summarized as follows: (1) the professional substitute-repeater, who would go from camp to camp in the state, and perhaps in several states, hiring as a substitute for so much cash (usually several hundred dollars, paid down), releasing the drafted man and then deserting, to try the same game elsewhere. Thus the conscript would lose his money and the government its soldier. Moreover, these professional substitutes, often taken from the slums of cities and often deserters, were organized into gangs by corrupt men of some political influence. These last were the worst batch of all, distilling the subtlest poison and hardest to get at. Such we may put into a second class (2), the professional substitute procurer (or possibly, procuress), even if there might be and often was honest legal talent engaged in getting substitutes for clients. The first and worst brigand of this class was a shyster from Columbus who had organized a regular stream of substitutes, composed of paroled prisoners

of Camp Chase at Columbus; these he would bring by rail to Mansfield, to Cleveland and doubtless elsewhere, and hire them to drafted men, getting the lion's share of the money and sometimes the additional bounty. Uusually the substitute would desert sooner or later. There can be little doubt that this nefarious business was carried on by the connivance of some officials at each end of the line, who would be likely to get their portion of the profits. It must be recollected that the whole North was flooded with these paroled prisoners, who had been captured by the victorious Confederates in the advance of Lee. Stonewall Jackson scooped up some 12,000 Federal soldiers in a single batch at Harper's Ferry and paroled them (September 15th, 1862). Many of these were sent to the camp at Columbus, which very soon overflowed, as I found in October some who had escaped thence as far north as Morrow county, in uniform still, but penniless, begging their way and trying to get back home in the East. Then the drafted men had not yet gone to the camp at Mansfield. A third class (3) was the bounty jumper, whose field was the bounties offered for enlistment by town, county, city and State. He often united his business with that of the substitute-repeater, though the two were different departments of the

general pandemonium of the time. Both also had to be deserters in order to succeed in their calling. I may state here, for the reader's edification, that the entire lot of five Hellions (already mentioned) of our company were substitute-repeaters, bounty-jumpers and deserters, each member uniting in himself all three diabolical qualifications, with others of a similar kind. I may add, too, that it was the brigand shyster who engineered, certainly the first batch of three, and probably the other two, all of them coming from Camp Chase at different times. A fourth class of the demoniac brood cannot be omitted in justice to the subject: (4) the bribers and the bribed, necessary counterparts, but embracing two different orders of men, since the bribed would be naturally those in authority, the bribers not. I must confess that I never approachingly delved to the bottom of this department of the Mansfield Inferno, for it was the murkiest, most invisible and inaccessible, seemingly bottomless portion of the pit. I have already said that rumor, which is no respecter or discriminator of persons when it goes on the rampage, besmirched every official in camp. Of course I did not believe in any such universal damnation, but I did believe decidedly in the depravity of certain individuals. Personally, I have the conviction

that several times I was carefully felt of in regard to my bribability: it would be so easy for me to change the record a month back without detection. Once only was the offer clearly direct. A Frenchman belonging to a French farming colony in Ashland county, I believe, and unable to speak English, had been drafted and came to our office with a French neighbor who could talk tolerably our idiom. His name was written *Genro* on our list, whereas he was really *Jeannerot,* a different person altogether, he claimed. I had studied French and could talk it a little, much to the surprise of both and, I believe, to their chagrin. I said to the drafted man in easy French: "Monsieur, pronounce your name." He did it, but quite unwillingly, for he was well aware of the attempted trick. I then spoke to his companion: "Do you not observe that both names sound alike in spite of their difference in spelling?" "Ah, non, mon Dieu, that was not so," he replied. I added: "Let me tell you how it happened. This man refused to spell his name to the enrolling officer of the township, who, not knowing French, wrote it down phonetically, and made a very fair job of it, too." "Parbleu, monsieur, pas du tout." Thus the chief clerk found use for his French as well as his German in that polyglot congregation of sin-

ners. I declared: "You cannot be released." Colonel Sherman being present and also possessed of a little French, was attracted by our bi-lingual argument and came up, when I appealed the case to him. "Judgment affirmed," said he, with his usual bonhomie, and turned away. The two Frenchmen went out, but shortly afterwards the English speaking one returned and began his attack anew. Says he: "The man has a wife and children dependent on him for support." "That is sad," I replied, "one of the saddest phases of war; but half of the drafted men of this camp, yea, of the whole United States, at the present moment have families. If that reason held all of us might as well start for home at once." How often did I have to hear that same pitiful plea with the tears rolling down the cheeks of the father and husband, and once or twice of the wife and mother herself, with a group of children about her, weeping! War is Hell, there is no doubt of it. The Frenchman then drove at me with another argument: "The man is weak physically, has a chronic ailment and cannot possibly stand the hardships of a campaign." My answer was: "He does not look so, but that is not in my province to settle; go to the surgeon and get a certificate of disability and it will be honored." As I suspected, the

sickling had already passed through the surgeon's hands and came out sound. Then followed the third and supposedly all-convincing argument, he leaning over and whispering in my ear: "Fifty dollars to take off his name! —non, a hundred!" The fellow must have felt how foolishly he had exposed himself, for he turned and scudded out the door, not even waiting for an answer. Possibly my look demoralized him, but of course I did not see it —if so, this was a case of immorality demoralized, a kind of negation of the negative. My tempter I never saw again, but his drafted friend stayed in camp and was assigned in due time to some regiment, as far as I now recollect. This instance, however, remains in memory as the most open and indeed crude effort to bribe me while at Mansfield.

The time approached when the business of the camp had to be wound up and the conscripts sent to the front. These had been for weeks organized in companies, with their own officers, and they had also a kind of regimental organization which performed certain functions, but was waiting for the supreme word of authority to complete itself. I have already spoken of the prevalent delusion among the drafted men that they were to be put into companies and regiments under officers of their own choosing. Upon us all

now fell a thunder clap from the clear sky; an order from the Adjutant General of the State was brought to Colonel Sherman, bearing this purport: Let each conscript at once choose what regiment he will join at the front. That meant the breaking up of the whole military organization of the drafted men and the resolving of them back into their individual discontented units, into a mob out of which there was no telling what might come. The danger was greater, as they now had a unity of their own. Their long-cherished delusion was suddenly to be disillusioned out of them, just at a stroke. Would they strike back, of course, blindly, at anybody, in any direction? The Colonel saw the gravity of the situation; he received the telegram in the afternoon and, without letting its contents be known, he picked up his hat and went to his private room at the house of a nearby farmer, where he deliberated and slept over his perilous task. In the morning he told us of the order; we all agreed that we had before us an exceedingly delicate and dangerous duty. I knew the feeling well, better, probably, than the other officials, since I had been in it at the start and saw and even used its power to help drag out of their primal chaos the Morrow county drafted men. I deemed it quite possible that headquarters, as the central

point, might be stormed in a general riot. There is no doubt that Colonel Sherman and Adjutant Cummins acted with great discretion and tact in this ticklish crisis, and with decided success. I was not in the secret of their procedure, but I watched its workings with unalloyed interest. In fact, during the day and night I had thought out my own method of dealing with the emergency and I applied it in a very small way on my own hook, as everybody's help was needed. It ran somehow thus: First conciliate the company's officers, the most influential men of it, and the worst disappointed on account of the loss of their positions. Secondly, give them all to understand that you (the officials) are not to blame for this order, though you have to execute it; indeed, you can say with truth that you would have preferred them to have retained their own organization. I myself believe to this day that the order was unwise and disadvantageous to the service; it was rather the poorest way of utilizing the draft. Thirdly, take the men in groups, not in mass, when the order is explained to them; the news will anyhow get to them speedily enough. The excitement ran high for a couple of days and the demagogue appeared who had to be given a sharp warning; but at last quiet was restored, as I believe, chiefly through the

men's sympathy with the officials of the camp, who were felt to be doing a disagreeable but necessary duty, and who really sympathized in turn with the men.

The crisis seemed to be fairly tided over when trouble broke out anew, with even greater vehemence, through the folly of one individual. The men had to be sworn in and to be paid off; for this purpose a mustering and disbursing officer was sent to us from Columbus. He walked into the headquarters of the camp one morning, a captain of the United States army, and was of course received with great deference. His first act, however, did not impress me, though only a private of the volunteers, very favorably. He took from under his coat a large package of greenbacks wrapped up simply in a piece of paper, and said: "First, let me put away this money." He entered the railing and went to a small closet, a receptacle for unimportant papers; throwing open there the unlocked or rather, lockless, door he flung the package carelessly inside and shut the door. Then he went out. Two or three persons in the office at the time had heard him say, "this money," and had seen the whole proceeding. I became at once exceedingly nervous about that package. Two or three bold highwaymen might have rushed in at any moment, dis-

posed of me by a blow or a shot and seized the money. I changed my seat and desk around so as to see everybody entering the place or even approaching it, and at the same time to keep an eye on the closet. One of my thoughts was that it might be a cunning scheme laid to entrap me and the office in the blame if the money was lost while the wily captain, being absent, would escape. This, of course, was a pure fancy. It shows, however, that my imagination was preternaturally active through the suspicion of villanies which actually did spin the whole camp in their network. The captain returned in the evening and bunked with us, at headquarters, considerably to my relief. Still, I passed an uncomfortable night, revolving all sorts of contingencies and listening for sly footsteps —once or twice I imagined I heard them. But in the striking of the wee dark hours I came to one conclusion: on the morrow either that package or I must leave the building. About breakfast time the captain rose, dressed and went out; I had already risen and peeped into the closet, where I saw the miserable stuff still secure. The colonel came early to the office and was informed of the situation. Very soon the package vanished and was probably placed in the vault of some town bank, from which the money could be

drawn as wanted, and in which it ought to have been put at first.

The incredible heedlessness of the new captain was, therefore, stamped very vividly on my mind the first day. Still, I thought he might know something about military matters, into whose literature I was delving during spare moments. He said on inquiry in a rather pointless way that he was not a West Pointer, but an appointee from civil life. I soon found that he knew nothing of drill, very little of the army regulations, "only what I have picked up myself" (his words), and of Jomini's Art of War, with its grand strategy, he had never heard. An immmeasurable ignoramus just in his own business—I bored him no more. Very soon he began to show another strain in his character—his unparalleled assumption of authority, a kind of megalomania, in fact. He declared that he was commandant of the camp, outranking Colonel Sherman. It was a speck of fun when he summoned before himself the recruiting officers, one by one, and hauled them over the coals, chiefly for the lack of some formality, not for their deeper sins, of which he seemed ignorant. I happened to be present—for the incident took place at our headquarters—when he applied his thumbscrews to the literary man of these recruiters—a well-

spoken, cultured gentleman. The latter's commission was that of a second lieutenant, whereas he happened to wear an old or borrowed coat with the shoulder-straps of a first lieutenant. "Why do you not appear before your superior officer in proper dress?" was the haughty reproof. "Take off those shoulder-straps or leave the camp." We were all indignant at the uncalled-for insolence toward a better man than himself; I may say in advance that it was the captain and not the lieutenant who had finally to quit the camp. He would compel a muster roll to be written over again if he found a correction in it through an erasure, thus causing hours of unnecessary labor. In a week he was thoroughly disliked by all, excepting, possibly, a girl who used to come to camp.

All this could have been borne by the officials; but when he came to the drafted men, who were still smarting with indignation at what they deemed a wrong, trouble at once started up afresh. He had not mustered more than half a dozen sets of people before his tyranny, his arrogance, his insulting words and acts were noised through all the barracks, and called up threats of vengeance. Suddenly the storm came to a head—exactly how or where I never could find out, as the reports were conflicting. All that I know is

that I was sitting at my desk busy with my task when I heard an unusual noise of commingled shouts; I sprang to the door and saw the captain coming up the camp avenue followed by fully two hundred men, hooting, jeering, braying out a pun on his name, "mule in the berg," and mocking him derisively. Already several officers, seeing his danger, had run to his assistance and were keeping off the crowd, which surged up behind him and alongside of him, while a few of the most daring were getting in front of him with the evident purpose of surrounding him. The officers succeeded in pushing him through a door into a building and holding the crowd outside. That was the last I saw of the captain; report has it that he was spirited through a back window across the camp line not far away, and that he skulked through the woods to the station, where he boarded the first train for Columbus, giving a blood-curdling report of the desperate conflict at Mansfield to the Adjutant General, who at once resolved that he must hurry to the seat of war in person. It is also highly probable that he received from the commandant a telegram confirmatory of the captain's battle, along with the suggestion that the latter had lost usefulness at Camp Mansfield and ought not to return. I saw Colonel Sherman an

hour or so after the crisis had passed; he was still agitated with the excitement of it; he said to a little company of friends: "A very narrow escape for that fellow and perhaps for us all."

The distinctively unique impress which the captain has left on my mind is that he was the most successful misfit for his place that I ever saw in my life. Of course I know nothing about his appointment, but it was doubtless the result of political influence, and thus he may be taken to represent a strand of the war time which ran through the government from top to bottom. Simon Cameron was in large what the captain was in small; both we may contemplate in their field as typical characters, without which the throes of that period cannot be well understood.

The next stage in the evolution of our camp was the appearance of the Adjutant General of the State (Hill) with a new mustering officer, who was a West Pointer, I think, and a much older man than our former specimen. He knew his business and did it acceptably, but won no such memorable distinction as had the captain. The chief thing that I recollect about him is the enormous quantities of whiskey he would guzzle down in order to get up steam for doing a little work. Adjutant General Hill naturally hovered about headquar-

ters a good deal, and I saw him often; he was a clean, worthy, well-intentioned man, well bred and cultured, but not a genius equal to a great emergency. He called the people of the camp together and made them an encouraging speech, full of hope—which was, of course, the right thing to do. He said that the war would close in about six months, that the drafted men would not in all probability have to serve out their time (nine months); these words were spoken in December, 1862, but they did not miss the mark quite so far as Seward's "three months" at the outbreak of the war. Finally he told the drafted men to go to their barracks and choose the regiment which each preferred. This statement, made unconditionally, showed a want of foresight and decision, and caused him and the rest of us no little trouble afterwards. Several Ohio regiments were under taboo for their bad conduct and utter worthlessness, chiefly caused by the inefficiency of their commanding officers. Drafted men were not allowed to select these poorest regiments, and justly so; but the Adjutant General said never a word about any such exception. Now it so happened that several groups of drafted men came from counties where two of these tabooed regiments had been originally enlisted; naturally they chose one of those in

which they had friends, and reported the fact to General Hill. But the latter said in reply: "I cannot let you go to that demoralized regiment, whose colonel has been recently cashiered. Go back to your quarters and make another choice." Again he made no exception. The next day it was, I think, the men returned, and their spokesman said that they had made their new selection. Behold, it was just the second tabooed regiment, in which also they had acquaintances. Again the General was compelled to declare: "Impossible! that is a worse regiment still, with its chief officers under court-martial. You will have to try again." The men were sullen and silent, when their spokesman stepped out of their ranks and faced the General squarely. I recollect his long brawny arms, which he thrashed up and down in gesture as if he were flailing, and his big bony farmer hands, with fingers extended, as he spoke in loud, decided tones: "Gineral, you told us to choose our regiment and we did so in good faith; you then refused our choice and told us to choose agin; we have honestly done so and agin you reject our choice and tell us to try it over. We shan't do it; we shan't play this cock-a-doodle game with you any longer; take us and send us where you d—n please." This could not properly be called insubordination,

as the men did not propose to resist and were, in fact, not yet mustered in. Quite a crowd of interested onlookers had gathered about the group, composed of drafted men, of enlisted men and of some camp officials. There was no direct applause at the spokesman's words, but a very perceptible whisper of approval and sympathy ran through the multitude. What! are we going to have another riot? Is the Adjutant General of the State to be the hero of a new war at Mansfield, and to re-enact the captain's escapade? I was present through the whole scene, as it took place just in front of headquarters, and I must say that I thought the rustic orator had the best of the argument. And now comes the turning point, which, I believe, was this: General Hill saw his mistake and started to correct it on the spot. He did not resent the vigorous language of the spokesman, but began to smooth the matter over; he was so successful in ironing out the ruffled feelings of that group that I never heard of any further trouble. A credit mark for the General, I say; still, he ought not to have made such a mistake in the first place.

Hard problems kept coming to me, in regard to which I had to be judicious and also judicial. Here is an arrested Irishman, who, having been drafted, claims to be a British

subject, though without papers. I believe his claim to be fraudulent, still I keep him out of the guardhouse, where his status properly puts him, but have to watch him nevertheless till he can be turned over to the higher authorities. Through maltreatment of him, we do not wish to stir up a war with England. Even harder to crack is the nut which the good Quaker brings us; he has been drafted, but refuses to fight or to hire anybody to fight in his place; his conscience is in the most open manner defiant of the State and its Law. In low-crowned hat and in the costume of his sect, he sits there before me, meekly ready for martyrdom, yet with a soul of iron. What shall I do with him? Shall I send conscience to prison? That hurts me. I had sympathized with the Oberlin martyrs —for such they were called—when they were sent to jail at Cleveland by authority, also for conscience sake. But now I felt strongly the other side. I was in authority myself; after a small fashion, I represented the Law which was denied and defied. Before me sat a profoundly conscientious man, who declared (as they did at Oberlin) that he was going to obey God's Law and not man's. Yet I had my duty also; I had to execute the human enactment. The truth is, I dodged the issue. I could not put this man into the

guardhouse where he legally belonged, among deserters, drunkards and bounty jumpers in all their filth, moral and physical; I told him to stay at headquarters till the Colonel came and decided his case. I even thought that I might have to take him up to my cock loft during the night and let him sleep with me on my blanket; so far I would bend the Law for the man of conscience. Indeed, the Government at Washington was troubled a good deal by this same difficulty, and really compromised with the Quaker and his inner light. The State had strongly invoked conscience against slavery; but what if this same conscience turns against the State? Thus the grand collision of the time between the two Laws, or between the moral and the institutional elements, which I had felt so intensely on one side at Oberlin, I now experienced on the other side at Camp Mansfield in a practical way. The dualism was deepened in strength, for the dilemma now had its two horns uncovered and goring within me. Still, I had no time for brooding; tasks were upon me which always called the mind away from itself into action.

Another incident left a very strong, though disagreeable, impression. One day through the camp gate he marches, or rather is marched, under arrest for disloyal utterances

in his newspaper, Editor Archie MacGregor, of Canton, the hard-headed Scotchman, harder-grained than any Scotch granite. Between two soldiers with bayonetted guns, he steps in time, looking stoically through his green spectacles. No, I did not like it. True, he abused the right of free speech; still it can stand abuse, but not suppression. I turned away from the sight with the heartache, not for him, but for the country. And the same feeling was general, even among those most opposed to his sentiments. He was treated well in camp, was allowed its freedom, which he used for celebrating the Democratic victory in the fall elections of Ohio (1862). I heard him boast: We have even carried the abolition district of Lorain for Congress "unless all the niggers in Oberlin have voted." Evidently he had no exalted opinion of my bi-racial college town. Some tried to elevate him also into a martyr for a free press, and naturally he was not averse to such distinction. So, in those days we had all sorts of martyrs on both sides, pro and con, until everybody began to feel martyred at so many martyrdoms.

The Adjutant General of the State had suddenly quit us, being needed at Columbus. His purpose was to wind up Camp Mansfield; already it had begun to look deserted. In a

week or so all the drafted men were mustered into the service and sent away; a few squads of enlisted men belonging to different regiments hung about a little longer, but these, too, were finally gotten rid of; only my own company of the Tenth Cavalry remained. I finished the last business at headquarters, which were then closed. I returned to my comrades and found them in an idle, rather demoralized condition; they had drilled very little, had performed no duties, had gone backward if they had moved at all; they had done practically nothing during almost three months which for me had been so busy and full. The Hellions were present and kept up their broils, of which I saw an ugly one start in the barrack, but it was soon suppressed by the rest of the company.

Not long after my return to the company came the order to go to Cleveland, where the other companies of the regiment were in camp. So off we start. Thus ended my experience at Camp Mansfield, in which I acted a wholly new part of life; indeed, I still feel that I was there a kind of stranger to myself and lived in a strange world.

II.

At Camp Cleveland.

Somewhere on the railroad train between Mansfield and Cleveland the roll was called; two men were missing. A search through every car failed to bring them to light. Evidently a case of desertion: the first that had happened in our company. Who were they? None other than the second group of Hellions, a slice of our infernal element. They had now completed one full round of the substitute repeater, the bounty jumper and the deserter, and so broke away and started for some new field. How many such rounds they had already played I, of course, do not know; but their substitute harvest was reaped for the present. One of them I saw afterwards at the front in an Indiana regiment. I inquired about his adventure; it seems that he had wandered to Southern Indiana in pursuit of his vocation, that he there tried to play his game upon the Hoosiers; but these knew their man and at once hustled him across the Ohio River to Louisville, where they put him under guard and straightway sent him to Rosecrans' battle-line, where I found him. His diabolic "cousin", whom he now bitterly disclaimed on account of some

act of treachery, he knew nothing about. Again it appears that the demons had fallen out with each other.

The other group of our Inferno, the Bowery lads, were still with us, that is, two of them, for the third one, their best man, had been dangerously stabbed in a drunken brawl at a groggery in Mansfield, and had to be left behind at the hospital for several weeks. At last he will appear, in Camp Cleveland, when the final scene of our little demonic drama will enact itself—whereof a word later.

We marched through the city by night to the barracks, which we found ready for us. The camp was located on an elevated piece of ground called the Heights, peculiarly exposed to piercing blasts from the lake. As we passed the line we saw cavalry recruits standing guard with muskets in their hands. From our boys rose an ominous shout, in which I did not join, "None of that for us!" They had been spoiled by idleness at Mansfield, where they had practically no duties, and had gotten the notion that only infantry mounted guard. The next morning the company was required to furnish its share of sentinels, who openly refused to perform the service. The matter was reported at headquarters of the regiment, and soon a considerable squad of bluecoats with fixed

bayonets, headed by a Lieutenant with drawn sword, bore down upon the mutineers and swept them into the guardhouse without ceremony. There a parley was held, followed by unconditional submission; muskets were put into the hands of our frightened boys, who were marched to their places and began demurely to pace their beats. Meanwhile at the barracks there was quite a hubbub; a number of sympathizers began to bluster, when several strange officers appeared in their midst and silenced them with a sharp menace; the culmination was reached when the Colonel himself collared a young fellow for a rash word and led him off to prison, at the same time flourishing a pistol in his face and asking him the significant question, "Do you want a pill?" Our boy said he did not, especially of that kind, as he was not sick; but it was several days before we saw him again, much improved in meekness. I took no part in this little rebellion, and disapproved of it from the start; still, the outcome gave a healthy and much-needed lesson of that authority which was totally relaxed at Mansfield. Instead of one company, as hitherto, there were now ten, and discipline had to begin, and also work. One result of the affair was that our company got a bad name the first day with the rest of the regiment, and

especially the Colonel (Smith by name) was prejudiced against the whole set of us; for which reason several had to suffer later, among others myself.

I now settled down to my duties as a private soldier, trying to fulfill them to the extent of my power. I drilled daily, though we were still without horses, and I, having purchased a book on Cavalry Tactics, learned its first commands by heart. Moreover, as I was a unit, though the smallest one, in the vast organization called the Army, and had to move with it mechanically, I wished to see a little into the working of the huge machine, and, if possible, to understand its principles. At Mansfield I found in a book store Jomini's "Art of War", which I bought and studied there quite a little. Now I had more leisure, and so I worked at it with zeal, seeking to get some notion concerning the grand strategy with which it deals. I may add here that already at Oberlin, expecting to be a soldier, I had perused with care a considerable part of that reputedly best of military histories, Napier's Peninsular War, tracing the campaigns of Napoleon and Wellington and their subordinates on a large map of Spain, and applying their principles, as well as I could, to our own military movements in the South. Thus I was getting some theoretical acquaint-

ance with my new profession, though the practical side was as yet altogether wanting —and was destined to remain so, I may here whisper in advance, through the peculiar conjunctures of my army life. Still, I must record the persistent attempt of the puny individual to know the great whole of which he was merest atom, to comprehend the vast clockwork of which he was less than a cog, to reflect the all in the small and smallest.

The barrack was not wanting in amusement. Most interesting to me were two characters, both in middle life, who never failed to grapple on the subject of religion. One of these, nicknamed Old Sol, was a worthy farmer, somewhat educated, who knew a little of literature and had a strange liking for Shelley. But he showed a peculiar spite against Christianity, and would begin a sharp tirade at any moment of leisure, though he never swore or drank or committed any moral violation, to my knowledge. His counterpart was Jones, who was a hot and ever-ready champion of religion, though he would, with great profanity, damn the infidels, get drunk on occasion, and, if one may judge by the amorous adventures which he recounted about himself as hero, he was the greatest libertine in camp. Once about 2 o'clock at night, when all the rest of us were asleep, a furious

discussion on Paul's conversion broke out between them, which waked up every soldier in the barrack. I peeped out of my bunk to see what in the world had broken loose at that late hour, and observed the two men gesticulating, yelling at the top of their voices, both of them at once, and standing not far apart; it looked as if they were about to come to cuffs over religion. Along the rows of bunks the heads of the occupants were sticking out, looking and listening; I sprang up and sat on the edge of my bunk, from which I began a little speech of this sort: "Fellow-soldiers: I have a proposition to make; I move that this religious war be put off till we have ended the political war in which we have enlisted. One war at a time is enough, says Lincoln. But when we have gone to the South and settled the rebels, and have come back, then we can take up this religious war again. All those who wish to enlist in it can have a chance, for we have actually present the two best captains of the opposing sides. Just now, however, I propose that we defer it, and make a truce in our barrack; to-night we need a little more rest, as to-morrow we have some work on our hands. All those, therefore, in favor of one war at a time will say aye." Every one of those peeping heads shot out a hearty aye with a laugh, and they,

in chorus, reiterated, "One war at a time; one war at a time," showing for one thing how Lincoln always could coin the popular and fitting catchword for the situation. The combatants themselves saw the point, and one of them at least joined in the laugh; soon both were in their bunks—they did not occupy the same bunk—and gentle peace laid her soothing hand upon their mouths, and doubtless upon their eyelids also. The boys withdrew their heads along the line, and rapidly set about their regular business of snoring, just the thing for them to do at that time. I ought to add that these two religious contestants were good soldiers, always ready and willing to do their duty, without a grumble; patriotic Americans both were, who had enlisted because they believed in the principle of the war, and were ready to offer their lives for their country. They were altogether different from the depraved set of Hellions, and also from the discontented conscripts; I must say that both were very congenial to me, especially on account of their right feeling in the great crisis of the Nation, when so many about us were corrupt, or soured, or even ready to give up. In this vital matter, then, the two agreed, and were remarkably alike; but when they would begin their duet on religion, all the discords of their

natures started to grinding together in that mill of the Gods, of which each felt himself to be specially the miller.

So I was again, happily, a private, and was performing my various duties in that capacity. Among the other companies I found a number of old acquaintances whom I had known at Oberlin, since the regiment was largely recruited in the Western Reserve of Northern Ohio. But the chief officials of the camp I had never even seen. Again, I was surprised one day by a summons to headquarters, about two weeks or so after the arrival of our company. The chief assistant to Colonel Senter, the commandant of the camp, was going to leave, and it seems that some of my friends had recommended me for the position, which turned out to be one of considerable responsibility, though it gave no increase of rank or pay; I was still simply a private detailed on special service. The request came to me as I was lying in my bunk reading Jomini; I went out to inquire about the sudden news, and found the Captain of our company, who knew of it and said, "All right"; the officer of the guard happened to be present and offered at once to pass me out of the lines in person; this he did, and I was soon on the little hill where the Colonel's office stood, overlooking the camp. Here I

may state that there was a technical irregularity in my summons of which I was ignorant, and of which the two officers with whom I conversed and who let me out the camp lines seemed also unaware: My detail had not passed through the headquarters of the regiment, from whose point of view I was, therefore, "absent without leave."

I found Colonel Senter in his office and spoke with him a few words, after which he assigned me my desk and set me to my first task, chiefly clerical. I recollect that the style and spirit of a letter I composed, offering pardon to a deserter who had run off to Canada, but who, having repented, wished to return to his regiment if the past were forgiven, pleased him greatly. As I appeared to stand his test, he gradually left more and more in my hands; indeed, some days he never came to the office at all. He was at that time engaged in a fierce political struggle: he sought to be Republican candidate for Congress from the Cleveland district, but he had to beat in convention the representative holding the position. Meanwhile I had repeatedly to decide cases of those who were brought to headquarters under arrest for desertion, but who often had their plausible grounds of excuse or defence. Offenders of various kinds I had to commit to the guard-

house or prison by my high authority, though I was an humble private. Men guilty of crimes against the United States, but released on bail, were required to report to the Military Commandant at Cleveland twice a week; they reported to me and I gave them the acknowledgement of the fact. Parents came to me to get back their sons under legal age, who had run off and enlisted in some organizataion of the camp. To one poor mother who came limping all the way from Toledo I helped restore twice her boy, who had enlisted both times in a battery among his comrades. I saw that the youth was going to the war anyhow, so I gave her the following bit of advice: "Madam, you had better let your boy stay here with his friends, who will look after him and will write you if anything happens to him; the next time he will run away, unless you jail him, and enlist in a strange regiment, and you may never hear of him again." Of course, she would not listen to such a proposition; she was going to have her only child. I recollect still her deep, heart-heaving sighs, breaking now and then into sobs, as she leaned on her cane and walked with a kind of halting gait.

So it happened at Cleveland, as at Mansfield, that, after a few days, I was called out of my little bunk to official service at head-

quarters, though always as a private. It will be observed that my duties at Cleveland were very different from those at Mansfield—higher, I think, and I certainly felt myself under greater responsibilities. The camp was much larger; it contained at this time two organized regiments, several companies of sharp-shooters, one battery, and a lot of fragments recruited for different regiments in the field; these numbers, however, were always diminishing as the troops were sent to the front. I had no longer to deal with drafted men and substitutes, as at Mansfield; that part of the work was done. At first there must have been more than 2,000 men connected with headquarters in a sort of loose subordination, consisting of certain requirements of routine which it fell to my duty to look after and regulate every day. In this limited sense, when the Colonel was absent, I exercised the functions of Commandant. I made out the quotas of guards, I ordeded details of soldiers when I needed them, I put people into prison and let them out, of course, on grounds of which I had to be judge.

One morning I was sitting at my desk when I heard three loud, sharp cries of a sentinel, "Halt! Halt! Halt!" In a moment the crack of a musket followed. I leaped to the door and saw the smoke rolling away; also I ob-

served a man lying on the ground just outside of the lines, about a dozen rods distant from me. I ran down the hill to him, and found him with a bullet hole in the calf of his leg, from which gurgled a profuse stream of blood. I recognized him at once, and started to strip off his gore-soaked garments, when the surgeons arrived and bore him to the hospital, which was not far off. Who was he? None other than one of our Hellions, the small one, called the Little Devil. He took it into his head to run guard; the sentinel ordered him to halt, the fellow refused to obey, when he was fired upon with the foregoing result. The wound was hardly a dangerous one, but with that distempered body of a Bowery boy blood-poisoning soon set in, and after a few days he died. Not long before this occurrence the leader of this infernal trio, having recovered from his stab at Mansfield, had come back to the company at Cleveland. But as soon as their companion was under ground, the other two were missing, and they never appeared in camp again. Thus all the Hellions, both sets of them, vanished out of the company which thereby had fairly gotten rid of its Inferno. I never saw or heard of either of the Bowery lads afterwards; probably they found their way back to New York, where, in the later drafts, they

had good opportunities for exercising their acquired skill in bounty-jumping and desertion.

Thus the private had become, in a small way, a sort of generalissimo of an army composed of cavalry, infantry and artillery. Now for the counter-stroke of Nemesis, the grand leveler. I was sitting at my desk one morning and making out a detail, when a very different sort of detail, not from me but for me, knocked at the door. A Corporal, accompanied by a soldier with fixed bayonet, entered the office and asked me if I was Private Denton J. Snider of the Tenth Cavalry. I replied that I was. "You may consider yourself under arrest for desertion, and you will go with me to the headquarters of your regiment." The Corporal handed me a piece of paper confirmatory of what he had said. I was at first dazed, but soon rallied, though with intense throbs of emotion thumping my heart walls. "Charged with desertion," during all the time I have been here attending to my duties! I was the only person in the place at the time, and so I asked the Corporal to accompany me across the street to the Commissary of Subsistence, a Lieutenant in rank, whom I knew, for I would have to leave the office in his charge. I mentioned briefly what had happened and showed him the or-

der. The Lieutenant began to swear. The scene attracted three or four other people who attended to the considerable business in that department, and who knew me, as we all had eaten together in a common mess for weeks—they also took a turn at profanity. I said: "I must not stay here longer, but obey at once this order." The Lieutenant replied: "Well, I'll look after the office till the Colonel comes." I glanced around; they were still gazing at me with sympathy, I think, when I descended the brow of the hill out of sight. I ought to add that the Corporal, whom I had never seen before, showed that he did not like his business, when he found out its nature from the talk he heard.

So I was marched through the regimental lines alongside of a soldier with fixed bayonet, under the command of a Corporal, quite as I had seen Editor Archie MacGregor marching at Mansfield. And I was branded with what was, in my eyes, a worse offence, with desertion. I entered the regimental headquarters and there sat Colonel Smith, the chief officer of the Tenth Cavalry, to which I belonged as private. When I reported to him my name, he opened a torrent of abuse. "You disobeyed my orders," he cried. I was almost bursting with indignation at his unjust reproaches, but I summoned self-control

enough to reply: "If so, it was done in ignorance; I obeyed the summons of Colonel Senter, the Commandant of the post, whom I supposed to be your superior officer." This nettled him all the more, as there had been previously some rasping about authority between him and Senter, and he spoke disdainfully of my desertion. I told him that I was no deserter and never had been, and that he must have been aware of the fact when he sent for me to the place where he knew I was stationed. With a scornful look he answered: "That is your status, sir." At this indignity the hot tears streamed down my cheeks, and my tongue refused to utter a word, clogged with the tide of feeling of defiance which sprang from a sense of injustice done by authority. I said and could say nothing, as my organ of speech seemed paralyzed, but I still remember what I thought at the time and would have uttered had I been able: "Take me and court-martial me, if you choose, and heap upon me the last disgrace, and then shoot me—I don't care." He must have noticed my agitation, as he dismissed me haughtily, saying: "Go to your quarters and get ready to do your regular duties as a private of my regiment." Of course, I obeyed, being glad to get out of the presence of the man, who, armed with his official rank, had

unjustly inflicted upon me the deepest humiliation of my life.

Now the wheel of my little destiny began to whirl about and revolve in the other direction. Colonel Senter arrived at his office shortly after my departure, and was soon informed of what had happened by sympathetic friends who had witnessed the occurrence. It is said that he also became indignant, yea, profane—profanity being a universal weapon in war, even with good church members. At any rate, Colonel Smith was summoned before him at headquarters. What happened I do not know, but rumor had it that Smith was gridironed. In the afternoon I went back for my clothing; Senter was there and spoke very kindly to me: "I have heard of your trouble; don't feel bad. You will soon be here again; I need you." The next morning I was in a squad with musket in hand, about to set out on guard duty for the day as private once more, when a messenger arrived with a summons to regimental headquarters. "What is the matter again?" I asked myself with some perturbation, for I dreaded another scene. But Colonel Smith was now a different man, polite, almost friendly; he explained, or rather apologized: he did not mean to imply that I was really a deserter, but that there was an irregularity in my detail. I answered:

"If you had only said that, I would have agreed with you and there would have been no trouble." He then handed me a paper. "Here is a new order for you in correct shape; you will report to Colonel Senter as soon as possible." In an hour I was back at my desk, performing my customary task.

I have given this experience the more fully as it made such a deep cut into my emotions, and, indeed, into my life. I did not wish to serve under an officer who could inflict upon me or upon any soldier without adequate reason such pain and such dishonor. Reflecting upon the matter, I concluded to entertain the proposition of a Captain of 124th Ohio Infantry, who had asked me to recruit some men and accept a commission in his regiment, which was already in the field. He was often at headquarters on business and had become acquainted with me there. Two or three times he had tendered me the offer, but I had refused, partly from the disgust at the chase for commissions which I saw around me everywhere and partly because I had not forgotten the deception practiced upon me by a recruiting officer at Mansfield, which I have already confessed. He came into the office one day not long after the foregoing episode, of which he had evidently heard, and more pressingly renewed his proposal. I replied:

"Captain, I have been thinking that I might now accept your offer; tell me something about the terms." He very frankly set forth what I had to do: I must assist him in recruiting a stated number of soldiers, and to that end furnish a contribution in money for expenses, of which he gave, as he knew his business well, the exact amount. In explanation of this last condition he said: "We must now furnish some funds ourselves, as bounties are no longer paid and the business of substitution has closed." Such was the fact, as I knew well. My response was that I could raise that sum of money, if necessary, but that I wished to take the matter under consideration for a couple of days. I added that my weakness was in soliciting recruits; I might not be able to get a single one. He answered: "I shall see you out in that; do not be alarmed." He went away and left me balancing; on a number of grounds I did not wish to make the change; but the degradation inflicted upon me by Colonel Smith still rankled within me, even through his apology. So I stood at the parting of the ways; which road shall I turn down?

Meanwhile the business of the camp was drawing to an end, troops were rapidly leaving, soon all would be gone. In ten days or so headquarters would be locked up, and the hill

of authority deserted, when I would, of course, return to my regiment, which was now mounted and performing its evolutions on horseback. Even my horse had been selected, not by myself, for I was absent, but by some friends, and was reported to me as the best steed of the lot. But I was destined never to straddle its back, or even to see it. For about this time, two or three days after my conversation with him, the Captain already mentioned appeared at the office, and, with a pleasant but watchful look, handed me a piece of paper. I opened it and read its contents with no small amazement; it was my discharge from the Tenth Cavalry, telegraphed from Washington, if I recollect aright, at the request of the Adjutant General of the State. Thus I was no longer a soldier of the United States Army. Then the Captain handed me another document even more surprising: it was a recruiting commission for me as Second Lieutenant, which, when completed later, bore the somewhat peculiar signature of David Tod, Governor of Ohio. This was, however, a conditional commission whose completion depended upon my success in getting enlistments. The Captain had been at Columbus and had settled these matters in the way indicated. I had never really given him my full consent to the step

he had taken, and I was still in doubt; but he had decided for me, and I could not well revoke his decision and undo what had been done.

III.

As Recruiting Officer.

There was still some business to be wound up at the office, so I remained there a few days after my appointment. Detachments of soldiers on their arrival had first to march to headquarters, to be registered and assigned to their barracks. One morning I was called out before my door to receive a little squad of sharpshooters who had just reached camp (about fifteen men, I think), commanded by whom—can you guess? By my Oberlin Munchausen, who had so hypnotized me for a while at Mansfield with dreams of promotion. But instead of being a Brigadier-General or at least a Colonel, which last rank he seemed to have no doubt of attaining when he had there conversed with me, he was simply a Lieutenant, as indicated by his uniform. But the greatest change was in his demeanor; he was actually modest, seemed humble, if not humbled, and spare-worded. I gently sought to tap that wonderful fountain of Arabian tales which used to jet so easily from his tongue, but it would play no more. I knew

that he had been in trouble, serious charges had been brought against him, but he must have been able to meet them in some degree, otherwise he would have been cashiered. Still, he appeared so different from his former buoyancy, so downcast by something that I pitied him. Indeed, at that time a well-head of sympathy was ever ready to gush within me at the least touch on account of my own recent experience. The same man afterwards found a peck of troubles at the front, but in wartime nobody, not even the most innocent, escapes the mighty outpour of fatality.

During these days I chanced to meet Colonel Smith again, my horror of horrors. But he was very courteous and did the part of a gentleman; he went so far as to say that he would be glad to give me a commission in his regiment, if I would recruit a few men. Of course, I had to reply that it was too late now; I was under obligations to another man. I have always thought that Colonel Smith tried to make amends for a hasty act. His side of the case I myself have never failed to see. Technically, he might justify himself according to the Army Regulations. Then he had at that time to deal chiefly with the refuse of the human recruiting material, upon whom a summary treatment often wrought

the best results. Still, Colonel Smith ought to have recollected that he was himself a volunteer and that the great majority of his regiment had enlisted from patriotism and faith in the cause, and would never think of deserting. Of course, he did not know me personally, but he was aware that I belonged to the ill-reputed Mansfield company which raised a petty mutiny in camp as its first day's exploit. That did not help me in his estimation, though, as already recounted, I had nothing to do with that fracas and disapproved of it from the start—indeed, such talk at the barrack I deemed mere boyish gas, which would never explode into fact.

The Tenth Cavalry was the last regiment to leave the camp, which, after its departure, was quite deserted, and looked very desolate without its bluecoats flying busily about it everywhere, like bees over a buckwheat patch in bloom. With regret, I saw them vanish, while I remained behind, having to start upon a new phase of my military experience.

So I was now a recruiting officer myself, of which class I had seen a good deal at the two camps, on the whole with no great amount of admiration, though the majority of these officers I regarded as fairly honest men doing a necessary public service. They were, for the nonce, the pushing agents of the war machine

(perhaps not dissimilar to the present agents for other machines); they had effrontery, they used puffery, and they in a pinch would resort to lying a little, sometimes more than a little. From what I had seen of the business I felt myself unfitted for it, yea, discordant with it. Still, I was in the soup and must somehow swim out. Looking back, I may say here that I regard my change as a mistake and a misfortune. I had won in my company, and perhaps in my regiment, a certain personal position which came from association and service during six months and more. This position had no military rank or authority; it was purely an individual thing, acquired by myself; but that it had some power was shown in my episode with Colonel Smith, who found it out and paid some heed to it, I have to think. At any rate this peculiar position, gained from association with men through what you are and what you do among them and for them, I totally threw away when I went into a different and entirely unknown organization. To me it was worth more than any commission, which, in fact, had its true value only when obtained in consequence of such a position. Hence the act of Colonel Smith, or, rather, my act resulting from his, marks the chief turning-point of my military year. Up to this time

my career had been continually on the rise, if not very brilliant; afterwards, from one cause or other, it amounted to but little in my opinion. Still, to-day I take pride in my ascent, which consisted of the work done at the two posts, at Mansfield and at Cleveland, when I was a private; but I find little pleasure in my later career, though a commissioned officer commanding frequently the company. I know I did my duty; still I did nothing—nothing distinctive. I never succeeded, on account of various obstacles, in recovering my old position in the new associated group of people to which I was annexed, though I tried hard.

First, during this my recruiting period, I took a trip to my home in Mount Gilead, paying a visit to my kinsfolk and trying my luck at the new business in a small town and the adjacent country. It was about February, 1863, when there was a general lull, a sort of rest from the excitement of the draft during the preceding autumn. The people were in a state of repose, and could not be roused to further exertion for the army at that time; indeed, they were impatient of being urged for more soldiers after their recent arduous and prolonged efforts to fill their quotas. Such was the feeling of the rural population; they needed to catch breath before making

another strenuous pull, which they did later, again and again. I, of course, made some exertion, but only two or three worthless fellows appeared, who had been already in the army. I called for their discharge papers, and found written on each of them the ominous words: "This man is not permitted to re-enlist." I described the situation in a letter to the Captain, who summoned me to Cleveland to assist him in the work there. So I packed up and left home without a single recruit. I may add, however, that I enjoyed my visit with my relatives, and had sufficient leisure to make numerous excursions in my library upstairs, where I renewed my acquaintance with many old friends among my books. It seemed a long time since I had seen them, after the close daily intimacy of years, and I felt then that with them in some way lay my future. I had been deeply engaged for months in something just the opposite of study and quiet thought—in the bustle and administrative activity of a military camp, from which I now experienced quite a reaction. So I had a real enjoyment for a week or ten days in glancing over old faces as I sat by the fire in the winter. I shall have to confess that I parted from them regretfully.

When I returned to Cleveland I found that the Captain had opened a recruiting office in

the heart of the city, as there was no longer any camp. In that office I was to stay. It was now my lot to be brought into contact with a new phase of the dark side of the war, such as I had not seen in either of the camps. The fresh recruit was given temporary quarters, a few dollars in money, and a new suit in blue. The under-world of a large city began to vomit up its human contents into our office. The so-called wharf rats, the slum inmates, the drunken sailor—all of them penniless, ragged, shelterless—would come to us and try to enlist for the sake of the little money, the new clothes and the lodging. Such a stream of outcasts as now started to drift before me I had never seen in my life, having dwelt hitherto only in the country or in small towns. Some such cases I had now and then observed among the substitutes at Camp Mansfield. I was inclined to reject the whole mass, but the Captain, when he was present, enlisted quite a number of them, so that we had in a few weeks a squad ready to be taken to the front.

To be sure, not all who applied were of this class of outcasts. Still, something seemed to be the matter with every one of them. Several had quarreled with their wives, then ran off and entered the army out of spite, which act they soon regretted. Others had gotten

into legal trouble of some kind, and had fled to escape prosecution. My best recruit, I think, was a solid farmer from Lorain or Medina County. He confessed to me that he, a married man and church member, had been entrapped by a girl, with the result that he thought it safer to go to war than to stay at home. Runaway boys under legal age put me often into a quandary; usually I would try to persuade them to go back home. One of these little fugitives the Captain enlisted. I wormed out of him the name and address of his father, whom I sent for and who came up from Painesville. He gave his consent, saying that, as the boy was bent on going to the war, it would be better for the parent to know at least where his son was. A young fellow from Western New York, old enough, but frail and, as I thought, consumptive, came into the office and wished to enlist. I told him that he could not stand the service, and urged him to return home. But he insisted, and the Captain took him. Afterwards at the front he once came to my tent and brought me some of the delicacies which he had just received from his mother, saying: "I shall never forget your advice at Cleveland. You acted honestly by me, and I ought to have done as you told me." Later, on a long, hot march, I saw him drop out of ranks and sit down on a log,

pale and emaciated. I heard him say imploringly to the officer in charge: "Let me stay here and rest a little while; I shall soon catch up again." That was the last time I saw him. A record which I have found speaks of him as having disappeared without leaving a trace.

A squad of about twenty had been recruited, and it was determined that I should take them to the regiment, which was then stationed in Rosecrans's army on the battle line at Franklin, Tennessee. That squad was a mixed lot. Hardly half of them would make good soldiers, but the Captain was eager to fill up the ranks to the required number. Several were young boys, several more were confirmed drunkards, and two had enlisted, as I found out afterwards, with the promise of some minor position in the regiment—a promise which could not be fulfilled. Four of them kept pretty close together, and evidently formed one group; they were Germans, and turned out to be a survival of that old class which had thriven so bountifully some months before on the draft. My men were mustered at Columbus. I kept them under sharp surveillance till we reached the Soldiers' Home in Cincinnati, where we had to remain a day. Finally I marched them down to the wharf and put them safely on the Louisville

packet. But the wretched boat delayed, and still delayed; the men loitered about on deck, till finally three of the hard drinkers ran across the gangway and rushed into a saloon—I after them. I brought them back, but not till each of them had guzzled toward a pint of whisky. When I returned I looked around after the others. Four were missing; that suspicious group had seen their opportunity and had vanished in the crowd on the wharf. They were undoubtedly a remnant of that class, once quite large, which combined in one character the substitute-repeater, the bounty-jumper and the deserter. After a variety of adventures on the boat, at Louisville and at Nashville, I landed the rest of my men at the headquarters of General Granger, where they were enrolled and sent to their regiment. It was a great relief. I had hardly slept for a week in order to keep watch over this squad ever trying to fly asunder. I saw at Franklin the drill of division, brigade, and regiment, and thought that I should be doing that kind of work and learning my business; but I was sent back North to assist the Captain again and to endure another infernal spell of recruiting. The next squad was conducted to the front by the Captain himself, but his luck was even worse than mine had been.

At last, after the lapse of several weeks more, another squad was recruited of about the same sort of men, and I was again deputed to take them to the army in the field. Moreover, I was now given a full commission and was assigned to a company, with orders to stay at the front. This time I succeeded in pulling the whole set through without the loss of a man, but only by keeping them under a continual guard of outside soldiers, whom I drummed up in one way or other. A Michigan Lieutenant, going with a detachment of his company down the river, helped me greatly. But a Sergeant at Louisville, with a detail of twelve muskets, whom I was able to get from a kind of encampment at midnight, saved me. Under my orders he hustled the sleeping men from their beds on the boat, and at the point of the bayonet he marched them through the deep mud, to well-guarded barracks, evidently made for such customers. He even stopped their cursing when it grew excessive as they floundered through a puddle. The next morning we all moved under guard to the train for Nashville, which had at every car door a gleaming musket in determined hands. The military straightcoat was now put on the men everywhere, to my great relief. Thus we were easily passed through the big machine, and set down quite on the battle line, our true destination.

On the railroad several of the men who had been enlisted by the Captain came to me and entered into conversation. They declared they had been deceived, false promises had been made to them by the recruiting officer. They were just sobering up, were disillusioned, and were inclined to blame somebody for their temper and for their situation. I listened, and defended the Captain as well as I could. He had been perfectly fair with me; he had fulfilled his part of the agreement, yea, more than fulfilled it. But when it came to enlisting a private, he would usually promise what the man wanted—would make him a sergeant, a hospital steward, etc. I may say that I held aloof from such representations, though they belonged to the outfit of the successful recruiter. I certainly could not be called a success in this portion of my military career, which lasted some two months or more. But it was now at an end, and I was in the field, where a new stage of my experience of the war began with some vigor.

IV.

At the Front.

When I went to the regiment as officer, it had removed to a place lying about half way across the country between Franklin and

Murfreesboro. On the front of Rosecrans at this point there was considerable activity of the enemy, which never came to a head in a pitched battle, but ended in skirmishes, sometimes very lively, with infantry, cavalry and artillery engaged. I had barely gotten into my tent and fixed up my little cot when the bugle sounded "Fall in!" and all the soldiers sprang into line, my own company included. I hardly knew what it all meant, till a shell whizzed over my head and told me with considerable emphasis. The Major came riding along, and spoke to me: "Lieutenant, buckle on your sword and march with us." This I proceeded to do at once, taking my place in my company and starting to move, or, rather, trot at double-quick with the whole regiment toward the battle line in the direction of the firing, which was always getting hotter. We finally drew up in a patch of woods on the brow of a knoll behind some rude breastworks, and there awaited the attack. Cannon-balls tore through the tree-tops above our heads; the rattle of musketry was heard on our right, though we had not yet fired a gun. Off to the left was an extensive meadow, on which a brisk cavalry fight was taking place between the First East Tennessee, under Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow, and some Confederate troopers. Meantime our artillery of

six pieces had opened fire upon the enemy's battery, which could be plainly seen in a clump of trees across the prairie. This duel ended (it was reported) in disabling one of the enemy's cannon, which, however, he was allowed to carry off. Why we did not charge across the open meadow and capture the hostile battery I do not know; I rather think that it is what we ought to have done, though I do not pretend to say that I was eager for it. A few wounded were brought in from the pickets and the cavalry; not a man was touched in our regiment, as far as I heard. There was desultory firing till evening. We stood in battle line the better part of the day, awaiting the onset of the foe, but making no onset from our side. I may say that not long afterward I saw one poor fellow having his leg amputated as he lay on the porch of a rude farm-house. So I had smelt war's gun-powder, had heard some of its more modest reverberations, and had seen a very little bit of its fatal results.

Such was my first day at the front—a rather sudden initiative into my new calling. I undoubtedly had my little attack of the so-called "cannon fever," which has been so often described, notably by the poet Goethe, who seemed to be able to experiment with his emotions while under fire. One certainly has

the feeling that he would be more comfortable somewhere else. There was no great danger, however, though there might have been, and just that was the rub. Can you hold out against your imagination? To stand up and be shot at, while you keep quiet, gives a good deal of time for the play of fancy, especially if you are untrained in fighting those inner phantoms which seem to spring out of the crack of gunnery. The shell buzzing over my head was my greatest enemy. It might be a hundred feet high, but it appeared to say in its very loud whisper that it was coming straight down upon the top of my head. I shall have to confess that I ducked my precious noddle at every passing shell, however distant. It was an instinctive act, but I was ashamed of myself, even if I saw the seasoned soldiers directly before me making the same capital gesture. Yet I was an officer and must not even seem to shrink. I continued, however, making these unwilling nods to my fleeting guests of the air, in spite of a certain determination not to bend the neck. Finally I saw the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the regiment ride past, as a shell whisked just over our hats with a vicious serpentine hiss, which had the sound of being intended just for us. He not only stooped head and shoulders, but crouched down

toward the mane of his horse, and then turned his face up toward the menacing monster with a startled look which fully appreciated the possible danger. Still he was a brave man and was later wounded in battle. But after such a high example I deemed that I, too, had a right to make this peculiar military obeisance, at least on my first introduction to the Goddess Bellona.

In the present connection I may confess to the greatest scare of my army life, which occurred on the march to Chattanooga some six or eight weeks later. We were deploying through a strip of timber amid rather heavy skirmishing, when I heard the familiar sound of the shell, as I thought, whirring overhead. By that time I had become so used to the flight of this blustering bumble-bee that its buzz did not disturb me much. But now the noise did not appear to stream on beyond me, as it ought to have done, but stayed just above my head too long, I thought. So I began to duck down, and still further down; but the ominous note continued to sing over me till I must have bent my body more than half way to the ground. Meanwhile I began thinking to myself: "Your time has come; the next moment will land you on the other shore; review your past deeds in rapid panorama before stepping beyond." Then the sound ceased; but

for a second I hardly knew whether I was dead or alive. Like the Oriental sage, I seemed to see my whole life pass before me in a sudden flash. My hand touched a bush, and I began to awake from my dream, first placing my palm on the top of my skull, where the shell ought to have struck me, to discover whether any of it was left. I found it all there, bloodless, with locks disarranged, yet unsinged, though the brain inside was certainly in a volcanic upheaval. I slowly raised my stooping body and looked around, taking again my place in the world which I had left a moment or two before. Nobody seemed to have noticed me, and I never told on myself. I still wondered where the mysterious shell had fallen in our group, yet as no mention was made of it, I did not call up the subject. But some days later I found out. We were encamped in a forest; all was quiet; I was lying down on my blanket, eating my meal of hard-tack and bacon, when suddenly I heard overhead that same buzzing sound, though there was no shot, and indeed no enemy near. I looked up and saw a flying squirrel taking its flight from tree to tree, producing the same prolonged whirr which I had fancied to be that of a shell. So I think I may report that what scared me most as a soldier at the front was a flying squirrel.

I have already spoken of my first day on arriving at the front, and of its to me stimulating occurrences. I had barely seen the company to which I had been assigned by the Colonel, and had just become acquainted with its commanding Lieutenant, my immediate superior, with whom I had a tent in common. We were to live and to work together for the welfare of the same set of men. I began to make some inquiries about my duties, and asked him to tell me how I could best help him. I recollect that his first salutation to me was as follows: "A person is a d—d fool who comes into an old regiment as a green officer." Such was the attitude which he took at the start, and kept it up as long as I was with him. It was clear that I would get little aid from him in making good my deficient knowledge of drill. I now felt keenly my mistake in not staying with my old regiment. The fact, however, is that his unfriendly remark had its truth, which I recognized, and I replied to him: "I begin to think so myself." I soon found out that he could not tell me much; what he knew was simply empirical. I doubt if he had ever studied a book on tactics. My plan of learning the commands and evolutions through the printed page he scoffed at.

Such was the feeling of the officer just

above me. On the other side, the feeling of the officer just below me was even more bitter. This was the Orderly-Sergeant of the company, who deemed that I had stepped into the place due him by actual service in the field. Again I rather sided with my detractor, and thought his claim just, though I was innocent. Thus I was regarded from above and from below as an interloper, and I soon found that the same view prevailed in the company and in the regiment likewise. Naturally I felt myself being ground between the upper and lower mill-stones, from which there was no escape. My situation here I found to be just opposite to that in the Tenth Cavalry, where I had served long enough to win the good-will of the company, and also of the regiment, to a degree. Thus the newcomer was plunged into a tide of prejudices from the start, some of which he shared himself against himself.

Still I resolved to make the most of a bad job, and started with alertness upon my various camp duties. But at this early date another evil pounced upon me, from whose clutch I could never fully free myself as long as I stayed in the army. The change of diet and of the way of living began to tell on me, and the hot climate of the South during summer smote me in its peculiar way. My first

week had not yet passed when a kind of flux, well known in the camp, seized me and laid me prostrate. I succeeded in recovering after some days of illness about one-half of my normal strength and health. With that half I rose from my cot and again went about my ordinary duties, but the trouble clung to me and would never let me regain, during my soldiering days, my other moiety of life. I went through the rest of the campaign hardly more than half a man.

There was not much drilling—the thing which I most needed. Still, in a few days, with my previous knowledge, I picked up enough to get along. Indeed, there was little opportunity for such practice. Nearly every day the enemy demonstrated in some force against our immediate front; we all had to be ready to spring into line at a moment's notice. Nobody could tell when a serious attack might be made. It is now known that all this hostile activity along our lines was a mere feint for deceiving and delaying Rosecrans, in order that Bragg might send some of his troops to fight against Grant, who was then enclosing Vicksburg. I certainly was getting used to war's alarms. Meantime things amusing would occur. Across a meadow half a mile wide the two opposing lines were in the habit of skirmishing, often with all three

branches of the service in action at the same time. By the side of a well-built causeway crossing this meadow stood a fine Southern mansion, with extensive negro quarters to the rear of it, which seemed to be well populated with black women. When the picket firing started up in earnest these wenches would pour out of their shanties together and run across the wide field with all their might, bandannas streaming from their heads and petticoats flopping about their legs, in sight of the whole army, which was aligned on the brow of the ridge overlooking the meadow. Many a laugh and also joke, not a few of them unsavory, would be fired off along the line of bluecoats who stood in full view of the scene, the main question being, Why do those slave women rush for the Union side, and not the other way? The answer usually given was that of their black lovers, and possibly some white ones, too) were with us. My reply, or, rather, my thought of a reply, was different: Those poor darkies show a double duty—they feel a loyalty to master and mistress, with whom they will stay and serve in peace, but in the pinch of danger they will flee to the white stranger, who they know is bringing them that dearest human boon, freedom.

During these weeks I saw a good deal of

the activity of war, with very little bloodshed, however. The firing on the picket line would blaze up suddenly; the orderlies would gallop through camp at break-neck speed to and from headquarters; the artillery would whip up its steeds and whirl in an awful dust and rumpus the cannon into position, which would at once start to belching smoke and shot, with a boom reverberating through the trees and over the hills. More silently, but more impressively, the blue patches of company, regiment, brigade, division, would joint themselves together by a quick magic, and spin themselves out into a long battle line without a break—each little part, yea, each individual, moving into place and forming a great whole at the word of command. Still no battle, though all the noise, and, perchance, the anxiety, of it daily; the rebels seemed to be practicing us in the pomp and circumstance of glorious war without hurting us. I have no doubt that their numbers were relatively few; they were blustering, trying to make us believe that they were a vast multitude. A skillful swoop on our part would have probably bagged the entire batch. But the whole army was at this time McClellanized with a paralysis of over-caution and the audacious rebels played bluff upon us with a grand impunity. Even in the West was felt the in-

fluence of that strange Potomac soldiership which was so addicted to taking the enemy's shadow for substance, and to seeing in his empty shows the solidest reality. But the first grand act of relief was soon to come—whence?

Some two or three weeks had passed in this way, when the regiment received orders to move to the extreme left of the Army of the Cumberland and to stop at a little hamlet where General Hazen had command. We marched across the country through Murfreesboro, practically along Rosecrans' whole front, and through an important portion of the famous field of battle, which had been fought about six months before and still showed many a sign of the furious struggle. During these days I succeeded in getting an opportunity of having a short visit with my brother, a brave boy, four years younger than myself, who was a member of the 65th Ohio, Harker's brigade.

We reached our little hamlet of not more than half a dozen houses, and put up our tents solidly under the supposition of a long stay. Imagine my surprise when word flew along the regimental line, late in the afternoon, just as I was driving into the ground the last peg for my improvised bedstead, that we must at once pull up and pack our things

again, in order to be ready to start on a long march early the next morning. All unnecessary baggage, such as desks, stools, clothing, etc., was to be thrown into a big pile and carted back to Nashville, whilst we, stripped to the smallest needs, were to make a mighty lurch forward across the country toward the Tennessee River in search of the enemy.

It would seem that Rosecrans had at last started, after many urgings from the War Department at Washington, and after repeated remonstrances of Grant, who sought to keep Bragg, the Confederate General in our front, from reinforcing the Southerners in their attempts to raise the siege of Vicksburg. And it was indeed high time. As our regiment moved into the main road we observed large quantities of provisions burning—a great pile of boxes of army crackers and of barrels of meat, with numerous other articles which could not be taken along or sent back—for instance, my half-worn pantaloons and my old shoes. Also my *Jomini* I had to give up, and two or three other books, not to be burned but to be stored, with the hope of getting them again; but I never saw them afterward. My little flexible *Horace* I still kept in my breast pocket, and often dallied with the poet's Lalage and other dreams during idle moments on the picket line. It was

reported that a few hours after our departure a hungry and ragged rebel regiment of cavalry dashed into the place and rescued from the flames a large part of the provisions and clothing, with which they filled their emptiness and covered their nakedness, at least in part. Furthermore, a sutler of one of our regiments, who could not so suddenly get away, they caught with all his delicacies, eatable and drinkable, and had a grand feast on the spot, with speeches—one by Billy Breckinridge, of Kentucky, as the rumor went. They also relieved the poor fellow of his greenbacks as contraband of war, leaving him only a tattered paper piece of ten cents and another of five cents. These remnants of his fortune he displayed to view when he had caught up with us a few days later, amid the suppressed sympathetic titter of the brigade.

On the first evening of our march the rain started to pour down, and persisted in remaining the chief enemy of our advance. I took my first taste of sleeping on the wet ground, with showers dashing into my face during the night. Our long blue line threaded its way over slippery hills, through dripping forests, on very primitive roads or on none at all. Soon the brooks and creeks, and even the common gulleys, were full of roaring streams, which, of course, we had to

wade and then to hurry on. I possessed a rubber blanket, but it was soon sopping wet and no longer shed the rain. Now and then the sun came out, sometimes staying long enough to dry us, but this was simply to delude us with vain hope, for soon the clouds would gather again and we would be doused in another celestial downpour. Thus it went on for nearly twenty days, according to my recollection, not a day of which failed to send a drenching shower, frequently two or three of them. We marched along in garments which would trickle with little jets of water; we splashed through the mud and forded madly-dashing torrents, which at times would moisten our necks. At night there was nothing to do but to lie down to peaceful slumber on the soaked leaves or grass; not seldom my couch was a puddle of water, which would be spread out under me during the night from the clouds above. Once I was literally washed out of bed beside what seemed a little brook when I lay down in the evening, but at midnight it had become a roaring cataract. I deemed myself lucky if I secured a fence-rail for a cot, which would lift me out of the water on the surface of the ground. I remember that I could curl up on the side of it, which might be three inches wide, and take my night's rest for the next day's march. Indeed,

I learned to turn over on the rail's edge during sleep without tumbling off into the pool around it everywhere. Now and then, however, the water would overtop my rail and keep me for a while in a permanent bath, which I endured for the sake of repose. I recollect of hearing often in the night the rain pattering on my rubber blanket as on a roof.

But what was more serious, the supply of food was threatened. The wagons of the commissariat could not possibly be hauled over the miserable roads with any degree of speed; they had to pass plunging streams, unbridged rivers and steep, slippery hills, with valleys of deep mud in between. After a few days we were without rations, and the boys often experienced a longing for some of "the hard-tack and sow-belly" which they saw blazing so finely when they set out. Fortunately there was some forage to be picked up along the road—a few chickens and pigs, as well as some potatoes, fruits and berries. At last we struck the line of railroad running from Tullahoma to McMinnville, between which lies the town of Manchester, where we again went into camp for several weeks. The lagging wagon trains finally came up, though quite empty, but the railroad soon brought us ample supplies. Still, before this took place the soldiers had begun to feel

the pinch of hunger. I heard one poor fellow say: "I have eaten my whole ration already; I shall have no food till to-morrow, and still I feel voracious just now." Officers purchased crackers and bacon for their mess from the commissariat; I bought an extra supply, and with it the boys of the company had a feast to their stomach's content, bringing their appetites down to date. Blackberries had just begun to ripen and were very abundant, in the neighborhood; with his crackers and sugar the soldier would cook them into puddings, pies, soups, making quite a variety of savory dishes.

The march, however, with its continued hot weather, had still further undermined my health and left in me traces of a weakened constitution, which I often can still feel. Certainly I have never been very robust since. It is my opinion now that I ought to have resigned, gone back home and, after recuperation, started in again. Still I resolved to stick. The untoward circumstances which seemed to crush upon me from the outside, without any special fault of my own, as far as I can see, begat in me a certain obstinacy to fight against fate, which is, I imagine, a trait of my character. I declined even to change my position to what was supposed to be a better. A friendly Lieutenant of the

Tenth Cavalry, to whom I had once done a small service, rode from a distant part of the front to our regiment and inquired for me. I happened not to be there, but was on picket duty. He followed me thither and imparted to me the object of his errand. He thought I could get a place on General Van Cleve's staff if I would allow him to use my name. I thanked him and answered him somewhat as follows: "I believe that I ought to stay here and work out my problem if I can. It is true that I have had almost no drill in the regiment; still, as you see, I have already in a few weeks caught up enough to maintain my position. I perform my share of camp duties; I often command my company; I go out on the battle-line and skirmish; we may have a little brush before you leave, and you, being mounted, can be my orderly. The great question with me is that of health, which I hope to regain as soon as this hot weather passes; if I cannot, I must pull out for a time and then start over again. I do not pretend to be in love with my present position or my associates; still, if I should go with you I would only be a weakling, a half man in activity and strength. I am indeed now not a half of what you used to see at Camp Mansfield. Much obliged to you, my good friend; I shall have to decline your offer, but I shall

to the end of time remember your kindness, which comes as a peculiar blessing to me under my present depressing circumstances."

The Lieutenant was astonished at my refusal, since staff positions were much sought after by the smaller officers of the line. This fact I had already noticed repeatedly. My immediate superior, for instance, would have given a pint of his precious blood for such a place, if I may judge from certain expressions. Moreover, I did not deem myself competent for any position of the sort, which must have had its special duties and responsibilities. Finally I did not think that there was the least chance of my getting it, should I apply, in spite of the assurances of my enthusiastic friend, who had showed his goodwill, or, what is deeper, his good heart, by the trouble which he had given himself for me.

While we lay encamped at Manchester, news came of that great historic Fourth of July made memorable by the battles of Gettysburg and Vicksburg. We all hoped that the war might speedily close, and one may well think that if wise statesmen had been at the head of the Southern Confederacy the two sides would have come to terms, undoubtedly with the Union restored and slavery abolished, but with quite everything else

saved to the South which she afterward lost, being spared likewise the sufferings of reconstruction, almost as great as those of war. Vicksburg revealed also the grand new trend toward the final triumph of the Union cause, which was to come from the West, not from the East, as had been hitherto supposed; in fact, the victorious round of the Western army began soon its march from the Mississippi eastward, not to stop really (though it apparently was stopped) till the surrender at Appomattox. With the best good-will on the part of the historian, he will have to consider Gettysburg as a *negative* victory, as far as the great end of the war, the restoration of the Union, was concerned; after it the two opposing armies simply fell back to their old positions, before each of which yawned that chasm of division between North and South, deep as hell, over which chasm neither army seemed able to pass without bloody disaster. In that case, however, separation was a fact, a success. On the other hand, Vicksburg was a *positive* victory, won very emphatically on the other side of the chasm, on the Confederate side of it, not to be recrossed by that Western soldiery till they marched home in peace. That the fall of Vicksburg was the chief pivot of the war in its turn toward the end might even

then be faintly seen (I do not say or think that I saw it in camp at Manchester, though I pondered not a little over the two mighty events); but that the war was not yet wound up was soon made plain to us by the new order, "Forward, march."

Our objective point was now Chattanooga. During this march we were not assailed from the skies with cataracts of rain. On the contrary, we had to climb up skyward, often with great toil. Mountains now placed themselves in our path, with their steep ascents and bad roads. Soon the trains were behind, and we had to live on what we could get from the country, which fortunately supplied us generously with green corn. Peaches were very abundant and just getting ripe. I often had to wonder at the quantity of peach trees, which seemed to grow everywhere, even in the woods. Still, such a diet could not long take the place of bread and meat. We were hungry for days, officers as well as privates. The Major of the regiment rode through the company's tents one evening, shaking a ten-dollar greenback in his hand and offering it for a cracker. He did not get the cracker. At last we came to the topmost ridge of the Cumberland range, or, rather, of an outlying spur of the same, up whose steep side we had to mount, under the blazing Southern sun of

midsummer, a little before noonday. I believe this climb to have been the most desperate physical effort I ever put forth in my life. The regiment could hardly march its length without a rest. The soldiers, at the command to halt, would be panting, with tongues lolling out like dogs, in the excess of their fatigue, after going only a few rods. There was no water to be had, and the thirst became maddening, especially on top of an empty stomach. There were some moist spots here and there visible in the dust of the roadside—remains of the heavy dew which the sun had not yet reached owing to the protection of the shade of trees or of bushes. Upon these slightly damp patches the men would fling themselves and bury their hands in the cooling dust, or even wash their faces with it for the sake of the little drop of refreshing moisture. I saw one poor fellow actually lick the ground with his tongue in the frenzy of his thirst. The bugle would sound, which meant that all must rise from their prostrate position to their feet and march another few rods. With the greatest difficulty they could be gotten to stand up. As officer, I had to go around and to prod several with the tip of my sword scabbard before they would move; then I heard again deep curses of the war. As for myself, I was weak and unwell, and I

felt like lying down on a bed of leaves which I saw there and breathing my last in solitary peace; but responsibility nerved me to my task without letting me think on myself or giving me time enough to give up. Finally, after a life-and-death struggle of more than two hours, harder than any battle, we reached the comb of the Cumberlands, bringing the ambulances full of the mountain's wounded—not, indeed, bleeding from bullets, but sun-shot we may call them. Upon a little plateau we found a well-head of cold, bubbling water, which ran off in a pellucid brook, into which we all waded with shoes off after drinking of it. Never before or since has a fountain seemed to me so divine, appearing to us as a merciful goddess in person, and alleviating our sorest need. No wonder the old Greeks could see a nymph or naiad in each little brook or stream. On our first march we had too much water, and felt like cursing it; on this second march there was too little of it, and when we at last found it, imprecation changed to a kind of reverence.

After a rest and a meal we began our descent on the other side—an easy way to travel, even down to Inferno (*facilis descensus*)—too easy in this case to be memorable. We entered the Sequatchie Valley and moved forward to a spot not far from the Tennessee

River, where again we went into camp for some weeks. The interesting fact here was the strong Unionism of East Tennessee. The welcome to the bluecoats was hearty everywhere; the men came out of their hiding places, in which they had been secreted for fear of the remorseless Confederate conscription. The young fellows were all in the Union army, and each mother had her tale of anxieties and hardships. The first day I was on picket duty. The leading man of the locality, a doctor, came to my line with important information, he said. I sent him to our General's headquarters, where he was well known by name and warmly saluted. The women would snuff and dip and smoke dog-leg; they would flock into camp to see the Yankees. They were entertained with the music of the brigade band, but their chief delight seemed to run toward our tobacco. Incredibly ignorant they were, even in regard to the war; but their instinctive devotion to the Union was to me very affecting. They declared that there was only one rebel in the neighborhood; a woman pointed out his house to me with a vengeful look and word which bespoke the feud. One of the chief mistakes of the war on the Northern side was that the Federals did not at once march into East Tennessee after the victory

of Mill Spring, and organize it for the Union cause. It is said that Thomas wished to do so, but that Buell vetoed the plan.

After some days, an order was received one evening, just after supper, that we should all be ready to march in an hour. We started just with the peep of the moon over the rearward Cumberlands, and pushed forward rapidly all night without a stop, our path being always illuminated by the friendly lunar lamp hung up for us in the sky. With sunrise we reached the pebbly shore of the Tennessee River, rippling and sparkling under the first slanting beams of the solar luminary. I gazed at it with delight, though I had hardly strength enough left in me for a single joy. We all lay down and took a morning nap of a couple of hours, when again the bugle sounded, and we were shaken out of the deep slumber of body and soul wearied and worn, to renew the march. After a bite of breakfast along with its cup of coffee, we came to the shelving edge of the Tennessee, which was cold and clear, shallow but wide, and quite swift at this point. We were ordered to pull off our shoes and carry them, then to roll up our pantaloons as far as possible and wade in. As we descended into the rapid and chilly current I could barely keep on my feet, which would often slip in the ooze of a stone

or be gored by a sharp-pointed rock. But the chief battle was with the hurrying stream, which seemed bent on whirling me up by the heels, and thus carrying me on its back, or, as I began to think, on its bier. When I raised one foot to take the next step it seemed as if I would be swept away if I did not at once set it down again. Indeed, at the deepest part I dared not raise my foot-soles from the bottom of the river, but pushed my toes along over the stones like a thousand-legged worm. Once I did tread on the sharp edge of a slate, and down I went in a complete bath, and was even floating, when a soldier added a little of his strength to my remaining bit, whereby I recovered my footing. Our small drummer boy could not stand by himself in the current, but toppled over, while his drum was seen gaily dancing down-stream, with one of his drum-sticks (the other he clung to), while he began to bob up and down in the water and to scream. I tried to help the little fellow, but really I could not help myself; I dared not lift my foot to get to him. The Colonel happened to see the scene from his perch on his horse, and ordered the color-bearer to assist the boy, whose musical implements were picked up by a wading soldier further down, before whom they were merrily playing a

kind of rack-a-tack on the wavelets of the stream. This color-bearer was the tallest man in the brigade, being not far from seven feet high. When his pantaloons were rolled up to his crotch he stalked, with his long, bare legs, into the water like a flamingo and waded with ease through the swift current, in the middle of which he unfurled his flag and waved it in a sort of bravado, not only at the rebels over the river, but at the regiment floundering through the stream behind him, as if to boast: "Here I am the leader of you all." At last the bottom began to slant shoreward to an island conveniently situated halfway across the river bed. Upon this charitable oasis we lay down and took a good rest. In a moment my eyelids fell together; I drowsed and slid off into a gentle slumber there upon the grass, owing to my lack of sleep during the previous night and to the renewed fatigue. Again I was waked by the stern command of the bugle, though I could hardly pull apart my eye-lashes. Again I wished that the grassy bed under me might be my last rest. But a friendly hand reached me a cup of coffee, with some crackers, and, what I remember with a special gratitude, a large bunch of luscious grapes called often the Muscatel, which grew wild in great profusion on the island and could be plucked almost

anywhere. I succeeded in culling several clusters and devouring them during my walk; they seemed to give me strength and courage to make the second plunge into the other half of the Tennessee.

This portion of the river, though quite as wide as the other, was not so swift, and hence not so difficult to ford; otherwise I believe I could not have pulled myself through, weak as I was. Still, a peculiar incident occurred during the passage, which I remember, as well as my feelings about it. The carcass of a drowned negro came floating past us from above somewhere. More than one soldier, wrestling with the current, spoke outright: "Well, he is free of our trouble, anyhow." I said nothing, being an officer in authority, but internally I echoed the sentiment even more deeply: "Would that I were in his place." Finally again we began to creep up the shelving shore to the bank, and the crossing was complete. This passage of the Tennessee, as it lies in my memory, was quite as trying as the ascent of the Cumberlands, with one very material exception—there was no crazing thirst. We had plenty of clear, cool water; indeed, just a little too much of it. Thus the suffering was not so great, though the physical effort must have been about the same, being pushed in both cases to the very top-notch of human exertion and endurance.

We were now on the Southern side of the great river, which hitherto seemed a boundary line between us and the enemy. Chattanooga had fallen without a blow, and we were pushing for Georgia. It was known that Bragg, the Confederate commander, was receiving reinforcements and would soon be in a condition to turn on his pursuers. I was detailed with a squad to assist and guard the trains in crossing the river. We picked up a Confederate soldier in his gray uniform; a prisoner he claimed to be, in his Irish brogue, but was probably a deserter, or he might have been a spy, which I rather suspected to be his character. With our other duties we could not keep close watch over him, and he might have escaped a dozen times, but his mind did not lean that way, so Pat was brought without trouble to our headquarters. The long line of wagons passed the stream without accident and moved at once toward the front, where the boys needed some of its bounties, especially some of its large store of salt, for a handful of which our Confederate Patrick overwhelmed me with a deluge of his grateful blarney, declaring that he had tasted nothing of the kind for months. I climbed into a loaded wagon and threw myself down on a coffee sack, a luxurious jolting bed, on which I enjoyed a ride and a sleep of several hours.

About noon we came to a place where two important roads crossed, and where in the distance I saw a line of soldiers lounging about, yet with stacked arms. On approaching closer I found them to be the Kentucky regiment of our brigade, whose men were jabbering, swaggering and staggering in the strangest sort of way. It was soon plain that they were all drunk. But how could they have gotten so much of their favorite Bourbon down here? I spoke to some of its officers, whom I knew, and inquired eagerly: "What's up now?" I was told that, on account of repeated rumors of bands of rebel cavalry lurking in the neighborhood, the regiment had been detached to protect the train from possible attack. But one thing seemed pretty certain—a determined company of horsemen could have captured the whole regiment in its present condition. I was startled both at the news and at the situation, for we also had been hitherto very careless, loitering along and riding in the wagons, not suspecting any danger. I proceeded at once to get my little squad in fighting trim, and in case of emergency to protect, as far as possible, our protectors, most of whom could not protect themselves. Fortunately no peril appeared, and after the first excitement my own blue-bloused lads wished to get a swallow for their stomachs' sake, or,

rather, many swallows of that exhilarating liquid, I being even more eager to keep it from them in any large quantity. A Kentucky officer told me the story. His regiment was halted at this point and ordered to wait for the train. Some of the men went foraging as usual, and found in an outhouse belonging to a planter's mansion just at hand several large hogsheads of apple brandy, whose faucets they at once turned and then helped themselves. They carried a sample of the liquor in their canteens to their comrades, and also imparted the news, keeping the whole thing hidden from the officers till the entire rank and file of the regiment was supplied. Of course the secret was soon found out, or, rather, it leaked out of itself, and a guard, commanded by a Captain, was placed over the precious fluid, so that the privates could get no more; then the officers had their turn. Still, of these I saw none intoxicated or unfit for duty. A Kentucky Lieutenant, whom I knew, came up to me and whispered in a low tone: "Now is your chance; you can get some." I thought that a small dram after so much exertion would not hurt my boys, and certainly I needed a little cheer myself; so I slung three canteens over my shoulders and went to the outhouse, which was only a few rods distant. There I easily passed the guard and filled all

the canteens, taking a couple of swallows myself, with an immediate improvement of my temper, I thought. The kind Kentucky Captain in charge said, with a genial, hospitable smile: "Come back again and pay us another visit." I had enough to go around, giving to each of the boys a respectable draught, sufficient to stimulate but not inebriate. Then I put them in line and felt impelled to make a little speech: "Now, boys, we must stay just here. I do not wish any straggling. The enemy is reported hovering near by, and we must be ready to meet him at a moment's notice. If a troop of cavalry should now bear down upon us, you can easily see that you are the fittest men to receive them. We have, and shall have for an hour or two at least, a special responsibility, few though we be. I promise you, however, that as soon as our comrades yonder get sobered up somewhat, I shall give you another small banquet. But the last wagon must safely pass first." Then I called up to my side one of my soldiers, Big Hon (so nick-named), a notorious toper, who had already caused me trouble enough with his whisky-drinking at Cleveland, where he was enlisted, and especially at Cincinnati, where I had to push him out of a levee groggery aboard the packet for Louisville. I spoke to him: "Now, Hon, I know that two drams of

liquor mean less to you than one dram to any one of the rest of us. There is a little left in this canteen, so I shall give you a double portion.'' Hon took it thankfully and swallowed it at a gulp, amid the laughter of the crowd; but the curious result was that three or four others at once reported as topers also and wanted their second swig. As they were honest men in this matter, I squeezed the last drop for them out of all three canteens, and then deployed the little band at favorable points for watching any rising squall, saying to them finally: ''Vigilance now for one good long hour, and possibly a little more, and the danger will blow over.'' But not a speck of menace appeared anywhere on the horizon; the last wagon of the train rolled by in safety; the Kentuckians began to get into line preparatory to a start; we whirled into the road in advance of them—I not forgetting to fill the three canteens again for the boys, with a double portion for Hon and a drop or two extra for the other self-confessed topers. Of course I did not wholly neglect myself, and it so happened that I, doubtless more than any other man of the company, needed just this little stimulant in order to pull through. The boys were happy, though certainly not intoxicated, and sang songs in their jollity, while I trudged along, silent and weak, yet glad to

be able to put one foot before the other. But this was destined to be my last military act, winding up my service in the faint shadow of a little exploit.

After some hours we drew into Ringgold, Georgia, where the brigade then lay. I brought my men to our regiment and dismissed them to their respective companies. As I passed regimental headquarters, the Adjutant handed me a paper, which I opened and read. My resignation, which I had sent in not long before, had been accepted. Both surgeons—one of the regiment and the other of the brigade—had declared that I was physically unfit for duty, or, as it was put, incompetent for further service. I certainly thought so myself. There was some hitch, I recollect, about the form of the resignation, but finally it got itself so worded that it went through. And indeed high time it was that I should be off if my life was to mean anything. I did not feel like throwing it away without another trial. That night, when the responsibility was over, I was quite unnerved, and probably was not far from a collapse.

It must be recollected that I was now not half a man physically; that first malady still hounded me and dragged me down, and the recent arduous campaign had reduced me to a nervous wreck. I must confess to the belief

that I could not have gotten through that last little military act of mine if a heaven-sent cordial had not been at the right moment handed to me in the unexpected gift of the planter's apple brandy. I was aware that for days I had been living and, as it were, balancing upon the edge of my nerves. In the morning I woke up much debilitated, indeed, but feeling myself a free man once more, with a new hope and a new chance. I had found some good friends in the regiment, but on the whole I parted from it without regret, and it doubtless requited the feeling.

Soon I struck into the road for Chattanooga, and hired a darkey teamster to let me ride in his wagon. After a day's stay in that town, I passed over Lookout Mountain to Stevenson by the same sort of conveyance. At this last point, just across the river, the railroad picked me up and carried me to Nashville, and then to Louisville. I reached my home, Mount Gilead, in the last of September, not far from the day when I had set out for Camp Mansfield the year before. Thus I had rounded out about one year of military service. With the change of climate and a regular mode of life I began to recuperate, and soon felt myself able to do a little studying. My library was still shelved upstairs quite as I left it; the books looked down at me wistfully, as if beg-

ging for a perusal and a deeper acquaintance; lasting friends they had verily showed themselves. Not infrequently had I thought of them, and, indeed, longed for them, while at the front. Already I felt that when my career got to running on its true legs, it would have much to do with books. So I had a glad reunion with my old comrades, all to myself, in my room during the pleasant autumnal days. I may say that I already felt the Destinies spinning my life-thread into a Writer of Books.

But the time would not leave me alone in my quiet study. The bloody battle of Chickamauga had occurred, in which our town and county had many soldiers. At once a dreadful anxiety seized upon the community, especially upon the women, as it seemed to me, moved to sympathy by the almost distracted wives of the absent volunteers. All were profoundly stirred by what they knew, and perhaps still more by what they did not know. Our family saw the son of our next neighbor brought home in his coffin from the battlefield. Meantime we were enduring at home our own torture. What had become of my younger brother, who was known to have been in the pinch of the conflict? After a week or so we heard that he had been dangerously wounded and taken prisoner. Some time later news came

that an exchange had been allowed in his case on account of the severity of his injuries—he had received two wounds by the same ball. From these he slowly recovered, and is still living. But in the anguish of that town I experienced the sufferings of those who had to stay at home during the war—especially the wives, mothers and sisters.

Meantime I had an opportunity to do some work at Cincinnati, whither I went from Mount Gilead. Here again study edged itself into my employment. Through the influence of a Spaniard, with whom I became acquainted, my interest centered wholly upon the Romance tongues—Spanish, Italian and French. I believe that I also dipped a little into Portuguese. The city furnished opportunities for practicing all these languages with natives, whom I hunted up at one place or other, usually in the humblest callings. Thus I passed the winter, recuperating at ease in well-sheltered quarters, thinking that I might return to military service when the fine weather of spring set in, as the war was certainly the essential business of the time.

My year of soldiership had been prolific of a great variety of employments. I had seen the war both at the rear and at the front, in many, perhaps in most, of its aspects. Somehow my military life would shape itself

toward giving me a diversity of experiences, flinging me to the right and left, up and down, on this duty and on that, till I had heard and felt in my humble place nearly every note of its many-toned gamut. At present I was listening in quiet convalescence, but with intense sympathy, to all the varying sounds which arose from the gigantic struggle. Even after Gettysburg and Vicksburg, both sides seemed to put forth a greater effort. Grant had gone East, but had been unable to tip the dreadful balance, suspended seemingly from heaven, between the two armies. In the West, however, the sun of the war had definitely risen and was rapidly circling eastward in a never-retreating march toward the close.

While I was still wintering at Cincinnati and waiting on the future, I went into the Public Library one day and happened to glance at a St. Louis newspaper. In it I read a little advertisement to the following purport: "Wanted—A teacher of Greek and Latin, for three hours daily; compensation fifty dollars a month." I had already longed to see St. Louis; its history during the early part of the war had been unique, it appeared at my distance to be altogether different from any other city of the land, more foreign, more cosmopolitan, more un-American in its conception of freedom. Seemingly it was evolv-

ing after some new political pattern, which I wished to observe at first hand. A party somewhat like the European Red Republicans had there risen to the surface and threatened for a while to re-enact the bloody deeds of the French Revolution. It was a Teutonic city of the radical type, while New York had become a Celtic city. At once I applied by letter for the position, and received a favorable response. With the next train I was whirling toward St. Louis in early March, 1864, where I am now writing this book, having unfolded into this Writer of Books.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

AT ST. LOUIS.

So it fell out that a little advertisement in a newspaper under the head of "Wants" became the main pivot of my whole life. That small bit of our modern papyrus leaf, stamped with words by the magic of movable types, was to me the voice of the God from above (say Pallas Athena) and whirled me around into a new career which has lasted to this day. A providential node in human existence we may well deem such an event, looking backward at it through the long vista of the transparent years which, like the lenses of a huge telescope, bring into light the true significance of the little speck of a remote occurrence.

A few hours after my arrival on the first morning I went to the corner of Eighth and Cerre streets and entered a spacious building,

which has now been swallowed up in the great railroad station. I did not know who the Christian Brothers were, had indeed never heard of them; but when I entered the reception room and saw the pictures on the walls, the crucifix, and the Popes, it struck me all at once that this must be a Catholic institution, and I concluded that my journey would be fruitless. For I supposed that the first question would be: "Are you a Catholic?" I would have to say, "No, sir." What other answer would follow but "Then we cannot employ you." As I sat there ruminating upon this new freak of life's kaleidoscope, a tall man in long black stole, like a woman's dress, and with skull-cap fitted closely to the back of his head, entered the door from the rear and walked straight up to me with a pleasant smile, which I much needed, and extended his hand. This was the director of the institution, and I reached him the letter which had been sent to me by way of introduction. "Glad to see you. We need a teacher of classics; instructors in that department are hard to find. Come to-morrow morning." Not a word about religion. He hurried from the room and soon returned with a waiter bearing an armful of textbooks in Greek and Latin, which I was to teach. The highest was a class in Ovid, the rest

quite elementary. Still not even a religious squint. I took the books and declared my readiness to begin at the appointed hour. Then he sat down on a chair near me and his features fell into a sober look. I thought to myself: "Now it is going to pop out." But he said about as follows: "We have a higher class in English Literature, and there is nobody to teach it; could you take it?" "Certainly," I replied, "that is just the branch I would like to tackle." His smile returned while saying: "Good! your answer relieves us of some anxiety about that study." He at once sent out and ordered the servant to bring in to me the two large volumes of *Chamber's Cyclopedia of English Literature* —a work which I had long wished to possess. "That is your textbook, take it along; start with it to-morrow"—whereat he withdrew. Still not a question about my religion, and of course I said nothing about his.

Those two volumes on Literature which he gave to me I have kept—they are lying before me as I write these words. They became intimate companions for the next two years, and had their influence upon the direction of my life. The Latin and Greek which I taught meant little or nothing to me then, as I had long since transcended such a rudimentary stage of classical training. But that

very considerable body of English Literature, arranged with copious extracts in historical order, spun an important thread through my whole future. I came to know fairly well the total sweep of our literary heritage, with all its splendid names and works; I added supplementary reading of my own, especially of poetry. And that is not all; the book acted creatively upon me, and stimulated to composition, in particular to a poetical utterance of my inner life which was still far from being reposeful. I could find nearly every form of human expression in that comprehensive manual; some of these forms appealed to me strongly and drove me to reproduction. The burden of the war and my paramount duty to its requirements still weighed upon me, and often made me miserable and pressed my misery out of me into expression. I consoled myself, however, with doing what seemed to be sent to me, and took refuge in my studies, waiting for any turn elsewhither which might whirl into my path with compelling power.

During this time I also kept active the bent toward the modern tongues which I had received at Cincinnati. I ate at French boarding houses, talked with Italian peanut sellers, roomed in the midst of the German quarter; there was one beer garden across

the alley from me (the old Tivoli), another flourished just over the street before my window (then called the Washington Garden). I tried to converse in all these languages, and read a few books in them all, seizing every opportunity I could find for practicing ear, eye and tongue in my linguistic zeal. While I did my school work in English, I became a stranger to it the moment I stepped outside of my class room; I ran away from the sound of my native speech in a sort of alienation. I longed to be a polyglot, and several times I recollect of speaking four different languages in the same company—I do not say how well. Once many years afterwards I did, or tried to do, the same trick at a cosmopolitan sociable when I was in Rome. But now a veritable polyglottic mania had seized me and raged with more or less violence for quite two years, which, therefore, I may call my polyglottic period. I caught up these languages rather easily, I think; my chief obstacle was to keep them from mixing indiscriminately together. Especially those beautiful daughters of the Latin—Italian, French, Spanish—had the mischievous caprice to slip into one another's shoes during conversation and speak a word, or termination, or letter, and then vanish. I kept trouncing my tongue for yielding to such little perverse pranks,

which seemed almost the work of petty spite among these linguistic maidens, each of which persisted in manifesting this slight touch of jealousy when too much attention was paid to one of her sisters.

Naturally I tried to reach out a little into the literature of these Romance Languages, and into the world which they uttered. I recollect of delving persistently into the literary masterpiece of modern Italy, the novel *I Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni. I did nothing with Dante at this time, but fell upon Petrarch, whose sentimental mood touched a responsive strain in me, and also imparted to me a literary form, the sonnet, in which I indulged a good deal during this biennium. Of course I read many adaptations of the sonnet in English, some of which laid hold of me more strongly than Petrarch's. In French I took my first plunge into Victor Hugo's ocean, swimming out with some lyrical fragments and with his bizarre *Notre Dame* whizzing fantastically through my head. A genius, elemental and colossal surely; but I then heard his falsetto note, which some catch and some do not, making his message of very questionable truth and sanity. With all his Alpine magnitude and Titanic strength he has not written a Literary Bible for his race. Well, who has? Very few, indeed; but enough on this line.

At the Christian Brothers I continued my work till the conclusion of the scholastic year, about the end of June (1864). Then came the exhibition, with examinations. A large tent was spread over the back yard, and for the best part of a week the school turned itself inside out to the public and showed what it had been doing. The priesthood was present in numbers; Father Ryan, I remember, already distinguished for his pulpit eloquence. What surprised me most was the wine room, to which a dark and devious passage led, and in which the fraternity served a hospitable banquet to their select guests, consisting mainly of clergymen, though I was present. In such good and holy company I, of course, took my little dram, considering what Oberlin would say to such a scene, and to me, after an absence of barely two years.

Scarcely had I emerged from the dark passage into the well-lighted tent, where a student was delivering a declamation, when I heard the sharp crack of a musket. At once that large audience of 2,000 people and more sprang up in terror and made a rush for any avenue of escape, a few even trying to clamber over the high brick wall surrounding the yard. Some screams were heard and also anxious cries of women mingled with excited shouts of men. A dangerous panic was im-

minent, and the fright was intensified when a lieutenant of the guard at the head of four or five bluecoats with fixed bayonets burst through the rear gate and rushed to a high platform, where a sentinel was pacing his regular beat within the yard. What was the matter? Next to the edifice of the Christian Brothers stood M'Dowell's Medical College, a building then used for a military prison. This sentinel pretended that he saw a prisoner escaping on the roof and shot off his gun, whose report of course brought the officer and soldiers on watch in a hurry. A glance showed that no such escape was possible and that the whole thing was a soldier's mischievous prank. I ran toward the seething point, and remonstrated with the lieutenant, insisting that he should help us quiet the people—which he did to the best of his ability. Soon all was calm again on the surface and the exercises proceeded to their close. A St. Louis audience at that time was very sensitive to gunnery; Camp Jackson and the murderous fusillades in the streets during the early part of the war were still held in vivid remembrance, which would start a tremor of excitement at the shot of a pistol.

I had all along supposed that my services would be dispensed with at the end of the scholastic year, since I had from the begin-

ning regarded my engagement as a temporary makeshift for the school till its managers could find a teacher of their own faith. During the coming vacation they would have ample time to hunt up my successor. Imagine my surprise when the director came to me and wished to re-engage me for the next year. I had not given up my design of returning to the army, if the need of soldiers continued. As the war seemed then to be drawing toward a close I accepted the proposal of the director, in spite of certain twinges of conscience. But I could quit the position at any time if the military necessity arose. So I compromised with my patriotism and stayed in the rear. Some months later the long civil conflict did actually come to an end at Appomattox, to be followed by a new oppressive burden, that of reconstruction.

During the first months of my stay in St. Louis I took boarding at the Pension Française of Pierre Guilloz on Walnut street, not far from the old cathedral. This I did chiefly for the purpose of practicing my tongue in French speech, not of indulging my palate in French cookery, which had too much garlic in it to suit my taste. There I soon took special notice of the striking figure of a man who daily entered the waiting room a little before dinner, sat down and read his news-

paper till the bell struck, when he would make a springy dash for his meal. He had the quick, almost wild, eye of the hunter; his body was very compactly and stoutly knit without a flabby spot of flesh in it—tall, arrowy and lithe. His face was unshaven, though sparse of beard, which seemed rather furzy on the cheeks but somewhat denser on chin and upper lip. But the most prominent feature was an enormous nose, somewhat hooked, which had the power of flattening and bulging, of curling and curveting and crooking in a variety of ways expressive of what was going on within him. It was seldom in repose while he was talking, but played around in response to his feelings, especially when excited—an index of his mobile subjectivity. The whole physical man rayed forth at every point two main qualities: agility and strength, which, it afterwards became evident, were not only corporeal, but also mental.

That was my first glimpse of Henry C. Brockmeyer, a person with whom my life was destined to be longer and closer interwoven than with that of any other human being. He did not attract me now; indeed, I felt antipathetic to him rather. Still we had a single somewhat lengthy chat together. One evening after supper I happened to be talk-

ing with a pupil of the Christian Brothers who boarded at Guilloz's about some literary matter. I noticed Brockmeyer listening with interest, then approaching and finally edging into the conversation which he soon absorbed, I quizzing him a little now and then. He launched out upon Goethe's Faust, especially the Second Part, on which he said that he had given or was then giving a course of private talks. These he invited me to attend, should I wish. He also made some comments on Shakespeare's Hamlet, and cited from memory considerable passages of that play—a thing which I never heard him do afterwards; in fact, he did not know Shakespeare as a whole. Finally he plunged into philosophy, and uttered with emphasis and even with affection the magic name of Hegel, of whom I had read at college the account in Morell's History of Philosophy. I remember that I asked him a question of this sort: Is the principle of your philosophy subjective or objective? He jumped up suddenly and filled his pipe with tobacco, lit it and started to puffing; then holding his pipestem firmly in one corner of his mouth and articulating out of the other he ejaculated hissingly the words: "Objective, of course." He shot through the door into the dark, and I never had another conversation with him at Guil-

lioz', though I saw him repeatedly afterwards. He rather repelled me; certainly I did not reach for him then, as I did later, and did not accept his invitation. I looked upon him as a rude, self-taught specimen of the wild west, whose life-line had been and would continue to be very different from mine. Still I already felt the demonic in him, though not sympathetically.

The truth is I was not ready for him. The war still lowered over the country, and over me and all my future; that kept me unsettled, and unfit for any far outlook. Nor was I yet sufficiently liberated from the shackles of my old training to appreciate the unconventional freedom of the backwoods philosopher. I was still too formal to fraternize with the very informal Mr. Brockmeyer. If I understand his action, he reached out for me at that time from a certain feeling of kinship after hearing some remark of mine to the student; then he dropped me as soon as he had tested my spiritual verdancy. Besides, I was then deeply interested in other studies: the acquisition of the Romance tongues and the mastery of the general sweep of English Literature. As already indicated, I was too intent upon both these very considerable subjects to relax my grip. So we did not gravitate toward each other, though sitting daily at

the same table. I preferred to chat a little bad French with some frowsy foreigner at my elbow to talking high philosophy with its supreme genius just before me.

One evening this same spring it was when Mr. Brockmeyer brought as his guest a gentleman with whom I was later intimately associated for the rest of a lifetime, the Hon. J. G. Woerner, afterwards Judge of the Probate Court of St. Louis during many years. The two, I remember, sat in front of me at the long dining table, and were then excogitating some measures for stemming the excessive and really dangerous radicalism of the dominant party of the city. Woerner was induced to run for Mayor quite against his wishes (as I have heard him say repeatedly) and was beaten by Thomas. Both he and Brockmeyer were strong Union men, had been organizers and officers of the early home guards who held the State firm to the cause, and both voted for Abraham Lincoln that same year (1864). Both, too, were Germans, and I have always thought that if their countrymen, who mostly leaned toward a violent, hot radicalism (European-born, I think), and who were very hostile to Lincoln, could have been brought to listen to their advice, Missouri would not have taken refuge a few years later in what was practically a

Confederate control of the State, which lasted a quarter of a century. But enough of politics, which, I hold, constituted Brockmeyer's grand fatality, the eclipse of his genius.

As I now look back at my own condition, I still had a year and more to serve in apprenticeship to formal erudition, to transmitted knowledge, to the old self, before I could take the step to the new. That year I was engaged to teach at the Christian Brothers, being the second of my biennial stay there (1865-6). I knew little of the inner workings of the school—that was the special field of the order which I was not expected to pry into. All the more I felt the need of some associated work, and so was prepared to move into a new horizon which began to unfold to my eager vision.

In the early fall of 1865 I happened to be boarding on Chouteau avenue and Fourteenth street, where I met a Dr. Hall, with whom I passed a casual word. He told me that he was a member of a philosophical club of a few members who assembled at a private house in the northern part of the city. On the following Sunday there was to be a meeting, which he invited me to attend as his guest. I accepted the invitation, and at the appointed time we rode in the horse car to Salisbury street, on which stood the house of

our host, who, by the way, was none other than William Torrey Harris, then a young man of about thirty years. As we entered the front parlor, whose walls were tapestried with pictures and book cases, there sat, amid a group of five or six other gentlemen, my whilom acquaintance, Mr. Brockmeyer, who extended his hand to me, still keeping his seat, and bade me welcome. On being introduced, he said: "Oh, yes; I recollect you well."

The company had been listening to a translation of Hegel's History of Philosophy, by Mr. Harris, the reading of which continued when we had taken our seats. If a doubtful point arose in regard to the meaning of the German words, or of the thought, Harris always referred it to Brockmeyer as the oracle, who would forcibly and undoubtingly deliver his response as one having authority. Some of the others might ask a question, but they seemed humble learners, mere tyros—a fact, by the way, which gave me courage and made me esteem myself on a par with them at least. I remember Harris well as he sat reading there through his gold-rimmed spectacles, yet with a kind of eyeless introverted look. Pale, nervously twitching, thin-cheeked and seemingly thin-blooded, with a sharp face and rather pointed nose, he appeared a needle

that could prick keenly and deeply into things. A soft silken coverlet of hair at that time spread over his temples, and his features were knit of exceedingly fine and delicate lines; one-half of his face was very regular and showed almost a sculpturesque perfection, the other half was uneven in comparison and more craggy in outline. Very decided was his Yankee intonation of speech; every word and often every syllable of a word would bear the New England stamp in its very utterance, even to the gentle nasal shading. Harris was never able to get rid of this peculiar streak in his pronunciation, in his character and in his thinking; no wonder that some years later he fled back to his symphonious New England out of the discordant West.

The situation soon disclosed itself. Brockmeyer was emphatically the center, though not as little point, but as center so huge that he came nigh to being the circumference also. He was the Olympian Zeus of that little set of mortals, and it was soon evident that he had on hand a quiver full of thunderbolts, tipped and pronged with fire, by means of which he could pierce at will the fiends of darkness. I saw the slight flare of one or two little ones which he hurled from his seat, lapsing then into Jovian serenity. Undoubt-

edly Harris was next to him of that group, yet very different; indeed there was a strong contrast physically, mentally and, I may add, morally, between the two men. Harris showed himself the active worker of the philosophical set, the eager propagandist, the fervent disciple; the most advanced pupil he was assuredly, still a pupil, an industrious learner delving into the printed page of Hegel and sitting at the feet of the living Brockmeyer. I had not yet gotten even to his feet.

I by no means understood the whole of what was read that afternoon, though it was an easy part of Hegel, being indeed largely historical. If it had been purely speculative, I surely would have been landed in Erebos. As it was, I caught many shreds of meaning in separate passages, but chiefly I saw in faint outline the vast sweep as well as the depth of the Hegelian system. The paper from which Harris read was the "Introduction to Hegel's History of Philosophy;" that was verily my introduction to the philosopher and to real philosophy—probably the piece best adapted to my intelligence at that moment. Moreover, the whole was lit up at obscure points by Brockmeyer's lightning, which would flash a sudden illumination over the heights and into the depths of that to me new and misty world. I marveled even

more at his poetic power than at his philosophic. The feeling came over me that here was something which I needed, and must proceed at once to get. Brockmeyer became for me that day the interesting, all-dominating personality of my earthly existence. I saw that he was the man who knew philosophy as the supernal science; he called himself an Hegelian, but he could re-create Hegel, could even poetize the latter's dry, colorless abstractions in a many-tinted display of metaphorical scintillations. To be sure he was oracular in manner, high-throned, Olympian; he was not going to play the disciple, he hardly seemed to care whether anybody got his message or not; he would tell it if asked when in the right mood; but to go forth preaching it in the streets, not he. He was divine indeed, but like Aristotle's God, *movens non motus,* which principle I have heard him cite with a smile of sympathy which seemed to be born of his innermost selfhood. In such lofty-peaked altitudes he dwelt, somewhat by himself; this lay deepest in his character, apparently his fated limit, which he would not and possibly could not transcend. Still the man longed for recognition, though he gave none, or very little; especially his contemporaries fell under his unsparing malediction. Harris, on the contrary, was al-

ways eager to impart; indeed, I have seen him force some new insight of his, of which he was full, upon an unwilling listener whom he had cornered and who could not in decency get away. This was one of his best traits and it gave him in the long run a personal influence which was unique. Brockmeyer, then, lacked in the appreciating others, unless they were distant from him in time and space; from my point of view he was also deficient in imparting what was best of him to those around him. Still he could always be called out if taken in the right way and on the right topic. Too self-contained a demigod I have to think him, though of the Olympians.

When the reading had ended and we were about to start homeward, Harris put into my hand one of Hegel's volumes and asked me to begin a translation of it, as my first discipline in philosophy. Brockmeyer, by the way, would never think of doing such a thing. In fact, he did not own at that time a set of Hegel, but borrowed what he wanted of Harris, who showed a touch of his pedagogical character by whipping me into line the first day. I took the work, which was the "Philosophy of Nature." The next morning I began my earliest grapple with the great German philosopher, and of course got thrown. Still I rose to my feet and went at him again and

again, goaded afresh by the new stimulation. I now have before me those first attempts, which are dated October, 1865. Strange to say, I was whelmed headforemost by that book into the most abstruse problem of philosophy, the discussion of Space and Time, which Hegel places as the primal forms of Nature. Here I may mention a little coincidence: this very year (1909) I have in my own development as a Writer of Books gone back to the science of Nature, and have been compelled to deal once more with Space and Time in a new work (Cosmos and Diacosmos). I look back at those struggles of forty-five years ago with a sort of compassion for the tyro who has such a long journey before him in writing books, first one and then another and then still another, till finally, now he, an old man, has to write a book about his writing of books. Fortunately nobody is forced to read them, though the writer (so he thinks) could hardly help writing them, there being no other motive.

On the way back to the center of the city, Brockmeyer was with us and I seized the opportunity to sit alongside of him in the street car. I took occasion to make a little confession as to why I had not accepted his invitation given some eighteen months before at Guilloz', I told him that I was then too deeply

immersed in acquiring the modern tongues, but that I had already felt that I must strike deeper. He replied: "What you have been doing is well enough, but now you must endeavor to master Thought"—he used also the term "abstract Thought," or Philosophy. He invited me to visit him at his law office (then on Third between Pine and Olive), which I often did, as he was never troubled with too many clients. I was under his spell, and thought to myself: "Here is a man of genius, my first man of real genius, elemental, original, different in kind from any person I have ever met." To be sure I had felt something of the same native energy in President Finney and Blacksmith Jones at Oberlin; but they never overwhelmed me like this, never fully convinced me or coerced my bent with their Titanic fury, since I could resist them and even laugh at them. Brockmeyer was my greatest instance of the demonic in both its forms, the good and the bad, or the divine and the diabolic. He knew of this peculiar world-creating demiurge working within himself at his supreme moments; indeed he used this very word (the demonic) to designate the power, taking it probably from Goethe, who employs it often, though it goes back to the old Greeks. Of course I heard it first from Brockmeyer, who applied it es-

pecially to Frank Blair and even to Benton, the two chief heroes of Missouri's history.

Several times at the gathering on Salisbury street and also on the way home, a forthcoming organized Philosophical Society was mentioned. Brockmeyer spoke of the same repeatedly when I visited him at his office, where I was more likely to meet a group of philosophers than of litigants. A word of his on Hegel would fill me with light; then I would go back to the dead types in my room and try to make them phosphoresce a little by persistent mental friction. This personal relation was to me the important matter; thus it went on for several months. At last the Philosophical Society came into being and got itself organized formally, with Constitution, by-laws and officers. Of this I shall speak first.

I.

The Philosophical Society.

Sometime in January, 1866, several gentlemen came together and formed the St. Louis Philosophical Society, which has been often regarded as the chief intellectual focus of the city at that time. The truth is that it never represented the extent or the strength of our own movement. I was present at its various pre-natal stages up to the evening of birth,

when its constitution was adopted and its officers chosen, of whom the pivotal ones were Brockmeyer as President and Harris as Secretary. To be sure we all had far-flashing dreams as to what our act then and there done might mean to the future. Under the date of February 1st I find the following item in a diary of mine kept at the time: "A new organization has just been founded which may perpetuate the names of its members to remote generations, and *may not*: a Philosophical Society. Not our old Sunday afternoon gatherings, but something permanent. I was assigned a thesis: History of the Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul." I never wrote my thesis and it was never called for. Similar on the whole was the case with the other members. If anybody had composed an essay, it was read before the group and discussed. I recollect an announcement which Mr. Brockmeyer made at the first or second meeting: "I am writing a drama with an American content; when I have finished it I would like to read it before this Society and hear your judgment. I may be permitted to add that Mr. Woerner also is contemplating a drama, and we hope to have him soon lay before us a specimen of it." Now what peculiarly roused my interest at that time and has kept the fact fresh in mem-

ory, is that I, too, was excogitating a dramatic product "with an American content." But I kept the matter a profound secret; I could not then have been hired to read it to that company with Brockmeyer sitting in the Presidential chair, as the supreme critical Minos judging the Lower Regions of Letters and sending us poor scribbling sinners down to some black nethermost circle of the literary Inferno. So three dramas had started to germinate in the bosom of that Philosophical Society, each with "an American content;" or, as the phrase runs to-day, each was to be "the great American drama." Mr. Woerner, whom I barely knew by sight at that time, was present at the meeting, but made no engagement for his reading, and it never took place.

In conversation I heard Mr. Brockmeyer repeatedly declare that the main object of the Society was to lead each member to give a rational account of his vocation. Let him, first of all, philosophize his practical life, and not wander off into the empty regions of mere speculation. The man, and especially the young man, must at the start find his true calling, the one best corresponding to his talent and to his desire, then he should learn to think it, to make it the bearer of all, and of the All. In the latter effort the Philosophical

Society might be able to give him some help. This thought, particularly in the form here given, Mr. Brockmeyer undoubtedly derived from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," with which book he lived a good deal during these days. He sent me to it, and I blazed my way through it both in English (Carlyle's translation) and in German, reading it largely by his eyes, which was the only way I could get much out of it at this stage of my development. Still, let me do my best, there remained much in that novel morally repugnant to me, and I would at times react against the whole business. I may add that these talks with Brockmeyer, usually at his office, and at the meetings still kept up in the house of Harris, meant far more to me than the Philosophical Society, which met for a while once a month, but never had an energetic life, being used really as a foil for something else by its two leading officers.

The fact is that Brockmeyer had another and deeper aim in founding the Philosophical Society than the one just mentioned. He intended it as a means for editing, printing and publishing his translation of Hegel's larger *Logic*. His manuscript certainly needed revision in the matter of orthography, of syntax, of general style. To the last he could not spell English, though he could write it with

effect and often spoke it with exceeding force and dexterity. Undoubtedly both in writing and speaking his moods varied greatly, from dark confusion to dazzling illumination. Portions of his translation he gave to me and to Mr. C. F. Childs, then principal of the High School, and asked us to work them over and bring them to him at his office with our suggestions. So we three started and had several meetings; but Mr. Childs died in a few weeks after we were fairly under way, and the burden seemed to fall upon me alone, Mr. Harris having at that time a scheme of his own in the process of budding. To prepare for the press and to issue that fundamental work of thought, was indeed the chief ground of existence for the Philosophical Society—a huge but not impossible task, yet one which it never fulfilled.

Now comes what I deem Brockmeyer's grand deflection from the right road of his genius—his gradual absorption into Missouri politics. He had indeed already had something of a political career during the war as representative from Warren County. In this same year (1866) he was a member of the city council and had become initiated into all the dark ways and cob-webbed corners of ward politics. From the loftiest and sunniest peaks of philosophy he could drop

down to playing buffoon to a scraggy pack of bummers in the beer-house. At the same time he showed that in all these descents there went with him the ray of his genius. Just as Shakespeare's sun shines on the old vagabond Jack Falstaff in the wild revels of Eastcheap, so the Rabelaisian humor of Brockmeyer would light up the follies, the vulgarities, the profanities of an electioneering campaign. Now and then I took a trip with him in his journey through this nether-world, and I had to admire the range of his power, sweeping from the very empyrean far down into the depths of the Inferno, and there making all the devils dance to the tune of his wit and fancy. Also he had his story ready, sometimes fabling it on the spot to fit the occasion and the man; usually these stories, like some of Lincoln's, were "very broad," whereat Pandemonium would roar in brazen-throated choruses—I piping my little tee-hee along with the rest. Well, he got their votes, and was chosen in a district strongly opposed to him politically; then he would withdraw from these haunts till the next election, keeping his fingers meanwhile on the leading-strings, and tickling his heelers when they might be getting a little too phlegmatic.

In this sphere I formed the opinion that

Brockmeyer's supremacy was at its best when he had before him a crowd of his North-German countrymen (Platt-Deutsch) and addressed them in their native dialect. I understood it imperfectly and could not always catch even the drift of what he said; but I saw its effects in the uncontrolled laughter of his listeners, and once at least in their tears. I talked to him frequently about this submerged German tongue, banned largely (though not wholly) from the printed page and from polite German literature, but kept vigorously alive still in the mouths and hearts of millions of the Teutonic stock. He was emphatic in the praise of it as a simple, native, unsophisticated speech, rippling from its primal fountain in the folk-soul, though he recognized its limitation on the side of thought and reflection, for whose terms it had in case of necessity to borrow directly from its more completely educated sister, the High-German. I heard him, in the last year of his life, boast that both Bismark and Moltke were Low-Germans (Platt-Deutsche) and spoke their mother's dialect by preference even in their latter days. I have not verified this as an historic fact, but I let it stand as indicating a trait of Brockmeyer who felt or claimed a certain kinship of spirit with those greatest of recent Germans. He even thought himself

connected by blood, through his mother, with the Bismarck family, though he did not pretend to have any documentary proof. The truth is, Brockmeyer, like Lincoln, often brooded over his origin, over his parental descent, wondering how he, conscious of his genius, arose into being through such an ordinary human channel. But his chief exultation in this sphere of speech was that our English tongue in the farthest reaches of its genesis and utterance, streamed back to his beloved Low-German as its original fountain-head. Philologically this is a well-known fact. Here again his exultation was based on a kind of self-exaltation over the rest of us, inasmuch as he spoke the original, elemental English, and in a manner re-created our Anglo-Saxon speech from its primordial sources, giving it a fresh dip backward into the first birth-gushes of its existence. So he secretly thought, though the secret would sometimes break up to the surface in one of his volcanic upheavals. Really, he spoke English with that primitive accent of his to the last, while his High-German was even more decidedly tinged with a Low-German modulation, and was less natural to him than English. Now I am inclined to believe that there was something in this linguistic claim of Brockmeyer. At times in speech and conver-

sation his words seemed to bubble up from the deepest well-head of their origin with a unique power and character. I know that I was roused to the point of studying Low-German to see if I might get a peep into that primeval work-shop of English vocables. Of course this had to be done in my way, which was through books. I tried to read Fritz Reuter's works, and I bought Claus Groth's poems. I even went back to the Low-German original of Reynard the Fox, digging in it along with Goethe's classic transfusion of the same poem. I was the more stimulated by the fact that Brockmeyer had planned and started his redaction of this ancient sample of Teutonic humor and craft in a work which he intended to call "Reynard in America," and which would portray in vulpine disguise all the crooks and crooked doings of Missouri politics. If I understood him aright, he was not only to be the singer but the hero of this foxy epic, the redoubtable Reynard himself who always saw through the snares of his enemies, entrapping them finally in their own gin. But like the most of his literary schemes, the book never advancel beyond some wild Titanic splashes of humor. It seems to have passed over into another and somewhat later project of a grotesque Gargantuan romance entitled "Hans Grotsnut"

(or Jack Greatsnout), of which he read me some effervescing fragments from a manuscript with some verbal additions which I thought still more scintillant and rockety. But this, too, remained a torso, or rather a brush heap of torsos, for these refractory jets somehow never could get themselves together into an organic work. It must be confessed that Brockmeyer could not *form,* much as he appreciated the formative power of Goethe, for instance, and of the Greek classics. I always felt a disappointment at his written word; it never did or could express adequately the man's genius. The moment he took to script and made his gigantesque conceptions flow into and out of a pen's point, there was an enormous shrinkage, as if they could not scrape through such a small vent without being squeezed almost to death. At any rate in diminutive type they appeared to lose a large share of their colossality, which was so overwhelming, to me at least, when the Titan was talking in his grandiose mood. He was aware of this collapse in his writing, and he usually upbraided the English language for it, as he too often blamed somebody or something for shortcomings which lay in himself. Really, however, that was a limit put upon him perchance by his own genius: it refused point-blank to make a petty

goose-quill its medium of utterance; it would not, probably could not go through, and so his ideas never ran out fully and freely into ink. Hence his writing was often a disillusion and omitted his best; I recollect that his "Letters on Faust" when printed simply left out what seemed to me his deepest insight, as well as some of his most striking utterances which I heard from him in conversation.

It was, however, the year 1868 which quite estranged Brockmeyer from his philosophical pursuits and diverted him into political ambitions. His friend Frank Blair, was the Democratic vice-presidential candidate on the national ticket of that year, and attracted him into a new field with vast outlooks. Of course the ticket was defeated and Brockmeyer did not obtain the fat office which he had somewhat hoped for. Again he was thrown back upon his law practice, which was never oppressive, and so he philosophized a little with us once more. But in 1870 there was another election, this time for the State legislature, to which he was chosen Senator. The plan of publishing the Logic had now lapsed completely from his intention, almost from his memory.

On the other hand, Harris, the strenuous secretary and ambitious student of Hegel,

had his own personal scheme for the Philosophical Society. That was to make it the means for working up his "Journal of Speculative Philosophy," which he was already planning in 1866, and probably before, as he always had a journalistic strain in his mental constitution. I recollect the pivotal turn or perchance the psychologic moment when he started on the war-path. An article of his upon Herbert Spencer, of which he had a high opinion, had been rejected by the *North-American Review,* whose editor, Charles Eliot Norton, I believe, wrote to him a disparaging letter, in substance declaring the article unfathomable, unreadable and especially unliterary. To a group of us assembled at Brockmeyer's office, Harris read this letter with sarcastic comments which made us all laugh; then he jumped up, clenched his fist and brought it down defiantly upon the empty air, saying: "Now I am going to start a Journal myself." This he did at once, the first number appeared in January, 1867, with the condemned article among others. I have always thought that Harris was a little heady in this matter; he precipitated his publication upon us before we or even he, were quite ready to support it with matured contributions. In my judgment Brockmeyer was the only man among us who had at that time any-

thing vital and enduring to say, and the question then and ever afterwards in his case was, will he say it—formulate it with some degree of completeness? Still the Journal has vindicated its right of existence by more than twenty volumes of printed life, which have been read and noticed the world over. I saw it in the public libraries at Rome and Athens, where nothing else from St. Louis could be seen (except my vanishing *eidolon*), and very little from America. It is indeed the most famous and striking philosophical product of our movement, thanks to the tireless activity and daring of its editor.

And yet, on looking back through the four decades and more since then, I have to think that the cause would have been better served if we—and this means especially Brockmeyer and Harris—had concentrated for two or three years our whole energies upon the publication of the *Logic,* Hegel's greatest work and the sun of his entire system. It would have anchored our movement, which because of this capital deficiency has shown itself unsteady, aimless, and vanishing. Its planets were simply centrifugal and finally disappeared in the depths of space, as there was no illuminating central body to call them back and hold them in their orbit. The catastrophe of the movement, therefore, was its failure to

make accessible to English readers at the pivotal time the creative book of its system. Since then quite a large Hegelian literature has arisen in Anglo-Saxondom; learned professors in Scotland and in England have written considerable works just on this central Logic, but have shied at its translation. So what is true of St. Louis in this matter is true of the rest of the English-speaking world. Brockmeyer abandoned his spiritual child; Harris might have printed it as a connected whole in his Journal of Speculative Philosophy (he did print scattered parts of it), but for some reason he declined the basic task of the entire movement. So I have to judge both our leaders. As for me I was eager to do my share, which was necessarily very subordinate; I was at that time simply a green beginner, who would have welcomed such a training with the veterans. So it comes that Hegel's system in English has remained uncentered notwithstanding its considerable influence raying from its students at various points; while the St. Louis Philosophical Society, having balked at its supreme opportunity, became a very small factor in the movement of which it has been often portrayed as the focal influence as well as the chief manifestation. Its main function, as I recall it was a formal one: in its name distinguished

lecturers and visitors of a philosophic cast could be called upon at the hotel with imposing ceremony, and be honored with an invitation to give a talk before it during their stay in the city. A couple of instances may be given.

II.

Emerson and Alcott in St. Louis.

One day during this same season Emerson came to town for the purpose of giving a lecture. Word was passed around among the philosophers, four or five of whom grouped themselves into a little company, and went to the old Lindell Hotel, where the distinguished thinker was staying. He came into the parlor and saluted us with that courteous reserve for which he is still so well remembered, and which seemed willing generously to play with us a little while, but always at arm's length. Harris was with us, but for some reason Brockmeyer was absent.

From the start his attitude was urbanely critical. He knew of us as students of Hegel, and after the introductory formalities, he whipped out his rapier and began giving sly but very courtly digs at our Teutonic idol. One of his complaints was very characteristic. "I cannot find," said he in substance, "any striking sentences in Hegel which I can

take by themselves and quote. There is no period in him which rounds itself out into a detached thought, or pithy saying or rememberable metaphor." I knew little of Emerson, but I already felt the strong Emersonianism of this point of view. He continued: "I always test an author by the number of single good things which I can catch up from his pages. When I fish in Hegel, I cannot get a bite; in addition the labor is so hard in reading him, that I get a headache," whereat the philosophers smiled in chorus with the speaker. It was on the end of my tongue to say: "Mr. Emerson, that may be the fault of the head, of the peculiar convolution of the brain"; but I kept silent. Harris took the word, but he rambled; he ran off into things remote and obscure, larded with his Hegelian nomenclature; he became as much of a Sphinx to his associates as he was to Mr. Emerson. Even as I write I remember my sigh for a flash of Brockmeyer into that darkness. A lull came, when Mr. Emerson again started the discourse, evidently with a side squint at what he had just heard: "My preference is that the hideous skeleton of philosophy be covered with beautiful living tissue; I do not enjoy for my intellectual repast the dry bones of thought." Thus Mr. Emerson applied to us keenly his own standard of writ-

ing, seeking to Emersonize us that afternoon; surely the implication was that we were on the wrong track, that it would be better for us to study Emerson than Hegel, though of course he did not say so. At this point I could not contain myself, though I was the youngest of the set and the greenest at the business. I broke in with youthful rashness: "Mr. Emerson, you seem to deny the right of philosophy as a science to have its own distinctive terminology, as well as Mechanics or Chemistry. I judge that you regard the sole vehicle of thought as simply literary. But we hold that it must have its own well-defined terms, if it is ever to rise to its true scientific value." The beautiful stylist of New England —for such he is supremely—glanced at me with a condescending smile of courteous contempt, while I with fresh audacity continued: "It would seem impossible to organize philosophy into a system without its special nomenclature. The value of Hegel is his vast organization of thought; this is what we are seeking to appropriate, at least as a discipline. But in order to do so, we must learn to read his language, yea, learn to talk it also. Hegel has fine individual ideas, I think, scattered along on many a page, but these are only little stones which go to make the vast architecture of his philosophic temple. In other

words, Hegel's system is what we are working so hard to master—his system of thought as an ideal construction of the universe." I probably did not use these words, but the subject-matter I distinctly remember of enforcing with some degree of ardor. To be sure I did not then know what an awful goblin to Mr. Emerson I had conjured up by that word *system,* horror of horrors, not only to him, but to his kindred Transcendentalists, as I had occasion afterwards to find out at the Concord School of Philosophy. Indeed I think I may say that the New England mind as a whole, with its decided individualistic bent, does not take kindly to any systematic formulation of thinking. Certainly its supreme excellence has lain in the other direction, as its great literary lights, headed by Emerson, strikingly indicate. During this little colloquy Harris sat self-occupied, and sphinx-like, he gave no sign of approval or disapproval; he evidently did not wish to repel Mr. Emerson by too strong a statement of our doctrine, especially on points of difference. The rest of our company, if I understood them, rather nodded assent to what I said, as it was only re-affirming what they must have often heard before. Harris was our single New Englander, and had a deeper spiritual kinship with Emerson and with Concord than any

of us. I have to think that he was already meditating a return to his native rocks when the circumstances were ripe and his western exile was over. And this is what actually happened years later. It was perceptible that he was then making an unusual effort to win Mr. Emerson, to whom he became next neighbor in Concord not so very long afterwards. But the man I sighed for at that meeting was somebody of a very different order; I repeated to myself internally: "O for just ten minutes of Brockmeyer at his best." Mr. Emerson would have heard some of his much-desired pithy sentences white-hot in their creative glow and enwrapped in a metaphorical tornado which would have whirled him off his feet. He might have appreciated it, but probably would not; for Mr. Emerson had little of the Titanic or of the Demonic in him, though he seemed once to recognize applaudingly some such quality in Walt Whitman. Mr. Harris invited Mr. Emerson to his home, where the philosophic host read to his distinguished guest some of his productions, notably the one on Raphael's Transfiguration (afterwards published in the Journal of Speculative Philosophy), to which the gentlemanly Transcendentalist gave some of his courteous applause. So Harris reported to us afterwards.

And now it is time to say a little of the visit of the second Concord philosopher in St. Louis during this year of 1866—Mr. A. Bronson Alcott. He arrived early in February, and the organization of the Philosophical Society had been hurried up during the preceding month in order to be ready for his presence. One evening Mr. Harris brought him, somewhat to the surprise of us all, as he was not expected so soon. His appearance was notable: An old, tall, spare man with long gray hair dropping to his shoulders, with pale thin face, in which sat eyes turning their glances often upward—the first impression was that of reverence. There were many gatherings at which he gave his talks. These showed his peculiar art-form, which he called the conversation, and of which he deemed himself if not the founder, at least the best representative. The subjects were manifold, some popular and some recondite; so the sessions might be considered exoteric and esoteric. Before the Philosophic Society he read quite a batch of his more recent Orphic sayings, and let the rest of the philosophers guess what they meant. The first series of these mystic oracles had appeared in the old *Dial,* and had caused in Yankeeland no little head-scratching and some amusement. To this day they have

the peculiar power of calling forth flashes of Boston wit, chiefly satirical. The old prophet would read his oracular message in a rather sepulchral voice, as if it were issuing from the sacred cave of Trophonius himself; then he would throw down the written slip and cry out: "What say you to it, gentlemen?" The Orphic utterance was often dark, tortuous and riddlesome, yet certainly with a content of some kind. I was interested in seeing how diversely the same thought or perchance the same oracle would mirror itself in those different minds. Some twenty men—only men were present—had gathered into a kind of circle before the new Orpheus, while directly in front of him sat Brockmeyer, with alert, probably mischievous eyes, acting as chief interpreter or perchance as hierophant, though others would add their mite of a word. The conduct of the hierophant that evening had more mystery in it than even the Orphic sayings. To some of them he would give an easy, sober significance, which we all understood; but others he seemed to turn inside out and then to shiver into smithereens. Finally he picked up one which had just been read, and at the fiery touch of his dialectic, set off with his Mephistophelean chuckle, he simply exploded it into mist with a sort of detonation, as if it were a soap bubble filled

with explosive gas. Mr. Alcott, who had already begun to suspect that his oracles were made to contradict themselves by some Hegelian process which he did not understand, now grew testy and actually lost his temper, raising his voice to a loud raucous tone: "Mr. Brockmeyer, you confound us by the multiplicity of your words and the profusion of your fancy." This was the first wholly intelligible saying of Orpheus that evening, and certainly the most impressive. Mr. Brockmeyer restrained himself and calmly replied, "Perhaps I do." It was evident, however, that if it came to a serious intellectual tussle, the poor old man, thin in thews and in thoughts, would not have a philosophic grease-spot left on him. So the prophet and his hierophant had a little clash there in our presence. I must say that Brockmeyer's conduct was teaseful, yea provoking; I do not pretend to have the key of his mood, but he was probably in one of his fantastic Rabelaisian spells during which no mortal could ever quite follow his curvetings. Still the enraged prophet should have remembered that his unruly hierophant was President of the Philosophical Society through whose invitation and support he had come to the city. After this stirring interlude Mr. Harris, always the reconciler in any fight but his own,

stepped into the breach and took up the interpretation while the reading went on, though not with its pristine vigor. Still one of these later sayings caused a good deal of comment as well as surmise: It ran thus, as I recollect: "It requires a Christ to interpret a Christ." Ten o'clock struck, and the discussion had zigzagged about in all sorts of twists and turns above and below the surface. I was quizzing with myself: Has the foxy Yankee prophet just coined this little oracle on Brockmeyer, or on Harris, or on all of us together, with himself visible in the background? I rose to my feet and gave expression to the only remark I made during the evening: "Gentlemen, I may be permitted to state my interpretation of this last saying: its hidden meaning is, in my judgment, that only an Alcott can rightly interpret an Alcott. That being the case, we all had better now go home." At this rather un-Orphic deliverance little tidbits of tee-hees fluttered round the circle as the people sprang up and began to take their hats, while Orpheus himself looked at me somewhat oracularly, I thought, and shut impatiently his map of oracles.

As we passed out the door, a legal acquaintance of mine addressed me laughingly: You turned that whole business into a bloom-

ing *reductio ad absurdum.* I disclaimed any such purpose, for I had been not only amused but deeply profited by the session. Indeed, some of its effects I have borne with me through life. The short, snappy verse freighted with a meaning which has to be thought out, possibly to be dug out, has always been a favorite of mine. The epigram, the rhymed proverb, the gnome, have the power of throwing the mind suddenly back upon itself and making it reflect. The Greek Anthology in general bears such a character. But the poet who developed this kind of verse most profoundly as well as most luxuriantly was Goethe, especially in what he calls his *Tame Xenia.* He, too, had the habit of reading his versicles to a group of listeners and getting them to guess at the inner meaning with a look of mystification. Still I saw the thing first exemplified that evening with dramatic vividness by Alcott and Brockmeyer, the Orphic prophet and his hierophant. I started to imitating the performance and I am not done yet. The scene suggested to me a poetic form whose cultivation has given to me at least a great deal of delight, and, I would fain believe, to others. The Writer of Books has given way to this bent in two of his books, with fragments scattered elsewhere. The *Epigrams,* composed in the clas-

sical manner during the trip to Rome and Hellas, as well as *Johnny Appleseed's Rhymes*, bear the versified impress of brief cosmical snatches from an environing chaos, and were read originally to small knots of auditors, who were bidden to throw back at me in their own speech what the tricksy little gnome really meant. It was a kind of literary game of hide-and-seek, which those who did not enjoy need not play. It certainly called forth a great variety of mental gifts in those who with zeal set their brains to work in order to catch the elusive sprite lurking in the insignificant look of a quatrain or even of a distich. It was truly an old game, once indeed very serious: that of interpreting aright the oracle. We may recollect that at one time the fate of Athens, yea, the fate of the Greek world and perchance of civilization itself, depended upon the correct interpretation of the Delphic oracle, which bade the Athenians, "Stick to your wooden walls." Some said that it referred to the Acropolis, but Themistocles declared that it meant ships, and persuaded the whole Athenian people to descend with him into the true "wooden walls" of the sea, whereby they won the victory of Salamis and saved Europe at its first tender budding. Great was Themistocles as commander, but greater as interpreter of the oracle; yea,

greater than the Delphic oracle itself, which was really transcended. In fact, during this lively interplay between the Concord prophet and the St. Louis hierophant I could not help thinking of my old friend Herodotus, the Father of History, whose book is everywhere interwrought with oracles and their interpretation. Nor did I fail afterwards to recall the antique quackery of the wandering oracle-venders mentioned by critical Thucydides, the mountebanks of the age, who could fish out on the spot a very old prophecy of Orpheus or Musæus to suit the present customer. So this art-form, as I may call it, has persisted in a long evolution down to the present and probably has not yet ceased its Protean transformations.

Mr. Alcott at his best was possessed of an immediate power of poetic expression, a lyrical brightness which was captivating. But he lacked all organization of any subject, his talk was a string of detached observations, often luminous, often rather trivial. He remained nearly four weeks, but this long stay caused a distinct loss to his reputation, since it became the common remark that he repeated himself and went backward after the first week. Harris sought to bolster him in every way, having doubtless the future Concord School already in view. I shall have to

confess that I grew tired of him, and did not care to hear him any longer, unless Brockmeyer were present to put pulsing vitality and huge substance into the rather thin Yankee gruel and always getting thinner. Such a confession may well reveal my limitation, and it certainly bespeaks my tendency and perhaps my prejudices. Still we had one important meeting, in which Mr. Alcott set forth his philosophic message, his esoteric world-view, to five or six of us who had come together for that special purpose. He gave quite a full exposition of his doctrine of the lapse of the soul, from the Primal One, droping in its descent the various orders of creation down to matter. It was the Alcottian redaction of the Neo-Platonic theory of the universe.

Brockmeyer was present and in his highest vein. He revealed a wholly different mood from that which possessed him during the Orphic prelection. His perversely fantastic, secretly upsetting Mephistophelian humor had quit him, or he had quit it, for the most earnest philosophical discussion of the deepest truth which can engage the human mind. He was courteous and appreciative, but he showed the Alcottian lapse to be hardly more than a relapse to Oriental emanation, which had been long since transcended, while he put

stress upon the opposite movement of philosophy, namely, Occidental evolution, with its principle of freedom. Mr. Alcott must have felt that he was in the hands of a giant, certainly the rest of us did. Still there was no gigantic tyranny which sometimes swayed Mr. Brockmeyer, much to the injury of his idea and of his manner. I believe that I never saw him afterwards so thought-exalted, and his actions partook of his demonic agitation. I sat next to him, and I still recollect the gleams as well as the clouds which would at times dash over his face at some statement of the talker. A brief record of that meeting I have preserved in a notebook (dated February, 1866), from which I shall take an extract: "Mr. Brockmeyer seemed impregnated with thought. He at first rocked in his chair; soon he rose and paced the room; he tore a piece of paper from the window; played with his pencil; so restless a man I never saw before. He was all aglow with enthusiasm. He had a fit of ecstacy if there ever was one. When he spoke it was a pure stream of the brightest thought. His enthusiasm overflowed him like a torrent, overpowered him, carried him away"—and certainly carried me along. When I went home that evening, I was dimly aware of having had in my life an epoch-making experience.

Gradually the conviction kept closing round upon me that I must in some way go to school to Brockmeyer. He had something which I had not, but which satisfied the deepest need of my being. Can I get a drop of it, or perchance, two drops? I must try.

III.

The University Brockmeyer.

Such was the unique institution of learning which I began to excogitate some plan of entering. Unheard-of to this day it has remained, I imagine; the above caption is doubtless its first printed appearance. The sole university of the kind in the universe with a sole teacher, and I the sole pupil; so the fact must continue to all eternity. Without question Mr. Brockmeyer put his impress strongly upon a number of minds which through contact had been made to feel his smiting originality; in particular Mr. Harris has generously acknowledged by word and writ his indebtedness. But my relation in the present instance was of a different sort. To catch some persistent phase or note of the genius, even in his chaotic irregularity, must be my daily occupation for months at least.

Accordingly in the summer of 1866 my opportunity came to matriculate in the uni-

versity Brockmeyer. The curriculum was very unsettled in its details, though its general outline was known to me; for the lesson there was not at stated hour or day or even week, still it would come out in time, often at the most unexpected moment. The instructor's divinest mood would frequently spring from its lair on the least provocation; then again it could not be coaxed to give even a peep. Seemingly he had little will-control over it. This peculiar course of mine lasted about one year.

I quit teaching at the Christian Brothers when the term closed in June, 1866; with them I had been connected two years and a quarter. On the whole my relation to them had been very pleasant; I still keep in grateful memory their kindness, their tolerance, their appreciation. With some of them I formed ties of friendship; one member, a young man, consulted me about leaving the Order. He put me into a dilemma; my education and my conviction did not incline to the monastic life, but on the other hand I could not be guilty of an act of disloyalty to my generous employers. I declined giving any advice and referred him to his own conscience as arbiter in such a matter; I heard of him later pursuing a secular vocation in another city. In my own case, however, I

was aware that I was booked for departure. A new Director, a French Canadian, had taken charge of the school, and leaned to a less liberal policy toward non-Catholic teachers. I heard also of some troubles in the Order at this time, but I knew nothing except what rumor whispered. At any rate I did not care to stay longer in that position; other plans were pushing me more strongly elsewhither.

The place of Assistant-Principal in the High School had become vacant; I was asked to take it, both by Superintendent Divoll and Principal Morgan. After some deliberation I declined; the real reason was I wished to devote myself to a course in the University Brockmeyer. Another scheme which danced now and then through my brain during these months was a trip abroad, with a possible stay at some European University. But this notion vanished more and more, as the new University of St. Louis clarified itself in my mind. I went back to the old Ohio homestead in Mount Gilead for a visit with my relatives; then I returned toward the end of August and started on my fresh career of study.

One day I met Brockmeyer at a street corner and asked him if he would permit me to read law with him in his office. He at once

gave his consent. My main object was to be in his presence and to catch the overflow whenever the demon might get him a-going. As already indicated, these moods of his were very uncertain, and of very unequal value; sometimes they were wholly negative and dispiriting. Still even these could often be turned into a positive view by a dexterous question. At first I was in earnest about the study of law; from boyhood I had a leaning toward the legal profession, which stayed with me through college and through the war. I bought a copy of Blackstone and read with care the most of it; into Kent's Commentaries I delved somewhat, but a book on Pleading which I purchased I never seriously grappled with. Also I attended the courts, heard a good deal of legal talk, so that its nomenclature grew familiar to me, and I became acquainted with a number of lawyers. In a way I got to know the general trend and character of the legal consciousness—a knowledge which some readers have remarked in certain books of our Writer of Books. Brockmeyer's office was also a small political center; one could get there quite a sniff—often malodorous—of the politics of ward, city and State. Then it was the downtown loafing place of the philosophers, any one of whom might drop in during the day

and start a discussion which could involve the all-rounded totality of God, Nature, and Man. Last in line we may place the law, which, however, claimed to be the first. It was generally agreed that Brockmeyer in the strict sense was not much of a lawyer; indeed he often showed an unprofessional contempt for legal practice, in which he did not shine as a success. He would not study his cases, he hated to hunt up precedents, which he branded as "dirty dictionary work." Still into the conception of Right as the basis of institutions no man had a deeper insight. He could create a jurisprudence at first hand from its ideal sources on the spot; that was what he was inclined to do for his client instead of looking into the actual statute and the law reports, which might show something different. He knew what the law ought to be so well that he never took pains to find out what it really was; so he was outstripped in his profession by inferior men, who were more sensible. But such was the variegated stream of people which poured through that office, making it certainly a unique university. When I wished to study seriously, I ran off to my private room. I may add, in the interest of the ever-lowering economic problem, that I made my living during this time by private tutoring.

It soon became evident to me that the pursuit of the law in my case was a mere pretext, of which I was not at first conscious. To be sure I intended from the start to weave into my legal studies the cultural and specially the philosophical discipline which Brockmeyer alone possessed for me; but the latter discipline soon had supplanted the law, which more and more retired into the background. I was not long in finding out that Brockmeyer knew two supreme authors in their best books after the highest way, that is, creatively; he could re-create in his manner Hegel the philosopher and Goethe the poet, both of them recent Germans, who at that time, had been dead only a little more than thirty years, and who were not merely Teutonic but universal in character and work, and specially typical of the Nineteenth Century in their respective spheres. Accordingly these two authors began to take my whole attention; I bought the complete works of both, and concentrated upon them as my chief branch in the new University, though I had frequently dipped into them before. Moreover I was then Teutonizing strongly in my social relations; I spoke German whenever I had the chance, joined German clubs, visited German people in their homes, played the flute with German amateurs, by no means omitting the German

young ladies or the beer house. In this matter I would fain believe that the old Teutonic ancestral strain, long suppressed, broke up to the surface with the opportunity; I simply gave myself up to a native bent which seemed to be working deep within me, till it had at least spent itself with the years.

Of the University Brockmeyer I may be permitted to try to give a little explanation, since the expression will probably appear to some people as a mere caprice of my own. I must confess that the term is very recent, in fact it sprang up suddenly in the writing of this book, as the author was taking a long glance backward through more than forty years, and was trying to pick out the things which have stayed by him and evolved him into what he is—this Writer of Books. Brockmeyer himself never heard, I have reason to believe, of the foregoing title in his honor, or his educational epithet—it was born after he was dead. Now this University Brockmeyer resembles the old Greek ones, notably those founded by Plato and Aristotle, which sought to be universal and tested everything by universality. The universe itself was formulated by one mind of surpassing genius, which could recreate it and organize it according to a fundamental principle. Plato's pupils, for example, thought the One and All after

the Platonic stamp; each of them passed through such an experience by means of philosophy. Any one mind that reaches unity has to obtain it at last through one mind, which indeed it may afterwards transcend. There is little doubt that Plato and Aristotle unfolded into, through, and out of Socrates. Such a philosophic school Brockmeyer had unconsciously after his fashion founded, especially for me; he was my scholarch, though neither he nor I knew it. The unique impress which he put upon everything when he rose to the height of his gift was that of universality. Thus the University Brockmeyer was true to its name and origin, while the modern University is moving just in the opposite direction, since its fundamental aim is to specialize rather than to universalize. That which fascinated me in Brockmeyer was his vast sweeps in the realm of thought. In a sentence he could throw a gleam through an entire science so that this flashed as a whole before my mind. For such an illumination I could wait till it came from him, and endure a good deal of rudeness which was often its finite accompaniment in the scholarch. To be sure I, too, was at last to develop out of him, but I had first to develop into him, and appropriate his world-view, modeled after Hegel, ere I

could reach my own. Indeed, the whole philosophic discipline as such had to be at last transcended, Hegel's, Brockmeyer's and all the rest—but that is a theme which lies far, far ahead of our present subject, which deals with the scholarch and scholar of the University Brockmeyer during the year 1866-7, and their varied eventualities.

I have already stated that the two great authors whom Brockmeyer knew best, and with whom he lived in deepest sympathy, were Hegel and Goethe. That which captivated me in Hegel was his colossal power of organizing thought. I read this philosopher very diligently, but I could not have reached him except through the scholarch. Particularly that division of Absolute Mind into its three forms of utterance—Art, Religion, Philosophy—remained long to me a most precious spiritual treasure in its vast generalization, even if I had in later years to go beyond it, or rather to carry it beyond itself. In regard to Goethe also the scholarch gave me a prodigious lift to an altitude which I think I have at least tried to preserve during life. *Faust* stood out as his favorite poem and evidently portrayed to him the deepest lineaments of his own soul. He had organized it completely from beginning to end, though I think some portions of the Second

Part puzzled him, even if he would never acknowledge it. But the mere thought of organizing a world-poem took hold of me with a grip which has never left me. In fact, this thought possessed me tyrannically for many years, and is what would not let me rest till I had organized and interpreted the greatest poems of the race called Literary Bibles. I had dipped into Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe previously, but in the University Brockmeyer I attained a pretty clear conception of what I must do with them. I do not say that I then had fully planned what I afterwards carried out in this line of work —that took many years which I could not forecast; still the germinal idea budded at the present time.

I ought to say, however, that even in the organization of *Faust,* further study led me to change radically Brockmeyer's whole scheme (it can be seen printed in the early numbers of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*). This does not alter the fact that I derived the original idea from him. Undoubtedly he had found this idea of a philosophic interpretation of literature in Hegel, but he had re-created it and stamped it with his own genius. I have to think that I could never have gotten it myself from Hegel at first hand; the scholarch was the mediator in

this as in so many other cases. Here we may see the chief function of Brockmeyer in our entire philosophic movement which has made itself felt in many places of the West besides St. Louis: he was the medium through which came to us the chief philosopher and the chief poet of Germany. Mr. Harris, the most active propagator and the best known member of the philosophic group, would have never obtained his insight into Hegel and into philosophy generally except through Brockmeyer's mediation. This he often acknowledged in his earlier years. And so it was with the rest of us. I think that the case may be even more broadly stated: the German Renaissance of the last century, the greatest spiritual movement of recent Europe was tapped at its fountain-head in its supreme poet and in its supreme philosopher just by our Brockmeyer and was made to flow in a lively stream at our St. Louis as center, where it impregnated strongly an American element. I am well aware that many educated Germans among us will question this view, and point to other famous men of their nationality as the true apostles of the German evangel. But in this case German culture remained German, both in spirit and in speech, fusing very slightly with the native element. On the other hand, Brockmeyer sought to American-

ize his message, making it talk English and invoking it to explain the institutions of the country. Nearly all his associates were born Americans, though seeking to deepen themselves through him into German thought, and to raise the hidden treasure into the sunlight of their own language and land. He went back to Germany from America; Schurz, Hecker and others moved the other way.

The Civil War was just over, a great new epoch of History had been enacted—what was the significance of it all? Brockmeyer had passed through it in his ripe manhood as military officer and as legislator, supporting the Union cause in a Border State where each side of the mighty conflict manifested itself with violence. Very instructive was the comment of the scholarch, when he kept his positive mood; but only too often he would give way to his negative demon, and proceed to such a point of hate and bitterness that he would become simply self-negative, he would undo himself in his fury. The dominant party had begun its work of reconstructing the South, which called forth in him not only present wrath but the darkest, most pessimistic prophecies concerning the future of the nation, against which I sometimes lodged my protest, though I, too, did not at all like the method of Southern reconstruction. Well,

nobody likes it now, though we all, North as well as South, had to go through it as a part of our fiery national discipline. Still, even in these volcanic outbursts Brockmeyer would show himself an institutional man; his anger was kindled really against those whom he deemed in their success to be the insidious destroyers of American institutions. Indeed, I have now to think that his institutionalism was somewhat one-sided; but so much the greater was the lesson for me at that time. The fact is nothing else stirred, stimulated, yea, shocked me quite so deeply as this strain in Brockmeyer's doctrine and character, bursting up as it frequently did into Titanic and even blasphemous utterance. For I, with my moral consciousness so strongly developed by my Oberlin experience, had as yet no place in my thought for institutions, upon which my scholarch put such overwhelming stress. That was still my condition when I entered the University Brockmeyer. I had indeed been in the war and made my little fight for Union and Constitution; but this chief stake of the desperate struggle I did not clearly see, though Lincoln had reiterated it often enough. To me the conflict still meant mainly the extinction of slavery—the moral side, which Brockmeyer, though not a supporter of slavery in itself,

strongly discounted. So here stood my scholarch, to whom I had already become attached by ties not to be severed in this life, as my opposite, as my antitype, so to speak; for him the institutional was all, the moral quite nothing. The jar got inside of me and shook me up with an inner earthquake, both settling and unsettling. It is true that I had felt something of the same jolt before at Oberlin, and more decidedly at Camp Mansfield, when I, as officer of an institution, had to deal with the refractory conscience of the Quaker conscript; but those were slight, transient tremors, even if premonitory, compared to this soul-rocking, persistent upheaval. I seemed to myself for a time half dazed by the shock which meant, indeed, a new kind of birth: I was being re-born consciously institutional with Brockmeyer as my Socratic midwife. I deem it my supreme lesson in his University, since it runs through all art and literature, as well as the social order. Still I declined to follow him to his extreme. I could not help thinking that the moral was also valid in its sphere, as well as the institutional; both sides must somehow be preserved integral in the spiritual heritage of man, though each was at this time warring with the other in my brain. Yet just through this inner war I was coming to a consciousness of what our outer

Civil War meant, which showed on so many sides, both in men and in events, this deepest conflict of the age between the moral and the institutional. What influence this lesson, first fully gotten in the University Brockmeyer, has had upon the Writer of Books, is shown in quite a line of books strung along through life from that time down to the present (the last one up to date being the Life of Abraham Lincoln, 1908).

I have to think that Hegel also, the main teacher of my teacher, shows a deficiency in his treatment of the moral spirit. In his Philosophy of Right he has a section called *Morality,* which has undoubtedly many strong points. Still it is weak and insufficient compared with the final section, in which he treats of institutions (Family, Society and State), and from which Brockmeyer drew his first knowledge and inspiration concerning this subject, transforming it and applying it anew after his manner. I once heard him say: "I would cut that *Morality* out of Hegel's book, it does not belong there; it is inconsistent with the rest." This statement really indicates the result of Brockmeyer's own inner conflict between the moral and institutional; the former he eliminated, and this elimination showed itself not only in his thought, but in his life and speech. Indeed he

rather loved to shock the moral consciousness of people with whom he was brought into contact, much to the ill report of him abroad. Not infrequently he gave me a heavy dose, but I endured this and other outbreaks of willfulness for the sake of the University, which I knew I could find nowhere else on this terraqueous globe. In the foregoing negative attitude of his toward the moral I did not follow him, theoretically or practically; but his grand positive insight into the institutional world was what I clutched after with every energy of my being as the anchor of salvation. I may add that many years afterwards I saw the necessity of reconstructing the whole sphere of the Will, of which these two elements (the moral and the institutional) are two different stages, and of reconciling them in a higher process. Such an act, however, carried me not only out of Brockmeyer, but also out of Hegel, and insisted upon recording itself in a book. Still to these original sources in Brockmeyer and Hegel the Writer of Books wishes gratefully and fervently to acknowledge his indebtedness.

Now, during this same year (1866) the mentioned conflict raged in me so strongly that I was driven to its literary utterance in order to let it out of me a little. It was for me

a genuine collision, a struggle between two opposing principles, each of which had its validity. Thus it was specially adapted for artistic treatment, which, in its true manifestation, demands just such themes. This thought I had heard Brockmeyer ray out with many a dazzling coruscation; I had also read it and pondered it in the cold Gothic type of Hegel's *Aesthetic.* Why should I not realize that which was so desperately seething within me? Moreover, I soon found that it was not simply my personal collision or a mere subjective hurly-burly all to myself, but that it was the conflict of the nation also, especially during the Civil War, mirroring itself in me as one little atom or monad of the great Whole. At Oberlin I had seen only the one side, but now I had gotten the other side, and the two sides started to clashing within me till I ejected them into a dramatic poem, called *Clarence,* the first-born of my Muse, except some short lyrics.

These lyrics, I may add, never ceased to bubble up during this whole period, both during my stay at the Christian Brothers and during the year of the University Brockmeyer, thus giving a continuous poetical undertone to my being needful of harmonies. Like so many other poetic temperaments, great and small, from Shakespeare down to

Nat Hewstick and myself, I took refuge in sonneteering, and even went back to the old Italian Petrarch, who in this poetic form of the sonnet has struck such a lasting, even if tiny, musical note. In this way I threw off the melodious moodiness and the morbidness of the naturally brooding adolescent, who hardly knows what is the matter with himself. I never read these productions to anybody except to myself, who, I shall have to confess, highly enjoyed them while the mood lasted. Even the drama, which kept spinning itself out for two years, was during this incubation secreted tongueless in my heart, which was certainly then enamoured of it, as the firstling of a new ambition. A number of these lyric effusions I have now printed for the first time as directly expressive of a stage in the early poetic evolution of this Writer of Books, half hiding them away in small type and in a back closet of the present narrative, where the reader, if he chooses, can fish them out (Appendix III.).

In this same to me eventful year a new and stronger emotion—the strongest of our earthly existence when at its highest and purest intensity—began intertwining itself in the many-threaded skein of the quickening days. This emotion also became very importunate for utterance in poetical effusions,

which failed not to slip under the eye of the only one for whom they were intended. So my Petrarchan Muse had also its Laura, and kept up a ceaseless throbbing undertow hidden beneath the upper sun-beshone University Brockmeyer. But that soul-piercing scholarch suspected by my frequent lapses into wool-gathering that something was the matter beside philosophy, and once gave me a dig which made my cheeks tingle with conscious blood, in something like the following refrain: "Snider is far away courting today." Many were the ups and downs, high hopes and little catastrophies, life's magic mixture of fate and moonshine—for a detailed account of which look into the novel at your elbow. Suffice it to say that in August, 1867, I was married to Miss Mary Krug, to whom I had become deeply and permanently attached. She was a woman of culture, born in America of German parentage, and spoke both English and German without accent. Her deepest nature was musical, being endowed specially with the gift of soulful song, into which she poured her truly harmonious life. She also played the piano, which, accompanied by my flute, formed a kind of tuneful bower in which we both wandered and finally lost ourselves, never being able to get out again separately. Also a touch of the old

German ancestry may have asserted itself in this exceedingly congenial attachment, capping off my Teutonizing tendency of that time with love. Moreover, my institutional philosophy I now turned into a practical reality by entering a new institution, the Family, which at once enforced its demands upon me in the way of more bread and butter and yet more. But with this last act of mine the University Brockmeyer comes to a definite close, which can be deemed the usual happy conclusion of the drama in marriage. I may add that the scholarch himself had in the meantime taken a wife, his second one. Thus the Love God had actually stormed our idyllic Academe of philosophic celibates (as he does ideally in Shakespeare's *Love's Labor Lost*) and had remanded its inmates to their duties of domestic life. Moreover, the Law, already shamefully neglected, was now wholly dropped for another vocation. I accepted the position of Assistant in the High School (not that of Assistant-Principal, which was the higher offer of the previous year) and with a salary of 1700 dollars per annum began a new stage of this earthly experience which has also left deep traces upon the Writer of Books.

IV.

Brockmeyer's Spiritual Genesis.

If I have succeeded in stimulating my reader to a little frenzy of interest by the foregoing account, he will already have asked: How did this man, Brockmeyer, get to be? Can you give us a brief outline of his spiritual history? I have often asked myself the same question; the first year of my acquaintance with him I began to propound such a problem to myself, and I continued propounding it through my whole life, and here I propound it again. It was indeed the most fascinating study of character that ever occupied my brain; I tried for more than forty years to track him through all his complexities, sinuosities, yea perversities, in their living manifestation before me. He could be a Faust and a Mephistopheles both in one, or each separately with something else thrown in. Goethe's great poem was his favorite which he interpreted and even brought himself to write upon; it was doubtless at one period of his life the purest reflection of his own career, inner and perchance outer. The English dramatist's Hamlet, doubtless the most complicated, profoundest, as well as most comprehensive of his characters, seemed and still

seems to me simplicity itself beside the intricacies and involutions of Brockmeyer's character. Many took the latter's grotesquery and buffoonry as the real man; that was, indeed, his humorous outside, his buffer against the world, wherein he resembled Lincoln. It may be stated here that the present writer of books has repeatedly tackled him in writ, seeking to draw at least two full-length images of the man, with many shreds of him flitting here and there in other portraitures. Not only in my own case, but in that of others in whose souls he became once lodged, he rose up the all-dominating human personality.

Mr. Brockmeyer was born in Northern Germany in 1826 (he was evidently uncertain about the year of his birth; sometimes he gave it as 1827, or even as 1828; he seems, however, in later life to have settled upon 1826). He took delight in calling himself a Prussian Low-German (Platt-Deutscher); still he ran away from home and country, boarded a steamer at Bremen and came to America, while a mere stripling. He gave as a reason of his flight that his mother, who was a pietist, caught up one day and burned his first book—a volume of Goethe's Lyrical Poems—"which I had bought with my own hard-earned and long-saved pennies." A fu-

gitive from his mother—that certainly touches an untender chord. But I have heard him give some other reasons for his secret departure from home; at any rate, here was his first separation—his flight from the old world to the new. He, while still a youth, must have tramped a good deal over the United States in the early 40s; he said in conversation at different times that he had worked in New York City, Philadelphia, Dayton (Ohio), Fort Wayne (Indiana). At last, however, he as a young man turned Southward, and reached Mississippi, starting a tannery, which business he knew from his German home, in some place of that State. Here he remained several years, gaining his experience of slavery, and amassing a little fortune. He next concluded to go to college, feeling himself ignorant of human culture, and probably hearing the whispers of his genius. The result was that he went to Georgetown, Kentucky, where was a well-known institution of learning, and started to take a classical course. Here a deeper aspiration seized him; he resolved to go to an Eastern school—Brown University—since in all Western colleges there was and probably still is a good deal of talk about the superiority of the salt-water institutions. Another reason he gave for his departure: he had a disagreement with the

President of Georgetown College about the evidences of Christianity—which act of his was taken as a defiance of authority, and even of religion. It is manifest that Brockmeyer did not bring his education from Germany; what he learned came through American channels; we shall find that when he went back to German culture and philosophy he started from this country, yea, remained in this country during the process. Precise years cannot be given for these various moves in the career of Mr. Brockmeyer; in my time he did not accurately remember them himself; he was never good at keeping dates in his head, or in his conduct, even those which most intimately concerned him. In a general way, however, it may be affirmed that he reached Brown University, Rhode Island, then under its famous President, Francis Wayland, some time during the early 50s. I recollect that he once spoke of attacking before the whole class Wayland's argument for the Higher Law. Thus, he must have come under the direct instruction of the book-writing President, of whom very few traces ever appeared afterward in the thought or word of the pupil. He evidently shuffled off what he was taught by the professors in the college as so much dead material of the dead Past, while outside of these erudite stores he began to drink of the

exhilarating stream of the Present, which transformed his life.

Accordingly, I have to believe, though he never acknowledged it, that the great and lasting fact of Brockmeyer's stay at Brown University was that he greedily appropriated, with a genuine hunger of the soul, the New England Transcendental Movement. He was just ready for that Oceanic swell, and he plunged in headforemost and overhead. Having gotten the idea into that persistent Low-German brain of his, he carried it out to a completeness, yea, to an extremity which made all the Yankee attempts, such as Brook Farm, or Fruitlands, or Walden, seem pale and diminutive compared to the one grand Titanic outburst. For Brockmeyer's flight from the social order to the backwoods of Missouri, then the distant West, was a far more colossal stride out of civilization than any of those rather timid tiny steps taken by a few Transcendentalists in New England. Still he obtained his primal impact from that movement during this time, but he carried it out to its bitter logical result, and, as far as I am aware, is the only one who did so.

He told me that his first questionings were roused by the perusal of certain written products of that period. He did not say what these were specially; in fact, he was inclined

to be reticent in my days upon this whole subject. There can be little doubt, however, that he took deep quaffs from transcendental literature, which was then at its highest gush all over New England, and was particularly cultivated by susceptible college students. Once, and once only, in a moment of unusual confidence, he confessed that a very gifted woman, whom he knew personally, laid her spell upon him, which helped him to his bent and left its mark for life; this was Mrs. Sarah Whitman, then some fifty years old, poetess, idealist and spiritualist, famed not only for her own literary excellence, but also as one of the lady-loves of Edgar Allan Poe, whom she has celebrated both in verse and prose (Brockmeyer also declared that she was the original of Poe's *Annabel Lee*—probably a guess on his part). Another distinguished Transcendentalist whom he seems to have known somewhat was Dr. Frederick H. Hedge, then a Unitarian clergyman at Providence (during the years 1850-54, according to his biography). But the chief influence of Dr. Hedge came through his book, *Prose Writers of Germany,* which Brockmeyer must have read with attention, as I have heard him say repeatedly that he drew thence his first faint conception of Hegel's philosophy—very faint it must have been, for the book contains

but little that is pivotal in the great German thinker. Still, I am inclined to believe that Brockmeyer drank from this same book a certain kind of knowledge to which he would never confess in my hearing; it gave him his first acquaintance with the literature, and specially with the romantic literature of his fatherland. Hedge had been a student in Germany and had done his part toward bringing over to America German Romanticism, which was the original European fountainhead of New England Transcendentalism. Philosophically, the Romantic movement reaches back to Kant and Fichte, but the philosopher of Romanticism is usually held to be Schelling—so he is peculiarly designated by Haym, its historian. Its chief literary exponents were Tieck and the Schlegels, who claimed Goethe as its supreme novelist and poet, though he declined the honor and preferred to be considered a Classicist, instead of a Romanticist. Hegel passed into, through, and out of the whole movement of Romanticism, which evolution of himself he has indicated in his *Phenomenology* (for a fuller account of this work see our *Modern European Philosophy* under the discussion of Hegel). Thus, it is to be observed that the Hegelian Philosophy is a complete transcending of the Romantic movement, and therewith

of all Transcendentalism. This pivotal fact we are to remember when we come to weigh the effect of Brockmeyer's later study of Hegel: it lifted him spiritually out of the Transcendental movement, into which he was dipped so profoundly at Brown University, and thus started an entirely new stage of his development.

But so far we have not yet come, though on the way thither. It should be here stated that this German Romanticism streamed into New England, which was ready for it, through various channels. Most prominent, perhaps, was the influence of Carlyle, who tapped that same movement in Germany, and was brought across the Ocean by his friend Emerson, who may be deemed the supreme, though not the extreme, Transcendentalist. The work of Coleridge, of the same general trend, was also felt, especially in clerical circles. Then there was quite a number of young men who went directly to Germany from New England and became imbued with the dominant German ideas in philosophy and literature, one of whom was the aforesaid Dr. Hedge, whose book, already mentioned, puts its chief stress, both by the length and the number of its extracts, upon the Romantic Writers. Brockmeyer devoured unquestionably the whole book, though he never acknowledged the fact

to me, and, furthermore, it is my opinion that he derived thence his prevailing literary form, or, perchance, unfolded the manner of expression which was native to him. To the last he composed romantically, even though he did not think that way. On this point a word of explanation may be here interjected. Brockmeyer spoke and wrote, when at his best, in sporadic outbursts from the depths of his being; his manner, his eye, his word, his thought, came like a flash from a central fire, which was never quite able to get itself outered (or uttered) as a whole. He could, indeed, be very keen and logical; still his logic, even when aflame, was not so much a chain of glowing links as a succession of Jovian thunderbolts separately hurled. One result was that he could never get himself or his things into shape; he would writhe and surge and roar, breaking over limits into the illimitable. Meanwhile he would give a dazzling display of fireworks, yea, blinding to most people, till they learned how to look at him. So in the main he talked when at the top of his mood; so, too, he wrote, though with much less freedom—the giant would rattle his shackles restlessly when chained to a goose-quill. He began perhaps a dozen tales or romances, which after sputtering and coruscating for a time (chiefly in his talk, by the way)

would rush off toward the boundless and so remain unfinished and unfinishable. It seemed to be a necessity of his nature to break loose generally; he reacted against all form and formality, against all conventions and institutions; he became the incarnate spirit, or, perchance, fiend, of Romanticism, and therewith also of Transcendentalism, whose grand shout was enfranchisement. Well, enfranchisement from what? From quite everything, enfranchisement made universal, especially liberation from the transmitted fetters of the moral and social order. This is what Brockmeyer proceeded to do when once the Transcendental Idea had fully entered his soul; he universalized its battle-cry of emancipation; he would be completely emancipated, and so he flees to the primeval forest of pure Nature, where he lives alone in his cabin without Family, State, Church, School, and almost without the Economic Order, supporting himself chiefly by his rifle and from the wild berries and fruits and nuts of the environing fields and woods. The far-famed flight of Thoreau to Walden Pond was a very tame, inconsequential affair in comparison, hardly a mile distant from his original home and from a civilized town, out of which he could draw supplies for his potato hole, even if he cooked the potatoes himself.

Yet this seems almost to have become the typical deed of New England Transcendentalism. But Thoreau could form his rather small act and thought in writ, Brockmeyer could not; the result is that the New Englander has stamped his name and fame upon literature, while the Missourian is quite unknown, since his Titanic striving for utterance simply burst his pen and spattered the ink about in blotches, incoherent and illegible. Thus the very style of the man enfranchised itself, becoming, indeed, the symbol of his complete enfranchisement—enfranchisement made universal in the woods of Warren County.

But now for a glimpse of the turn in the spiritual genesis of our Mr. Brockmeyer. He has universalized emancipation, has emancipated himself from all—yet not quite from the All. What if now he gets a far-off gleam that he must emancipate himself just from this emancipation, which therein begins to turn back upon itself and apply itself to itself, becoming thus truly universal? Yes, something of that sort is coming, has to come, if the process be carried to its full circle. Such is verily the new emancipation, namely, from itself, from its own negative stage into aught positive—the transcension of Transcendentalism. In this fresh spiritual deliverance he obtains

chief theoretical help from Hegel, especially from the *Logic,* with its keen, double-edged dialectic—whereof later must be spoken a full word.

At Brown University, therefore, our student was taking a course of his own wholly outside of the regular curriculum, in deepest accord with the time, as well as with his own soul's needs. He was already in a state of inner protest against the established view of religion, as we may see in his Georgetown experience. Perhaps we may catch an early shred of his daring, recalcitrant nature in his youthful flight from home, country and continent. Transcendentalism gave him, accordingly, his opportunity at an epochal juncture; though he rose out of it afterwards, it left upon his spirit very deep markings for the rest of his days. I have already intimated that Brockmeyer did not form, probably could not, owing to his bound-bursting bent, natural doubtless, but developed into the deepest fibre of his mind by his New England experience. So his literary power, breaking forth at times with furious energy, ended in producing a torso, a work unformed if not formless. Still he showed the keenest appreciation of the most formful of all poetry, the classic, as well as of the greatest poetic former and, indeed, re-former of modern times,

Goethe. Nevertheless, at the top of his genius he would break through all restraint of outline, ignoring the plastic moderation of the Greeks, and, turning Rabelaisian, would effervesce in dark oracles or iridescent bubbles which seemed to rise to the surface without cause or connection, coming nowhence and going nowhither, but shooting often a streak of bright bewilderment through the mind of the reader. His conversation, when it flashed from the summits, was of the same general type, sudden in sentence, far-glancing, but disconnected. His political speeches in their best passages, when he did not resign himself to mere buffoonery and play circus clown to the crowd, jetted upward on a background of sunshine a many-colored spray of fantastic humors; his fantasy on a political opponent (C. D. Drake) was as luxuriant of metaphor as anything in those supreme romanticists, Richter and Hoffmann, both of whom, be it noted, by the way, Brockmeyer probably read in the characteristic selections given by Hedge's book. It is perhaps not too much to say that he suggested, if he did not create, a kind of political style, humorous, fanciful, effervescent, which has been imitated in Missouri on the stump and has sometimes appeared in the newspapers. Just through the foregoing trait he could be enormously stimu-

lating to the right person, but he gave little matter already formed and tractable; he did not finish or round out anything, not even his life of eighty years, which wound up in being a huge torso, verily the torso of all his torsos. Yet nobody that I ever knew of appreciated an organic work more thoroughly than he did, still he never organized. On this side he remained a romanticist to the end, even if he evolved out of that stage in his thinking, doubtless by way of Hegel.

When I became acquainted with Brockmeyer, in 1865, the Romantic, or Transcendental, stage had been left behind for several years, and he had made his return to civilization out of the woods. He had become again an institutional man, though he was still unreconciled, both in theory and practice, with morality, which transmitted waif of human development the New Englanders still clung to amid their wildest emancipation, which, in their case, accordingly was not altogether universal, being laden with this prominent exception. But, as already stated, Brockmeyer universalized his emancipation to the last notch, throwing overboard the entire transmitted cargo of the prescribed order, not only institutional, but also moral. Thus he became truly a Titan in his absolute defiance of Zeus and the Olympian rule; or we

may mythologize him as a new sort of Polyphemus, solitary in his cabin-cave, a gigantic Anarch of the forest. But the Titan possessed the power of recovering institutions, bearing with him in his return many visible scars, yea, bleeding wounds, gotten in his former Titanic struggles. Such was his state when I first came to know him, and so he remained essentially, though he had also his own peculiar later evolution. Nevertheless, he sought to conceal, if not to deny his Transcendental period as long as I was acquainted with him; he scoffed at the movement and its leaders, not even sparing gentle Emerson, and ridiculing Alcott and Thoreau, though he had done the same thing as they on a far huger scale; perchance, however, this was only Brockmeyer's present self laughing comically at his former self, which he had transcended. Still his ironical scoff at Romanticism was itself Romantic, especially when it took anything like a spontaneous literary shape, so that it artfully appeared in its very concealment. He would have us believe, and perchance he tried to make himself believe, that he had always been quite as he stood before us spiritually in 1865 and the following years; and I have to confess that I never distinctly caught the stages of his inner genesis till quite forty years after my first

acquaintance with him, when we were both old men chatting together upon old times. This incident, which hit me with all the force of a sudden shock, befell as follows:

According to an entry dated the 10th of August, 1904, Mr. Brockmeyer, as I was talking with him in the back room, broke loose on a new theme, and made an astounding revelation of his early self, which seemed to me like the pouring forth of a long-pent-up confession. "In my German boyhood I was a strict Lutheran, as were my parents, and I grew up nourished by the Bible, which I knew by heart. In Mississippi I became a Baptist and joined church; at Georgetown College I still held to that faith, in spite of my tussle with the President on a religious topic. To Brown I came as a Baptist in good standing, with my letter of transfer, which procured me a membership in the church at Providence. But while there I got to reading on the outside and slowly began to drift away from my former moorings." Here it is at last! Brockmeyer, the defiant, often the profane, and even blasphemous Titan—once a meek and believing church member in good standing! That was the greatest piece of news I ever listened to concerning him. If another person had said that, I would not have believed it. And yet it explains him, it is the hitherto missing link of his evolutionary cycle, which

he had never told to anybody else, as far as I am aware, in all the intervening years. Dr. Hall, who knew him at his retreat in Warren County, never spoke of it; Mr. Harris, whose acquaintance with him goes back to 1858, made no mention of it, and doubtless had never heard of it; Judge Woerner, who knew him as legislator in the early 60s, never alluded to any such fact, and was probably not aware of it. All these men were intimates of Brockmeyer before my time and kept up their friendship for him; in their many talks with me about him they never called up the church member Brockmeyer, even as a fable of the past. But this stage clearly antedated his Transcendentalism, and was the prescriptive, religious, paradisaical period of his career, out of which he was jerked by his New England experience and whelmed into his negative, damnatory, Mephistophelean Inferno of a time, which was the second, deeply separative stage of his spiritual genesis. This was, indeed, an epoch of separation for him—inner and outer. We have already noted how defiantly, yea, how vengefully he separated from the total social establishment of man and took refuge in a purely individual life with Nature. Still, as he was desperately bent on universalizing himself—such was, indeed, the most coercive elemental trait of his

character—he had to react against his reaction, to separate from his separation, which thus begins to turn back upon itself and to undo itself of its own inherent dialectic. Or, to take the favorite metaphor, confounding and self-confounding, which he used to employ for this operation: "The thing swallowed itself, and so disappeared."

His movement out of this separative condition was not a single jump, but proceeded by slow gradations. I shall try to put together some of the steps by which he marched away from the woods back to the civilized order, though he never connected them in my hearing, but dropped them in his talk one by one through many years. First of all, Love entered his leafy bower and drove its recalcitrant inmate by the bitter-sweet torments of a divine passion into the Family, the basic institution of man. Brockmeyer, even in the depth of his isolation, had to get powder and ball for overtaking his game from the economic world, and he still needed some garments, though he claimed that he made his own furniture, consisting probably of very few pieces, that his bed-clothes were the skins of wild animals he had slain in the chase, that he wore a coonskin cap with switching tail, as Lincoln once did, and smoked a cob pipe of his own make. So he had to come to town now

and then and earn a little money from that society which he spurned. He had two mechanic trades, he was a tanner and a molder, and from either of them he could turn a little stream of coin into his pocket; when he had enough, he would hurry back to his forest home. On one of these visits to the city he met her, a gentle dame, but really the incipient destroyer of his idyllic world, not by fierce blows, but by the sweet and silent persuasions of love. He married her and took her out to his cabin for a while, but a fatal breach had been made in it, clearly the whole structure was coming down on their heads. So he had to flee back to what he had once fled from, but with a new consecration in his heart and with a vast new experience in his head.

Not so very long after this event rolled another shock upon his world, truly that of an earthquake, which the mighty throes of the time had generated. One day a messenger came riding past his cabin door, and put into his hand a printed proclamation, which was a call of the Governor of the State (Gamble) to all men of military age to take up arms in defense of home and country. Brockmeyer more than once described to me the effect of this little slip of print upon him. He had heard with indifference of the rising political

struggle between the North and the South, and had concluded to let them fight it out among themselves; he would remain aloof in his own world. Having read the document, he went to bed in deep reflection; but he woke up in the morning with the call of the Nation sounding in his ears, and he resolved to obey it at once. He hurried to his neighbors and enlisted a company of volunteers without delay. So successful was he that he obtained a commission to recruit a whole regiment; this, too, he accomplished. Thus he found himself practically vindicating a second institution—the State. Surely he is getting out of the woods.

At this point, however, a new turn sets in. He fell into some kind of trouble with the authority above him—a Titan would naturally do that. He came to the city, when a Deputy Marshal approached him in the Mercantile Library and asked him: "Are you Henry C. Brockmeyer?" "That is my name, sir." "You are under arrest," said the officer, and presented a warrant, unsigned and without stating any charge, as Brockmeyer declares, who was straightway conducted to the Gratiot Street Prison, where he was incarcerated with rebels. News of the arrest was quickly brought to Francis P. Blair by a philosophic friend of Brockmeyer

named Haydon, a writing teacher. Blair succeeded in getting the prisoner out of jail after a stay of thirty-six hours, and expressed a wish to see him, evidently for the purpose of taking his measure. Brockmeyer, who blamed the Governor for his arrest, said something vengeful about him and his satellites, when Blair replied: "So you intend to let them get the better of you, do you? For they have now the power. Let me tell you what to do. There is to be soon an election for the Legislature, which is a co-ordinate branch of the State government, and which the Executive has to respect and consult. Go home at once and see that good Union men are nominated and chosen from your district; be one of them yourself. As member of the Legislature you will have something authoritative to say, even to the Governor." Brockmeyer was at once filled with the new idea, which meant, indeed, for him a new career; he hurried back to Warren County and took his first lesson in stump-speaking, wire-pulling and electioneering, with such success that the whole ticket which he manipulated was overwhelmingly elected. So he passed in a few months' time from his military to his political stage, being elected to make laws for the State, truly another institutional dip of the practical sort.

Such was his first interview with Frank Blair, who deflected him into Missouri politics, where he floundered for some twenty years of the best time of life. Moreover, he had now met a man whom he called demonic, the only man who could ever dominate his genius in any direction. Blair was not philosophical or literary, but desperately political and full then of a great institutional duty; in this field Brockmeyer yielded him supremacy —the sole superiority which I ever heard him acknowledge. Was this turn a stroke of good-fortune for the philosopher? Was it a push forward in his right career? I have always doubted it. He has told me that before that time he intended to work out his world-view in philosophy, in literature, in poetry. His purpose was to become a Writer of Books. This first success of his in politics was probably his greatest, though he afterwards became State Senator and Lieutenant Governor; he was intoxicated with what he deemed his new talent, and with a vast outlook upon a rosy future. Thirty years later I found him working again in philosophy and literature, trying to recover, as it appears to me, his lost career. He was then rushing rapidly toward three score and ten; the powers forbade him to do in the 90s what he might and ought to have done in the 60s.

When I first became acquainted with him he was about forty years old, in the mature bloom of his highest gifts; he had already done a good deal of intellectual labor, especially in translating Hegel; but he had also vast schemes of literary work, some of them well begun, others merely sketched, all of which have remained fragments, with a single possible small exception. He still had to complete one great stage of the training of the writer, that is, of the Writer of Books; he still had to train himself to order his ever-welling but refractory thoughts into a whole which is thoroughly organized in every part. I believe him to have been on the way to this higher stage of his spiritual evolution, which could only be reached by industry and continued practice, when the great diversion from his true vocation came, whirling him into politics, for which he was not in any pre-eminent sense fitted, as the event showed. He was deeply disillusioned by the rod of time, the most severe, but the most honest, of all pedagogues; but when he tried to pick up the lapsed skein of his destiny and to become once more a Writer of Books, after the loss of a full quarter of a century containing the pith of a lifetime, it was evident that he could not do it—he had not learned his lesson. He, therefore, never made the transition in writ

from his ebullient Romantic period and manner, transforming his fantastic Transcendental chaos into an harmonious, well-ordered cosmos. Now the significant fact of him is that he did make the above transition fully in thought, that is, in philosophy, though not in literature; and this peculiar dualism stayed with him till his last day.

Here it is in place to give some account of the mentioned philosophical transition of Brockmeyer, who was inclined not to own it, or, perchance, he was not fully conscious of it himself. It undoubtedly occurred through his thinking out and translating Hegel's *Logic* (large edition), about 1859-60. This book became to him, therefore, the greatest of all books, his very Bible; he would read in it even during his political career, in order to recover his balance from the ups and downs of life, from the uncertain tetering of party power, and from the high tension of his very excitable emotional nature. It seemed to restore him to a calm endurance and serenity similar to the effect which Spinoza's *Ethics* had upon Goethe, as the latter has described it. And yet in a number of ways Hegel's *Logic* is the opposite of Brockmeyer in character; its passionless manner, wholly unromantic (therein differing from the same author's *Phenomenology*), but chiefly its colos-

sal power of organizing thought, were not his creatively, even if they were his appreciatively. And yet that book was the anchor of his life, which he always flung out into the sea of his soul at the height of its oceanic tempests. In his last days I found him reading it still, usually poring over his translation of it, with many retrospective reflections, one of which has stayed in my saddened memory on account of its melancholy implication of a lost career: "If I had my life to live over again, I would devote it exclusively to Hegel—to his explanation and propagation." Still I could never push him to the point of printing his dearest life-work, though he was at that time amply able to bear the expense.

It should be noted that there was an older philosophic set, to which I did not belong. This group had its start when Brockmeyer and Harris first met, accidentally, it would seem, at some gathering in the Small Hall of the old Mercantile Library Building. This took place, according to the statements of both men, in 1858, some seven years before my time. Brockmeyer was then still in his acute romantic period, with all its irregular but dazzling flashes from the central fire and smoke of his genius; he was in town at that time earning some money from society to keep up his anti-social life in the woods; he

represented himself to me as appearing at the above gathering unwashed, disheveled and ragged in his working clothes. Harris, then a peripatetic teacher of shorthand, was passing through "his saurian period," as he humorously called it afterward, being much addicted to phrenology and to the vast swarm of *isms* which had broken loose in New England with Transcendentalism and was descending upon the West in countless flights like Kansas grasshoppers. I remember that some of these insects lit at Mount Gilead in my boyhood. Indeed the gathering at which both our heroes were present seems to have been one of "long-haired men and short-haired women," bent on reforming all the ills and pains of the world with paregorical panaceas thousandfold. Harris had already begun to study philosophy, and was infatuated with the then popular French eclectic, Victor Consin, whom Brockmeyer just there shriveled into ashen dust at one white-hot touch of his all-consuming dialectic, whereupon Harris leaped up in stark amazement at that tattered piece of audacity. Still they had found themselves and began to gravitate toward each other, though they were in many points very different, yea antitypical, and remained so in spite of their common philosophy. Harris, the man of talent, very indus-

trious and very careful of individuals, became naturally the pupil, as he was nearly ten years younger than Brockmeyer, the man of genius, but rather indolent, and on the whole indifferent to individuals. Both were unmarried, simply birds of passage alighting in a large city where each had his own room in some lodging-house, natural abode of philosophers, so that he could easily give and take a transcendental visit. A few other men of the same general class of respectable vagabonds became associated with them, and this was the early group of philosophers—the fifty-eighters, none of whom are at present alive, as far as I am aware, and most of whom I never saw, as they had been scattered by the Civil War. The set was just beginning to get together again, with a number of new recruits but under the old leaders, Brockmeyer and Harris, when I first met them in the fall of 1865, six months or so after Appomattox.

These two men have maintained themselves as the most prominent leaders of the St. Louis philosophical movement. Now, if I were asked to give my opinion concerning the peculiar point of attraction which drew two such diverse natures into their long friendship and co-operation, I would have to say that it was Transcendentalism, though of very different kinds. Both were eager seekers after the un-

known, limit-transcending in their zeal, fervid emancipators of themselves and of their world. Harris had not long before studied at Yale College; thus both had been New England students, the most enthusiastic even if the most frothy disciples of the new evangel during the grand Transcendental decennium of the 50's. So their two spirits became twinned just now, having found a common point of origin and sympathy. But Brockmeyer was clearly growing discontented with the doctrine and with his own condition. In 1859 and perhaps earlier he began to declare to his group in substance that we must transcend Transcendentalism, applying its own logic and even its own name to itself, that we must rise out of and above Parker, Alcott, and even Emerson. But how? Who is to be the guide? Brockmeyer had noticed in Hedge's *Prose Writers of Germany* the place of Hegel as the culmination of the German philosophical movement, which had outreached and undone Romanticism; from the same book he had also seen that the *Logic* was the creative center of the Hegelian system. So he said one day to his little group: "That is the book for us to tackle." The book was sent for from Germany and paid for by Harris; when it came, Brockmeyer set about translating it and expounding it to his friends. Such is the

definite beginning of the St. Louis Hegelian movement—practically Brockmeyer's interpretation of Hegel's Logic. He had one good listener and only one. This was W. T. Harris, who then began to be indoctrinated in his lifelong philosophy. The labor of translation and exposition must have lasted a year or more, the very small living expenses of the translator being paid by his friends. This took place in 1859-60, which was Brockmeyer's pivotal philosophic year and marks his transition in thought out of his Romantic stage into an organic system of the universe of intelligence, where he remained theoretically for the rest of his life, which, however, had an evolution of its own not here to be considered. Parallel with this theoretical and intellectual side of his development, but slower, ran his practical and institutional experience in the same direction. Thus was Brockmeyer's idyllic world in the forest shattered to atoms subjectively and objectively we may say, though many an atom and some pretty large rough boulders of that same exploded world floated with him still down the stream of Time to his final passage beyond.

With this year of Hegelian translation and interpretation on the part of Brockmeyer the St. Louis philosophical movement makes its definitive germinal beginning. The chief ef-

fect was produced upon the Titan himself, who now spiritually moves out of his revolted Titanism over a massive bridge of Thought already constructed, which, however, had to be reconstructed with infinite pains by every soul that ever succeeded in crossing it, and which our philosophic interpreter had the marvelous power of rebuilding for himself as well as for others who could not possibly have done such work for themselves. I may add that William T. Harris, destined to become the most famous man ever connected with the movement on account of his varied public career afterwards, also passed out of his previous rather chaotic flighty Transcendental condition (his self-styled saurian period), and, during this memorable philosophic year (the *annus mirabilis* of the new-born cause and its chief promoters) became the stanch, rock-bound ever-ready protagonist of Hegelianism against all foes the globe over. I may be permitted to remind the reader, in order that no mistake be made, that I was not present during this fecund brooding time, though I have often heard it described by its two chief participators, neither of whom, I have to think, ever showed himself quite conscious of its true place and significance in his personal evolution. Brockmeyer was inclined to look at himself as having existed

perchance from the dawn of consciousness just the same big Brockmeyer of forty years old—namely, he had been a full-fledged Hegelian as a baby. Harris was inclined to put stress upon his early reading in the Indian philosophy (and it must be confessed that through life he was in the habit of dropping back from almost anywhere into the Oriental world and giving an infinite dissertation upon its infinities); but more particularly he in after years emphasized as his philosophic starting point his study of Kant along with Brockmeyer and the little group in 1858-59. Really, however, neither of them at that time understood Kant, or could understand him till they had obtained the key to him through Hegel who, being the final evolution out of Kant, is the latter's true explanation. Transcendentalism had, and a surviving fragment of it still has, a tendency to flee back to Kant as its germinal source and authority, till it begins to get out of itself. So these two men had as it were groped rearward to the Transcendental beginning in that first Kant club (there was a second Kant club many years afterwards — nearly. twenty — with which Brockmeyer had nothing to do, but in which Harris with a later group seemed to make a fresh return upon his Transcendental origin). But this Kantian backward sweep was

the finality; it was soon succeeded by the supreme forward stride into Hegel, through Brockmeyer as translator and expositor, who led the rest along by the hand as far as they were able to walk in that very intricate but planful thought-maze of the logically ordered universe.

Intellectually this was Brockmeyer's condition when I became acquainted with him a few years later and was so dominated by his demonic intellectual power as well as by his spontaneous poetic outpourings that I took my own year at the University Brockmeyer, of which I have already given an account, parallel to, yet quite different from, that first genetic philosophical year, which had transpired before my arrival in the city. But now I have circled around back to myself again in my own development, having brought down to my own date the inner genesis (as I understand it) of the man whom I in gratitude reverence as my spiritual father, even if I rebelled against some of his doctrines from the start, could never approve of much of his conduct, and finally felt my own deepest call to transcend his entire system in a new-world discipline.

Very significant, not only personally but universally, is this Brockmeyerian cycle of evolution, yet hardly known was it to his most

intimate friends during his life and perchance to himself. To be sure the fact of his flight to the woods in Warren County was often rehearsed by him and others; also the fact of his going to Brown University he frequently mentioned, likewise the philosophic year of 1859-60 with its acquisition of Hegel was not left untrumpeted. But the movement of the man's inner life, or that which I have called his spiritual genesis, was never distinctly formulated, and, as I have to think, never clearly seen even by himself. Now so impressive and important is this soul-process of him, at least to me as a writer of books, that I intend to restate it here at the close of the present account of him in a brief summary of its three leading stages, which, it must be remembered, include only about forty years of his career.

I. The first is his prescriptive, traditional, unestranged period, in which he is in harmony with his transmitted social and even religious environment. This brings him to his twenty-fifth year or thereabouts; till then his was an innocent, paradisaical, seemingly unfallen existence; let us conceive Brockmeyer now as church-member, dutiful and harmonious.

II. Next comes the grand cataclysm of his life, his breach with the whole institutional world and the flight from it back to ele-

mental Nature, himself becoming elemental along with Nature and a Titan in revolt. Such was his grand subsidence into a kind of underworld; we may say mythically that this new Missouri Titan was, like the old Greek one, hurled down into Erebos by Zeus and the Olympians, the Gods of mundane order, religious, political, social; there he stayed, given over to his negative individual self mainly, for some six or eight years. This mighty catastrophe of him began with his entrance into Brown University and his plunge there into New England Transcendentalism about 1852 (this date he once gave me, yet with a wrinkle of uncertainty on his brow). He was still a man of tradition when he went to Brown, wholly with the design of acquiring the traditional culture of his time; then there surged in upon him unexpectedly the new revolutionary tide which swept away his old transmitted landmarks and bore him off into its bound-defying ocean.

III. Third is his return and restoration, first of all to the institutional world, through his own inner changes as well as through the exigencies of the time; he came back practically to Family, Society, State, but never again to the Church, though in the latter case he showed a kind of theoretical acquiescence, probably on account of the influence of his

philosophic master, Hegel. It was this master, however, who brought to him his supreme intellectual recovery, and the spiritual reconstruction of his world-view, as already set forth. Still he carried back to civilization from the woods his Titanic underworld of feeling, which would sometimes break forth into a thunderous volcanic eruption, objurgatory, damnatory of existing tendencies, with a profanity capable of descending into a Rabelaisian obscenity and minatory of Heaven and Earth, whereat civilized people were not only shocked, but often shrank back in terror from his Vesuvian outburst, giving him no good name in the community. It would seem as if at times he had to blow off his Titanic moods which still lurked and fermented mightily under the deep dark sea of his sub-conscious being, in defiance of his intelligence—like Enceladus, the old Titan under Mount Etna, rolling from side to side in earthquakes and bursting out in volcanic eruptions. My call was to endure him for the sake of his better genius, and I learned how to deflect him frequently in the midst of his wildest paroxysms into his higher self. Even during his last illness he, though in bed, would flare up suddenly from the nether depths of his emotional nature and start to gesticulating, grimacing and bellowing in the

sheer tension of his excitement, when I would soothingly lay my hand upon his arm and speak to him a calm, low word, turning his mind off into some salient thought of Hegel, his grand solacer and reliever of ills. Thus he could be brought to re-enact his old restoration from his negative period in the woods, traveling anew the same remedial road which once led him out of his Titanic despair.

Here I may append that a human being with such a colossal experience backing him, yet still revolving mightily within him and drawing the whole universe into its process, had something very impressive and significant to say to me in 1865. I, too, had been at college and had gotten its traditional training and culture up to a given point; I had also felt its insufficiency and on certain sides had tried to remedy it myself. The transmitted religion I at least knew, and also the current philosophy, in both cases chiefly as a student, not as a zealous supporter or assailant. After a small fashion I was in reaction against the world of prescription, though not on Transcendental lines; I had indeed felt deeply its conflicts and was quietly wrestling with it, certainly not as a Titan defiant and world-storming, or at most as a very little one. I never fled, never intended to flee to the woods. Still I was unanchored and in protest, seek-

ing unconsciously some intellectual center when Brockmeyer chanced to pass my way and speak a word drawn from his life's depths. Instantaneously I recognized him at that Sunday meeting on Salisbury street, though I had been able to catch no spiritual outline of him eighteen months before when I first met him at the French boarding-house. Then, as soon as I could, I entered his University and remained there till I deemed myself ready to take another new step behind the curtain of the future. Of this I shall next speak.

V.

In the High School.

The fall term of 1867 I became one of the teachers in the St. Louis High School, then very small compared to what it is at present. As I recollect it at that time, it had about a dozen instructors in its total faculty and toward three hundred pupils in its four grades. I remained there uninterruptedly for ten years, till I started for Europe. After I came back from abroad I again took a position in the same school for about eighteen months, when I resigned for good. This second stay began near the close of 1879, after more than two years' absence, and was not specially significant to me nor to anybody else, as far as I

am aware; I no longer felt in harmony with it; the school had changed, I had changed, and the Principal (Morgan) had seriously changed. But those first ten years, my High School decennium as I may call it, were very important to me not only in my lifelong vocation as teacher, but also were epochal in my literary evolution as a Writer of Books. In the latter regard I shall try to give some outline of this period in so far as I understand it myself.

Probably my chief transition was on an interior line from my work in the University Brockmeyer to my work in the High School. These two institutions of learning, though on the outside very different—the one seemingly being a sort of intangible, ideal thing, the other a very real affair—were directly and deeply connected in my development. I began to teach with zeal what I had just learned, the opportunity offering; thus, however, I started to take a wholly new course of instruction, exemplifying afresh the old pedagogical maxim *discit docendo*. Probably, too, because I was such an eager learner in certain branches I was the better teacher of them, in accordance with another apothegm of the school: *Bene docet qui bene discit*. At any rate I conceive myself as now slipping into Brockmeyer's shoes, humbly and

slowly, in an organized institution; that is, what he was to me, I began to be to some of my pupils, perchance in certain studies. So I commenced to carry along the University Brockmeyer into the High School, quite unconscious to myself of the fact at the time. I should add that the administrative environment was not only friendly but actively sympathetic with such a movement on my part. Harris, the most devoted Hegelian propagandist that ever lived and himself really an offshoot of the University Brockmeyer, though he may not have looked at himself in that light, had been chosen Superintendent of Schools this same autumn (1867) and had started on his career of imparting what he had learned to the whole system of Public Instruction, and also of learning thereby still more. In this field he won a great name, world-known in fact. My immediate superior, Principal Morgan, was likewise fermenting along the same line, though somewhat irregularly, and participated in our philosophic meetings. And the rest of the High School faculty were carried ahead, even if rather languidly, by the prevailing current, which swept down from the highest administrative sources, and seemed to be the right road to promotion as well as to culture. Thus philosophy was, for once at least during its

rather precarious existence, mightily reinforced by the prospect of an increase of salary. Such was, in general, the favorable, yea the stimulating school-atmosphere during my entire High School decennium. Opportunity, always a capricious Goddess, now smiled on me, and I wooed her with all my powers, not knowing, however, at which end of the horn I might come out, the little or the big.

No longer an immediate pupil of the University Brockmeyer, I was as yet by no means free of my spiritual apprenticeship to the man's genius, and I visited him often. Even our families, though dwelling quite a distance apart, had some intercourse. So I may call myself still his apprentice, and him still the master. It is true that I turned away from not a little of both his theory and practice; but even after this considerable subtraction, he had far more for me than any other living man. Still this could not be at present the main stream of my life; my young vocation with its six hours' concentrated effort per day absorbed the flower of my creative energy. But I had certain favorite branches which evoked more of my deepest self than others; the latter I taught less enthusiastically, but, I believe, conscientiously. During the ten years, my range of instruction varied a good deal and embraced nearly every study

of the curriculum of the High School. I shall here, however, take brief note only of those which laid the foundation for the Writer of Books, who developed later, but was obtaining a good deal of his building material during this period.

(*a*) The class in *Mental Philosophy* filed into my room for their lesson, the first day, and received from me what I deem my earliest act of instruction in the High School, a kind of prologue not only to the coming decennium, but to an important strand of my entire life. For the study was really that of Psychology, though of the kind then regnant—the text-book was Haven's, mostly patterned after Sir W. Hamilton. I at once began to interweave many a thought which I had gotten at the University Brockmeyer and from my own probings into Hegel. For this the course of the lesson furnished an excellent opportunity; I could mingle recitation from the text-book with dictation of my own as long as my stores lasted. Thus I started to metamorphose that old Psychology and to underprop it with the far deeper Hegelian view of mind; the process lasted during the whole decennium, as this branch I kept hold of to the last. Practically in a few years I had transformed the entire subject, and moreover had completely organized it, with not a few additions of my own.

But the Hegelian Psychology which I had wrought out with so much labor and had taught for so many years, I was destined long afterwards to transcend and to push over into a wholly different Psychology. In 1893-4 it was when I began teaching a psychological class in the Chicago Kindergarten College, on account of a sudden emergency. I had given no instruction in this branch since the close of my High School career many years before. But I at once recalled my whole organization of the subject and easily reproduced it for my auditors. These seemed well satisfied to find this rambling and disjointed science put together into an ordered totality; but when the course was over, I myself was deeply dissatisfied with it and felt that the whole subject must be reconstructed not only from a new standpoint but from a deeply different world-view. I then became fully aware that I had outgrown the old Hegelian formulation; but this evolution belongs to a period later than the present narrative, and long after my High School decennium. Still I may add here that the foregoing break into a new thought-world found its first expression in the book called *Psychology and the Psychosis* (1896), to me at least the morning herald not simply of another philosophy after the old European pattern, but of another disci-

pline beyond philosophy, which has itself to be transcended in our Occidental life. So this last-mentioned book I hold to be a development of nearly forty years out of that primal grapple with Psychology in my first lesson given at the High School. I began then to organize it, to be sure after Hegel with Brockmeyer's illumination, and I held on till I not only organized that one branch, but gradually learned the principles of all organization—to be sure, to the extent of my understanding.

(*b*) Next I place *Moral Philosophy,* which succeeded the foregoing study after the lapse of the first half-year. Again a transmitted text-took was put into the hands of the pupils, that of President Hickok, and I spun through it many new threads, subjecting it to a transformation like that already described. The subject threw me specially upon one of Hegel's best volumes, perhaps the most practical and intelligible of all, his *Philosophy of Right,* embracing a treatment of Law, Morals, and Institutions. I made abstracts of these three subjects, dictated them and expounded them to the class (seniors) who gave many evidences of their interest. After their graduation, some of them asked for a post-graduate course in Mental and Moral Philosophy—a thing not often heard of then. But it is my opinion that I was learning more than my

pupils, especially at the start; again I was transferring the University Brockmeyer into the High School and becoming the Scholarch in his place, though mine was an organized institution of learning; yea, I think I can truly say that I was now putting into order and so realizing his sky-high University of Helter-Skelter, which no human soul ever attended as student except myself, or probably could attend.

The greatest and most lasting result upon myself of this instruction was that it drove me to an insight into the significance of the whole institutional realm. If I should be asked for my opinion as to the chief contribution of Hegel not merely to philosophy but to the cause of humanity, I would put my finger upon what he has said and done for Institutions. The world has by no means yet appropriated or even appreciated his thought upon this subject. It underlies all the social movements and sociology of our time. It is especially considered in his work on the *Philosophy of Right,* but runs through many of his other works. In illustrating this side of his master Brockmeyer was peculiarly happy and in his most congenial element; he was an institutional man, one-sidedly so I think, for he neglected the twin, the moral. As for myself I was now becoming consciously institu-

tional, through study and instruction, and my past life both at Oberlin and in the Civil War furnished me with many a commentary upon what I was thinking and teaching. Indeed I began applying my new insight to Art and Literature, to History and Politics; I glimpsed them all, unfolding on an institutional strand as their essence.

Still in this case also I had to move out of Hegel and Brockmeyer, transcending their view of Institutions, after entertaining it not only in my intellect but also in my heart for many years, and caressing it fondly, I may say, as one of my dearest spiritual treasures. The Writer of Books may be suffered to add that this stage of his evolution had to culminate in a book, which bears the title *Social Institutions* (1901) and which was followed by another institutional book *The State* (1902). Such late-born progeny I trace back in origin to my High School decennium, when I became consciously institutional, even if I was unconsciously so before.

(*c*) During the same general period (the decennium) a class in *Universal History* was assigned to me by the Principal for a couple of years. The subject was fascinating to me; I had already had at College a spell of eager historical study, especially I had read the Greek Historians whom I had by no means

forgotten in the original. So I was delighted with my fresh task which I began at once to elaborate and to organize after my new world-view. But here I received no help from Brockmeyer, who did not like History and really had little historic sense, differing on this point from his master Hegel, whose work called *The Philosophy of History* he rather neglected, while I pored over it with great delight and profit. This is probably Hegel's most popular book, and it was the only one at that time accessible in a printed English translation. Still its inadequacy I felt vaguely in this instruction, chiefly because it had no place for Occidental or American History unless as a little tail-piece to Europe. Hence it came about with the flight of the years that the Writer of Books wrought over and remodeled this sphere of knowledge, setting down the result in a book entitled *European History* (1907) to which book several others might be joined.

(*d*) Some three of four years of the decennium had elapsed, when I asked the Principal to assign me a branch in *Natural Science,* the teacher of that department having resigned. It was a time of renewed interest in the study of Nature, being especially stimulated by the discussions over Darwin's work on the Origin of the Species,

which was then little more than ten years old. This work I read with diligence and annotated in parts, but it left me in doubt. Moreover Hegel, though running over with logical evolution, distinctly discredits biological evolution; my other Mentor, Brockmeyer, also seemed to face up against the same untransparent limit, though he said little. But there was at that time a great push for introducing a more thorough study of Natural Science into the Public Schools; I took advantage of this drift, with the result that the Principal in the end handed over to me practically the whole department. In the course of several years it fell to my lot to give instruction in Natural Philosophy (Mechanics and Physics), Chemistry, Physiology, Botany, Geology and Zoology (Natural History), which I not only expanded from the text-books by outside reading, but sought to connect and to interrelate in a common Science of Nature. Here again Hegel was a great help through his much-defamed *Philosophy of Nature,* which, I shall have to confess, seemed to me in parts far-fetched and fantastic, with not a few deductions and transitions which I could never get through my head after all my desperate poundings. Still it suggested and formulated the unity of Nature in itself, and also its place in the unity of the All, of which it

is one stage or phase according to the Hegelian Philosophy.

Herein lay the deepest fascination of the subject for me: I wished to see Nature take its place in a system of the Universe, of which Hegel has the three well-known divisions, Logic, Nature, Spirit. Of these I had already imposed on myself a pretty thorough training in Logic and Spirit (Geist) during five or six years; so I had begun to feel an intense longing to supply the missing intermediate link. Indeed I had ere this made many little excursions into Nature by myself, and had translated a good part of Hegel's book for my own private advancement. I spent nearly the whole of one summer vacation in Shaw's Garden contemplating plant-life and botanizing. Also I went in the winter to McDowell's Medical College to hear lectures, but especially to learn something about dissection, in pursuit of which I had to cut up my man along with the other students. Nor were the revelations of the microscope neglected. So I felt myself fairly ready, when the opportunity offered, to annex Nature to my intellectual domain, and to order it in harmony with my dawning world-view. This I would be driven to do by the requirements of instruction, while to the new branches I could now give my undivided

attention, since by this time I had put into shape both the Mental Philosophy and the Ethics, at least as far as I was then able.

In this field of Nature Brockmeyer was by no means left out, but he took a peculiar position, derived from his long first-hand contact with the physical world in the woods. He was like Nimrod, "a mighty hunter before the Lord," and his stories of the chase showed the keenest observation of the animal kingdom with its environment. These stories at their best would flash ideas at every turn from a string of personal experiences; that is, he poetized his hunting exploits almost in spite of himself. He had lived for years in the closest communion with Nature, and had listened to her varying moods with the deepest sympathy, to which he brought an insight all his own. Solitary in his cabin with the forests and hills around him, and living the life of the seasons in the company of Mother Earth herself, he viewed Nature not with the analytic eyes of the scientist but with the immediate intuition of the seer. He beheld easily the total process of which this one act of killing a deer was but a part, and would recount it in that way. He was never happier than when he was celebrating his triumphs over big game, often falling into a kind of paean of victory. Thus he looked at Nature

poetically and also philosophically with a fellow-feeling, but hardly scientifically. My practical function, however, was to teach it according to science, though I did not neglect the other two sides, relishing all three, as far as I can judge of myself, with an equal appetency.

Another faculty of Brockmeyer in his vision of Nature—and one rapturously fascinating to me the listener—was his mythologizing his exploits, especially in the chase. He would put himself into the center of things as a kind of all-controlling Zeus, and bring about the events of the world, yea the physical phenomena of his environment. He would seem to say that he caused the wild horned stag roaming the woods in freedom to run just at a given moment before his gun and get shot. What a big hunting-lie again! the average unmythical un-Homeric man of our time would exclaim. And yet in a sense Brockmeyer had told the truth, though clothing the fact in fable. He knew the habits of the animal, knew the time of day—just at the peep of dawn—when it would timidly quit its nest in the deep forest and hasten to the distant pool to slake its thirst while men were still asleep. But Brockmeyer was there under cover with weapon pointed, for he had observed the tell-tale tracks to and from the

water the day before, and had divined the whole act of the animal and its purpose. He had overreached its little world with his intelligence and so controlled it even in its freedom, as the high Homeric Zeus controls mortals, notably small Agamemnon, below on earth, leaving them also to their own sweet will. Did he command the deer to pass before him just then and meet its fate? In a mythical sense, yes; in a prosaic sense, no; but the animal did it just the same. To be sure Brockmeyer had his love of mystification; but he was a born myth-maker like Homer, with whom he always showed a unique bond of sympathy, and would drop into a little epic extemporaneously while narrating a day's hunting adventure, he being the Olympian God and the game being the mortals.

As to myself I was exceedingly susceptible to this gift of his, and understood it from the start, through certain early experiences of my own. I had been a farmer's boy, and had felt the immediate pulse of Nature at numerous points of her organism. When I moved to the village I still hunted and fished a good deal, and became acquainted with the habits of smaller game and of the finny tribe, and learned how to overreach them. Some said that I could kill squirrels when nobody else could find them, and could catch fish from a

mill dam when the person sitting beside me with his tackle could not get a nibble. It was supposed that I put some kind of medicine on my hook along with the bait which irresistibly lured the sucker to bite. But I was then well aware that all this popular fabling was simply a tribute to my better attention to the habits of game, and the consequent superior knowledge. But I never mythologized myself in such a relation or thought of it till I saw Brockmeyer performing the trick, and understood it at the first overture. With keen delight I may add that the myth-making Brockmeyer, fabling his hunting exploits, helped me behold the epical world of Homer, with its interplay of mankind and godkind.

So my instruction in Nature at the High School, lasting several years altogether, had a tendency to branch out on three lines—scientific, poetic and philosophic. Of course in the school-room I put full stress upon the transmitted facts and principles of the given Sciences; still, at the same time I satisfied my own longing for unity—which I found in my pupils also—by ordering these Sciences into a connected System of Nature, as well as I could, through Philosophy. Some close observers noted that this fact gave a peculiar color to the science-teaching of the High School at that time. But, if I may deliver

judgment on myself, the deepest bent of me in dealing with Nature, though the most hidden, was the poetic and mythical. This bent had to rise to the surface when the opportunity appeared, for which I was always on the look-out; finally the axial moment came and I clutched for it with all my might, winning a new and important branch of study which made an epoch in the life of this Writer of Books.

(*e*) This was the work in *Shakespeare,* which began in 1871, and continued for six years, to the close of the decennium, winding up with a book of considerable size, really my first organic book, and therein the prelude of the chief character of my entire productive activity. I had long secretly sighed for this branch of instruction without any hope of ever getting it. At last the Assistant-Principal who taught it was transferred to another school, and I was asked to take his position, which was regarded as a promotion. But I did not wish to get involved too much in the administration of the High School. I was too deeply enamored of my call—so I thought it—to organize all the branches of instruction upon a basic principle sprung of the Hegelian Philosophy. To such a task the new place, while a touching compliment personally, might be a hindrance. Therefore I declined

it. But Principal Morgan appealed to me with great urgency, employing what he evidently deemed his strongest argument: "If you do not take the position, Davidson will surely get it, through the Germans on the Board of Directors; you know what will be the effect of such a selection upon the discipline of the school." Mr. Thomas Davidson had joined the High School faculty the same year that I did—a few months later, if I recollect aright; he was brilliant, sociable, the most learned man of us all and possessed of a real literary gift, attractive but not very profound or well-integrated. At the time he was strongly Teutonizing, though afterwards he wheeled about to just the opposite. His pedagogical weakness lay in his lack of keeping order; his room was famous as the noisiest in the building, and, what was worse, he was inclined to uphold theoretically the principle of a free anarchy among his pupils. The fact is, he had no institutional sense with all his splendid parts and erudition. For this reason among others, he came nigh to being my antitype, not only in the school but in literature, in philosophy and especially in the criticism of the masterpieces. Moreover at the house of Harris during some gathering of the philosophers he had a furious clash with Brockmeyer who shriveled him up in scorch-

ing and angry sarcasm, and whom he always hated and scoffed at afterwards, but whom he did not understand at all. Though a graduate of a Scottish University, I do not believe that he could have entered even the first grade of the University Brockmeyer. Still Mr. Davidson had his unique place in our circle. I always appreciated his gifts within their true range; this I showed by employing him repeatedly at the Chicago Literary School even against the wishes of my associates. So much for genial Scotch Tom, always smiling yet always critical, with his burning tongue and his broad red brick of a beard suspended from his chin.

Coming back to Principal Morgan, I saw that I could wrest from him that which my heart was set upon, but which he wished, as I think, to keep for himself. So I said: "Will you give me the Shakespeare class which the last Assistant-Principal taught?" Morgan crossed his eyes with a new cross in meditation, and ruffled his features for a moment as if swallowing a disagreeable dose which he could not help, then spoke: "Yes, I'll do that, too." "Very well, take my consent to the board." Thus I was promoted to the Assistant-Principalship of the High School, which I did not care for, but at the same time I obtained the opportunity as well as the in-

centive to organize the greatest literary phenomenon of the ages, and this is what I did care for supremely. The reader must understand that there was then but one class, the Seniors, in Shakespeare; along with it I continued the work in Natural Science as well as in Mental and Moral Philosophy.

Thus I entered upon a new phase of my career as a Writer of Books, namely the interpretation of the world-poets. This impulse has lasted long and is still active, just this week in fact. For instance I have repeatedly interrupted the writing of the present book (fall of 1909) in order to go to classes in Homer and Shakespeare, which reach back in origin to my starting-point in the old High School. Again my method was derived from what I had glimpsed in the University Brockmeyer, backed by very thorough studies in Hegel's three large volumes on *Aesthetic,* which shows the philosopher's organization of the total art-world including poetry. To be sure, Mr. Brockmeyer knew Shakespeare as a whole not at all, and very little of the poet in parts; still he acknowledged the great Anglo-Saxon dramatist. On the other hand he utterly rejected Dante, and could damn the Florentine to his own Inferno. With Homer he had (as already indicated) a deep sympathy on the mythical side, but I never

heard him give the least hint of the organization of the Iliad or of the Odyssey. Really Goethe was his one supreme poet, whom he had also ordered in his "Letters on Faust," which were to me a great spiritual leaven and first suggested what I should do with Shakespeare. And then on the same general line I passed from Shakespeare to the other Literary Bibles along with the evolving years, after the High School decennium, feeling even the necessity of going back to Brockmeyer's "Faust," my starting-point, and reconstructing it after what I had come to believe a more complete standard of interpreting a world-poem. Still it must not be forgotten that the whole literary strand, as well as philosophical, of the St. Louis movement goes back to Henry C. Brockmeyer as its original source, even if he derived it out of Hegel, through his own genius—which, I hold, none of the rest of us could have done. He was the peculiarly gifted mediator of the great German Renascence of the century for our little St. Louis set, from which it rayed out in various directions—the conduit or pipe-line I may metaphor him, piping Teutonic Hegel and Goethe over the ocean into the Mississippi Valley, which, it is to be hoped, will finally have its own Hegel and Goethe.

I had read a good deal of Literature be-

fore this and had even taught it at the Christian Brothers; but now I turned back upon it with a wholly new illumination. My class began with *Julius Caesar,* on which I wrote out my first attempt at construing a play of Shakespeare. This was followed by an essay on the *Merchant of Venice,* which Harris asked for that he might put it into his Journal of Speculative Philosophy. I gave it to him and thus started the line of Shakespearian articles in that periodical which ran through several years. Then I took *As You Like It,* in which I came upon that peculiar structure of quite a number of Shakespeare's comedies which involve a flight to some sort of an ideal world from which there is also return. So the work went on year after year, till at last I had organized in my way total Shakespeare and was ready to print it in a book, the first bibliographical monument of this Writer of Books.

VI.

Parting of the Ways.

In reference to the practical side of my vocation as teacher, I may say that I coursed along smoothly on the whole, yet with some stormy ups and downs; my first year was the most trying pedagogically, and it was not a success in my own opinion. I had to learn

the science of teaching by experience; direct professional training I had none, nor did it then have the stress which it has now. The greater part of my creative energy went into the school, which was also a very vital source of instruction to me, in my own development. As already premised, I was taking a course as well as my pupils.

The school day lasted from nine A. M. till half past two P. M., thus occupying about six hours, with a short recess at noon. I would hasten home quite worn out usually, for I poured my energy forth into the recitation; then I would partake of a lunch, after which I would lie down to my afternoon nap, averaging two hours about. The family dinner took place a little after six o'clock; then unless interrupted I would begin my fresh new day of work on my own private behoof, starting at about 8 P. M. and running till midnight. During these four hours I could bring up my reading and do my writing; for instance, I wrote my Shakespeare in this way. I allude to the foregoing habit of making two days out of one by an intervening sleep, since this habit, now acquired, has accompanied me throughout life, and has become a second nature to me, with two mental sunrises each physical day. Moreover, I believe that this same habit has furnished me

the power to increase greatly my productive output. At any rate I, an old man, am now writing this sentence on the stroke of 11 o'clock P. M., with a fair degree of senescent vigor after my customary afternoon nap, still keeping up the old double-dayed twenty-four hours wrenched from jealous Time during the High School decennium.

The year after my appointment to the Assistant-Principalship the chairman of the Teachers' Committee of the School Board drove up to my house one evening and gave me a surprise by offering me the position of Assistant Superintendent of the St. Louis system. I asked for a day's deliberation. The more I reflected upon the proposition, the more I felt that I had reached in life an important Parting of the Ways. If I accepted the offer, I would have to give up my teaching, my work of impartation, which had become ingrown in my very being and was the stimulus as well as the outlet of all that was best within me. Moreover I would not have the opportunity to carry out my plan for organizing all the branches of instruction in a universal discipline through the actual experience of teaching them, should I give my thought to administration. I already knew that a great administrator of educational instrumentalities is not necessarily a great edu-

cator, in fact that they represent two different and often opposite vocations. The true teacher never gives up his immediate contact with the pupil's self. So I would be compelled to drop my Shakespeare task half done, renounce my search after the unity of Natural Science, sink my Mental and Moral Philosophy slowly into the well of oblivion. I shall not do it, was my inner defiant answer to the spirit of golden temptation, offering me more money, more authority, more honor, more fame, with a flattering outlook upon still more of these forbidden fruits. Accordingly I declined with thanks the proposition. Yea I took a step further: I then made up my mind that I would never follow a purely administrative life. I already felt my call to be an organizer of the thought-world, perchance a Writer of Books, though I had as yet written none. But many books, hundreds of them, were germinating, seething, rioting in my brain, like a knotted mass of wriggling animalcules hurrying to be born. It seemed that I would sin against my own destiny, if I should turn administrator, though he of all men wins the grand public prizes, getting the chief credit (often of the work done by others), the chief cash, and quite all the titles of honor conferred by learned bodies and foreign universities. But the thinker must work in silence; he cannot possibly do his task with so much

noise about him, especially if it be applause. Anyhow such was the road that I with conscious purpose turned down for the rest of my years at this Forking of the Ways to which I had somewhat suddenly come in the journey of life. It is evident that this road was the only one along which I could grow my crop of printed pages and scatter the leaves to small though favoring breezes.

I may here add a reflection confirmed by the observation of a life-time, though I had already then seen enough of administration to find in it a peculiar element which was and has remained distasteful to me. It is a temporizing, soul-compromising, truth-concealing business as conducted after the standards of to-day. Not to mince words, the administrator in the present condition of things has to lie, even when insisting strongly upon moral education. Nothing is more shocking than the ill name which not a few great Chancellors of Universities, Presidents of Colleges though Doctors of Divinity, Superintendents of Schools have acquired for getting around strict veracity. Indeed one of the chief moral problems of the time is: How shall we the People, if not suppress, at least tone down the Lie administrative? It is of many gradations, starting gently with the white Lie, but shading down to jet-black,

through intermediate clouds of gray. We might pass the matter by in the commercial world as pertaining to Satan's Kingdom anyhow. But what shall we say to it in the educational world whose supreme end is often declared to be ethical training? In the play of Hamlet the King himself, the fountain of justice, is guilty of the crowning injustice, when the poet sweeps off the royal transgressor from the stage of existence in tragic passion. But what is to be done, ye Powers, when the source and propagator of truth lies? Coming back to myself, I could hardly expect that I would be better than these good men in a like situation, so there was no other course left but to avoid their temptation or perchance their necessity. At least it was a condition of all my spirit's activity that I should preserve my moral freedom. I did not wish a place in which I might be compelled to do or say something which I did not believe. I had to set down in writ my honest conviction, to perform which I must first live a life of intellectual integrity. Such was the primal condition of becoming a Writer of Books; he must be true to himself if he is going to transmit any truth whatever. So I preferred to feel myself too weak morally to become a successful administrator. But the main reason was I could not bring myself

to renounce the idea of transferring and transforming the University Brockmeyer into an ordered discipline underlying Science, Literature and Philosophy.

A spell of ill-health set in, and, following the advice of my physician, I concluded to resign my position of Assistant-Principal and to teach half a day in the High School with corresponding diminution of salary. I suppose that I tried to do too much with my two days in one, and was spending the reserve fund of life itself, since the doctor threatened me: "You will die if you keep this up." So something had to give way: let it be the salary. I was then desperately bent upon completing the Shakespeare as my first organic book, which task would still require several years.

During the vacation of this same year (1874) I took a trip with my wife and child to the Eastern States for the first time, having never stood on old Colonial ground except once—that was when I as a soldier debouched into Northwestern Georgia along with the army of Rosecrans. Niagara Falls, New York City, the Ocean, were witnessed by the little domestic trinity with a common delight in the new scenes as well as in each other's delight—destined to be the last joy of that kind in this world. Leaving wife and child at

the house of my brother in Jersey City for a few days, I went on alone to Boston, and thence to Concord, the famed philosophic abode of Emerson and Alcott, both of whom I had already seen in St. Louis.

As I had given some personal financial support to Mr. Alcott in his repeated visits to St. Louis, and had entertained him at my own home, he of course reciprocated. He was a vegetarian and abstained from meat; I shall never forget the despairing look of my wife when he refused to partake of her fine turkey at dinner, upon which she had lavished all her art in his honor. That was in St. Louis. But now in Concord a leg of mutton was served up, whereat I protested, saying that as he had been a vegetarian in my house, so I would be a vegetarian in his, thus paying him back in his own Pythagorean coin. But the daughter, May Alcott, the artist, then living and unmarried, who presided at the table, begged me with humorous banter to follow her example in defiance of her Transcendental father and even flung a slice upon my plate, which at her bidding had in courtesy to vanish. I remember that she somehow got to joking about the forty old maids of Concord, among whom she reckoned herself first, and actually catalogued a number of them by name, dilating curiously upon their

peculiar freaks in the way of cats, pupies, old dresses, sharp tongues and ancestral pedigrees going back to the Mayflower. All this humor with its touches of sarcasm I enjoyed, but I also took the facts stated as a genuine phase of Yankeedom. Still the tenor of the talk made me a little uncertain of myself; it was in my mind to say (but I did not): "Perhaps you mistake—I am a married man."

Mr. Alcott took me around to view the notable places of Concord, of which there are quite a number—enough to fill a little guidebook. We walked over to Walden Pond and saw Thoreau's potato-hole and cairn. At last he conducted me to the famous cemetery, Sleepy Hollow, and we wound through its paths in pensive reminiscence, he always uttering a brief dirge over each of its past celebrities. Finally he stopped and pointed to a grave, speaking almost in a whisper: "There reposes Henry Thoreau." He turned about and struck his staff upon a piece of greensward at our side, raising his voice to a cheerful note: "Here I shall lie down to rest; I always look upon the spot with satisfaction." He then pointed to the future resting place of Emerson, a few paces distant.

On the way home Mr. Alcott told me that Mr. Emerson would be over early in the afternoon and that they both were going to a pic-

nic. He asked me to accompany them—an invitation which I gladly accepted. It was not long before Mr. Emerson appeared at the Orchard House, with his spare figure and smiling face nodding a courteous salutation to the stranger. I was introduced to him again —for he could hardly be expected to remember me from our little colloquy at the Lindell Hotel more than eight years before—and the fact was mentioned by Mr. Alcott that I was the author of the articles on Shakespeare in the Journal of Speculative Philosophy. At once the seer of Concord began to put on his quizzical mask—he had evidently glanced at the articles as he was interested in Harris' venture—and opened the talk in a vein of urbane irony: "Is it not strange that we keep finding deeper and deeper meanings in Shakespeare, and that we have come to know more about his plays than he ever knew himself?" The implied criticism was familiar to me, and I had already engaged in many sharp skirmishes along the same line. "Oh, yes," I replied, "Shakespeare like Nature whom he so completely represents, is continually unfolding into fresh meanings, being reflected anew in every age, so that he is sure to have a line of successive interpreters reaching down time, to doomsday, of whom I only pretend to be one. Shakespeare, too,

is in the process of evolution." Mr. Emerson spun another thread of doubt with gracious skepticism: "I marvel, too, that we are now discovering for the first time so much architecture in Shakespeare who seems to be simply pouring out his treasures of poetic quotable lines." Of course I had my answer for this, too, as we passed out of the door and sauntered down the road toward the scene of the festivities which took place on a point of land at a fork in the Concord River. The party rather bored me (my own fault amid so much culture); still I laughed with the crowd at the distinguished politician, Judge E. R. Hoar, when he, determined to stand upright in the skiff as if to make a speech, while it was paddled, sprawled at full length, with one arm in water and hat floating on the current—otherwise unwet and unhurt. I was glad the two philosophers came along and picked me up from a rock on which I was sitting with a young lady who had been introduced to me as the writer of "some of the finest idyllic poetry of New England," which, unfortunately, I had never heard of, and so was racking my brain for a way of flattering her with some appearance of truth. The thread of conversation was again spun by Mr. Emerson as we walked over the monumented and besung battlefield past the Old

Manse and took our way down the avenue homeward. Mr. Alcott had little to say, filliping a word now and then into the talk; whilst I, by my replies, sought to stimulate Mr. Emerson to jet forth the characteristic and often brightly tinted utterances from the inner central well-head of his thinking.

I must have conversed more than two hours with Mr. Emerson, who was in good mood and not in a hurry. The impression left upon me was that he deemed our St. Louis movement to be on the wrong track generally; indeed what else could he believe than that it were better for us all to be Emersonians? But we could not, at least I could not; a new order of thought and fact had begun in the West, a new consciousness in which I shared; the Mississippi could not be made to flow eastward through New England.

Soon after I had reached home and had begun work again in the early fall of 1874, my first and greatest sorrow overtook me in the death of my wife. We had been married seven years, three children had been born to us, only one of whom survived their mother and is still living. I can truly say that we were deeply congenial, and that our wedded days were happy from beginning to end. She supplied or perchance developed in me a strand of existence very needful to me but

previously dormant; her emotional life found its best expression in music, especially in song, in which the German has so transcendently given utterance to the most intimate pulsations of his heart. Of that melodious gift she instinctively partook and made our home-life eminently musical. At once I fell into line and followed with a new passionate fondness for the art, contributing my lesser part with a rather meager instrument, the tender flute, for the shrill piccolo and the military clatter of horns, which I had so enjoyed during my boyhood in the brass band, had to be at once put out of the home. Quite a portion of the musical treasures of the world I now learned by actual practice, to be sure in a small, but perhaps the most effective way; all the standard operas we played together in duet (flute and piano) and then would often see them on the stage; for a change we would try our hands and especially our fingers on the heaviest classic compositions—the sonatas and even portions of the symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart and of other less famous composers; Richard Wagner just then rising into vogue amid a most discordant battle among the makers of harmony, was not neglected. This was certainly a musical education not technical, not learned, but reaching down to the soul of the art as the attune-

ment of the very self with its institutional environment, in my case specially with the Family. I read a little in musical literature, studied harmony a little, just enough to catch a glimpse of the underlying science of sweet sounds; but, what gave me the widest experience, I succeeded in getting permission to play as amateur flutist with the orchestra of the old Philharmonic Society, and there learned to distinguish all the different timbres of the instruments, as well as the peculiar function of each in the orchestral organism, which I already sought to philosophize after my manner. To be sure the musical experience gotten in my native village furnished a by no means contemptible starting point.

But the true discipline of Harmony within and without was at home, and the wife certainly made herself the center of that, and I may say, its living ever-welling embodiment. Undoubtedly the more prosaic duties of the household—the economies, the care and love of the children, the provision for the future —were not slighted; they pressed hard at times, but were always attuned happily even in their mishaps by music, and therein transfigured into something rich and strange. All the songs in which the Teutonic folk-soul has expressed itself so spontaneously and so enduringly were at her command; I heard

them sung by her with such inborn sympathy that they touched the deepest sources and became mine, too. She seemed to tap an unknown fountain of my being and set it to flowing melodiously in the tones of her voice. Even I tried to learn to sing, but with very small success; in that field I was born to be simply a responsive listener. The folk-song of Germany is truly the original basic element of its musical greatness; the people sing easily, indeed have to sing, so that they possess the true, in fact the only foundation for the grand superstructure of a national music. All this from the unseen depths welled out a human heart toward me in love and song; I seemed to quaff fresh notes of harmony from the elemental fount of the Teutonic folk-soul famous for its songs far back in Roman times; thus I was Teutonized in a new and wholly unconscious way at home by a dip into the ancestral aforetime.

I should also add that we nearly always spoke German together, though she was born and schooled in this country, and her English flowed easy and without foreign accent. But I found a peculiar satisfaction in going back to the domestic speech of my forefathers, and letting it trill once more through my vocal organs after so long disuse. She with her woman's instinct observed this bent in me

from the start, and it was congenial to her not only to gratify it but to call it forth. Neither she nor I was aware of the fact at the time, but she furnished the fundamental element of my Teutonization during these years—its emotional life, its *Gemüth* was hers and she imparted it to me through her character as well as through her home and her musical utterance. On the other hand, I was culling consciously during this same time the poetic and philosophic bloom of Germany with Brockmeyer as chief living interpreter, reinforced strongly by the printed pages of Goethe and Hegel along with numerous other lesser stars of the Teutonic literary firmament. Looking backward I now believe that this home-life, involving the deepest and the strongest emotions of the heart, was the onbearing undercurrent, even if unconscious, of my development during these seven domestic years, which never again recurred. My resistless, though secret, impulse was to get back somehow into the headwaters of the ancestral stream and move with it into its great present evolution which has produced the grandest spiritual sunburst of the recent centuries. I sought to live it over again on the banks of the Mississippi, and evolved in my small individual way into Goethe and Hegel, and more deeply still into the Teutonic folk-

soul as expressed in its domestic life and speech, as well as in its musical voice. The forefathers through migration to a different continent, and association with people of a different language and institutions, had become estranged, even if many traces of the aforetime remained in the family, from the ancestral speech and life, and these I would restore by a kind of racial instinct, and in a manner recreate and relive as a necessary part of my own spirit's unfolding and as well as an indispensable condition of its existence.

Nor should I fail to mention the institutional training which the new family gave me daily; in it I was sent back to the institution which reared me as a child, and which I was to make over again as husband and parent; I was to produce afresh what produced me. It was a training which involved in their highest potence the three basic capacities of man: feeling, will, and intellect. Thus I learned practically to know the primal nursing institution of the race, and hence the first source of its art, its literature and its social organization. Nor can I ever forget the intimate intercourse with other families, those of friends, chiefly German, in which the same general spirit reigned.

Suddenly Fate snipped the thread of this interior life and left me in a condition be-

wildered, indeed quite lost for a time. The bottom of my little world seemed to drop out, I felt myself to be falling somewhither, but I knew not the goal. Intense emotional upheavals within would lash me and dash me about in a tempest of fury over which I had no control. Then in my turn I became a kind of defiant Titan in spirit if not in strength, challenging the world-order and the superintending Powers. It was an absolute necessity of my existence or at least of my sanity that I should throw these inner storms outside of me into some form of expression, which from time immemorial in similar cases has been poetic. So I turned again to, or rather was whelmed with violence back upon a musical or at least a metrical utterance of my outcries for relief from the tiger-like emotions which were tearing me to pieces. In this way they found an outlet as well as a kind of control in the measured speech of poetry, which had almost dropped from my life, refusing to send more than a fleeting playful bubble here and there from the smooth-flowing equable stream of those seven wedded years. Only once during this period as far as I now recollect did I feel the deepest sources of my being stirred up from the bottom and forcing an utterance in verse. That was on the death of my first

child which left me hymning a dirge within and without for many days in strong resurgences after seeming cessation. Still the home then soon healed me, and all went on as before, quite too harmonious for any need of expression. But now the leader is taken, and leaves me quite remediless, till Nature and Time can slowly work their cure. Meanwhile the Muse whirls back upon me with a kind of vengeance as if furious from neglect, and will not permit me to attend seriously to any other voice but hers for many months. These lyrics of sorrow continued to gush up during this period from the agitated depths of the soul; quite two years passed before I could fully recover and readjust myself to the changed state of my world inner and outer, which gradually brought with it a cessation, or rather a transformation of the poetic outflow. At any rate the time came when I had to get rid of these brooding verses and put them outside of myself by printing them—the printed page has been and still is my way of literary house-cleaning, as well as of freeing myself from the chains and claims of a written book. Accordingly the collection of little poems called *The Soul's Journey* appeared in small type, and under a disguised title, as the author wished to dismiss them, as far as possible from his presence. And still they

lingered a spell longer with him, though in print. Primarily they threw their small lights into a vast dark chasm of personal bereavement, but they also hint of a deeper separation from supernal sources. So they have their phase of Titanism, if I dare use such a huge word and its thought in this connection.

On retrospect I can see that many threads of existence were then cut atwain remorselessly by the shears of Fate, as I thought, or, as I now think, by the ordering Providence. My home-life was closed forever, I became and have remained a wanderer, an expelled Adam from that Paradise up to date. Music dropped out in a sort of paralysis, never to be resumed in its practical phase, though theoretically as a listener I have kept in desultory touch with it through the fleeting years, particularly in the form of the orchestra. The German tongue having no longer a domestic support or incentive, also began to falter in me and to grow less coercive for utterance, my deepest bond with it having been broken, though I have kept it alive and active, yet no longer predominant. In fine my distinctive Teutonic discipline came to an end with the unexpected blow under which I reeled so long in agony. That part of my apprenticeship was over without my consent and beyond my power of restoration.

Thus I passed through the experience of death severing the closest human ties; the father saw his new-born babe with its mother sink into a common grave. It made every chord of existence vibrate with pain which had to thrill itself out in the attuned word as the first reliever of the stricken heart. This versified sorrow I thought of dropping from the present book as a joyless if not unhealthy stage of my mind's life; but it is a very common theme of literature which doubtless therein performs its remedial function of furnishing an expression and thus an outlet to pent-up suffering. Moreover I can see that these prolonged outbursts in verse responsive to trip-hammer strokes within me form an epochal turn in my literary career; long will the Muse abide with me henceforth as my most intimate voice, will accompany me across the Ocean on a European journey to classic lands and there assume a new shape in an antique guise, even will insist on coming back with me to the banks of the Mississippi and piping her notes in various strains along the ceaseless and unlistening waters. So I have dared to reprint these jets from sorrow's fountain, but have stored them away in an Appendix where the reader can find them if he be curious to trace at first hand this phase in the evolution of their composer.

Such was my greatest Parting of the

Ways, for all time and eternity, far deeper in meaning and in result than that first one of refusing promotion to the Assistant-Superintendency of the Public Schools. For it was not subject to my refusal, it lay beyond my will, seemingly in the providential realm, and fulfilled itself in opposition to my dearest hope and desire. Still I can see, looking back through more than a third of a century of activity between then and now, that it was the absolute prerequisite or possibly the fore-ordained doom of my becoming freely and fully a Writer of Books.

VII.

Rounded Out.

In the year 1877 I felt that many things in my life were drawing to a close, that important strands of it were centering together into a kind of ganglion or node, which might be the end-all of me, or the beginning of something else. I have already recorded how my deeply anchored home-life was broken up and I sent drifting toward some goal as yet not discernible; its music had literally vanished, and the symbol of it, my soft-voiced flute, which from my boyhood had kept playing almost daily a low, sweet, reconciling undertone to the ups and downs of the world's war-

fare, was cast aside, never to be seriously taken up again. My work in the High School I could see that I had essentially completed, that indeed it had completed itself—I having given to it what I had to give, and it in turn having given to me what it had to give. Accordingly I resolved to resign my position at the close of this same academic year (1877), and to try to take a step outward into another dawn of life's larger days. This means that I had become aware of a period rounding itself out in my career, certainly without any conscious purpose on my part, but unfolding through itself seemingly in its own right. I started, however, watching the evolution with interest as soon as I distinctly saw it, and did not fail to add a little help when I could.

Moreover I had begun to feel that my long pupilage to Brockmeyer was drawing to its conclusion. Fully twelve years I had been associated as a learner with him, passing through the stage of interested acquaintanceship, then of the far deeper studentship (in the University Brockmeyer), then of the more practical apprenticeship, which was not so much a growing into him as out of him toward my own independent selfhood, especially through my work in the High School. On my part I was winning my intellectual freedom by teaching and organizing Philosophy,

Science, Literature; while he on the other hand was turning away more and more from the spiritual heritage of his race as well as from the true bent of his genius into the petty ambitions of Missouri politics. He was indeed the chief architect of the new State Constitution, he was chosen Lieutenant-Governor in 1876, and he naturally expected as the just reward of his long service to his party, as well as of his talents and his experience, the place of United States Senatorship. His claim was probably just which I heard him make: "I was the first public man of the State when I quit politics in 1880." He had to quit, he had come to the end of his political string, though so well prepared to be national legislator by his previous work of making both the statutory and organic laws of his State. He was a doomed man, as a Unionist and a German (so he put it), doomed by those whom he had helped to liberate, the incoming Confederates, who seized upon both the Senatorships and held them for many years. He, in his old age, could not always conceal his regret, in spite of his pride, as he looked back upon his political life. But those matters lie outside of the time and the range of the present book. Just now the emphasis is to be put upon the fact that I was deflecting from his path into my own, taking along of

course the fruits of my apprenticeship, at least what of them I could carry. It had become evident that I took naturally a different attitude from his toward mental acquisition, whatever this might be, philosophic, literary, scientific; I sought at once to apply it, to teach it, to form it or perchance to re-form it if I could. Quite unconsciously I began to organize a subject, and instruction became primarily my means, for I felt I was not giving a good lesson unless this were organic. Already the fact was manifest to me that Brockmeyer would not, or perchance could not, organize his disconnected lightning of insight; it was going to remain lightning. Still I have always to add that if anybody ever in this world appreciated organization, it was he; but he would not or could not carry his appreciation over into creation. The reason of such lapse is, in my opinion, that he would not apply his years of mid-life, creatively the best, to training just this supreme faculty and to acquiring its habit; he frittered away the noon of his existence, and at sunset he could no longer raise the sunken treasure when he tried. In his declining days I saw him painfully laboring at the effort, and even going back to his starting point and doing his early work over again—in vain, and I could not help him.

But the main fact in this rounding out a period of life was that I had completed a book —my first organic inter-related book, in a manner the prelude and type of all that have followed—the work on Shakespeare. During six years I had thought it, wrought it, taught it—my chief business. Word by word, scene by scene, act by act, I had weighed and put together each play and finally all of them according to principles drawn from them all; the sub-group, the group, the division were arranged by what seemed to me at least an inner order. In the fall of this same year (1877) I saw this book through the press, and called it *The System of the Shakespearian Drama,* thus emphasizing in the title what I regarded as its most important and peculiar characteristic. To be sure in an age of chaotic writing such a name called forth many a sneer as well as sharp criticism, and was in itself a kind of challenge. Still in the second edition I changed this title to make it conform better with my other books on the Literary Bibles, without, however, changing the point of view, which has been so bitterly contested. At any rate this I deem the beginning of my book-writing, though the end of my apprenticeship to Brockmeyer, who as he repeatedly told me, intended to make himself a Writer of Books even in the woods of War-

ren County. But he never did the deed once fully, and so it would almost seem as if I had slipped into his place and had carried out his career.

But now I must separate from him spiritually and spatially, as he was separated from me, must get out of St. Louis, get out of America, and go back to the original home of all this transmitted culture. Another and deeper dip into the spirit's genesis it may be deemed, far beyond what can be gotten on this side of the Ocean. So the New World must return to the Old World and live over again its birth and evolution. Scarcely is my infant book born and swaddled and handed over to the nurse when I firmly yet anxiously turn face away from it, and start for the Atlantic ferry, floating in my mind through the air on a magic cloak like Faust, and hearing with a little shiver the bodeful, quite spectral whisper:

Ich gratulire dir zum neuen Lebenslauf.

APPENDIX I.

THE HISTORIC JOHNNY APPLESEED.

The book mentioned on p. 48, in which I first read about Johnny Appleseed, was doubtless Howe's *Historical Collections of Ohio*, in its early edition (1846), under the head of Richland County. Thus even before his death, usually stated to have occurred in 1847, history began to take a little note of him as a character which had stamped itself upon its environment with some degree of permanence. But the most striking fact pertaining to the historic Johnny Appleseed is unquestionably the following:

November 8, 1900, in the City of Mansfield, Richland County, Ohio, there was dedicated in a public park with due ceremonies a monument which bore this inscription:

In Memory of John Chapman, best known as Johnny Appleseed, Pioneer Nurseryman of Richland County, from 1810 *to* 1830.

So run the words of the inscription, putting certain local and temporary limits upon Johnny Appleseed, who, one feels like adding, was a kind of universal pioneer nurseryman to the whole Northwest, and to its advancing civilization, and who had the power of extending his name and influence far beyond the bounds of Richland County, and even of impressing his work and character upon poetry, art, literature. Two salient facts, however, are recorded in marble by the foregoing inscription: the true name of Johnny Appleseed was John Chapman, and he lived or rather hovered for twenty years (1810-30) around Richland County as the center of his operations, which doubtless reached much farther. But the fact calls up the pivotal query: What was

his life before this and then afterwards? He lived seventy-two years (1775-1847), as the common account tells; hence we find indicated on his monument a somewhat settled middle part of his total career, which thus begins to suggest in dim outlines three considerable periods of life. This central score of years is, therefore, by no means the whole of Johnny Appleseed's evolution, but only one stage of it.

The opening address of the preceding dedication was made by General Roeliff Brinkerhoff, an honored soldier of the Civil War, a distinguished philanthropist since its close, and a public-spirited citizen of Mansfield, full of the local stories and facts and the example of Johnny Appleseed, of whose memorial he was seemingly the chief prompter. A report of this address, with the attendant ceremonies, is given in the *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society Publications*, Vol. 9, and reads as follows:

"We have met here today to dedicate a monument to one of the earliest and most unselfish of Ohio benefactors. His name was John Chapman, but to the pioneers he was everywhere known as Johnny Appleseed. The field of his operations, in Ohio, was mainly the valley of the Muskingum River and its tributaries, and his mission for the most part was to plant apple seeds, in well-located nurseries, in advance of civilization, and to have apple trees ready for planting when the pioneers should appear. He also scattered through the forests the seeds of medicinal plants, such as dog-fennel, pennyroyal, catnip, hoarhound, rattle-root and the like.

"We hear of him as early as 1806, on the Ohio River, with two canoe loads of apple seeds gathered from the cider presses of Western Pennsylvania, and with these he planted nurseries along the Muskingum River and its tributaries.

"About 1810 he made his headquarters in that part of the old County of Richland, which is now Ashland, in Green Township, and was there for a number of years,

and then he came to Mansfield, where he was a familiar figure, and a welcome guest in the homes of the early pioneers.

"All the early orchards of Richland County were procured from the nurseries of Johnny Appleseed. Within the sound of my voice, where I now stand, there are a dozen or more trees that we believe are the lineal descendants of Johnny Appleseed nurseries. In fact, this monument is almost within the shadow of three of them.

"As civilization advanced, Johnny Appleseed passed on to the westward, and, at last, in 1847, he ended his career in Indiana and was buried near what is now the City of Fort Wayne. In the end he was true to his mission of planting nurseries and sowing the seeds of medicinal herbs.

"To the pioneers of Ohio he was an unselfish benefactor, and we are here today to aid in transmitting to coming generations our grateful memory of his deeds."

The same volume contains other important statements. John Chapman was born at Springfield, Mass., in 1775. Of his early life but little is known as he was reticent about himself. It is reported by a half sister who lived in Mansfield that he was in his youth a great lover of and communer with Nature. His first appearance in Ohio is recorded as follows: One day a queer-looking craft was seen coming down the river a little above Steubenville. It consisted of two canoes lashed together, and its crew was one man oddly dressed, who said that his name was Chapman and that his cargo consisted of sacks of apple seeds, with which he intended to plant nurseries. These seeds he had gathered from cider mills of Western Pennsylvania. The date of this event is not known with exactness, but it is put by the reporter of it about the year 1800. This would imply that Johnny was already in the West at the age of twenty-five and had begun his peculiar career. Another tradition is that his parents had migrated first to

Pennsylvania and then to Ohio. But the fact here indicated shows him the solitary wanderer separated from his family and almost from civilized life. He was different from any other emigrant.

His diet was that of a vegetarian, and many anecdotes are told of his aversion to killing any living thing, even a reptile or an insect. He ate of the nuts, fruits and berries of Nature, to which must be added some corn meal when he could get it. He went barefooted summer and winter, often bare-headed and his clothes were very rudimentary, his coat being often an old coffee sack with holes for head and arms. Here was indeed a flight from the conventions of society, carried to the extreme. Another main fact was his religion, which was that of Swedenborg, and he distributed tracts with his seeds. Thus he had reacted against the prevailing religious views of New England, had become unorthodox, yet had preserved his devout soul and engrafted it with a new faith in humanity and benevolence. He was evidently a thorough-going idealist, carrying out his idea to the last pinch; a Yankee transcendentalist we may deem him, before Transcendentalism, a kind of prelude to Thoreau and Alcott and the rest. We have seen him in print compared to Thoreau who, however, did not, in his flight to Walden, evolve into the benevolent doer, but was chiefly occupied with his thoughts and with his protesting self.

Concerning the extent of Appleseed's wanderings there is no sufficient record, but they must have been far and wide. Down the Ohio River and up its northern affluents seems to have been his first great range, continuing apparently for ten years and more; he probably reached Southern Indiana where his name is known, and possibly he may have turned his canoe up the Mississippi. The address of General Brinkerhoff looks at him only from the Mansfield center, including "the valley of the Muskingum and its tributaries," but his field of planting was much larger. To be sure his legend, borne by fresh migrations, has located him in places

where he never was. It would seem, however, that he did not turn southward, probably from a repugnance to slavery. Another important point about him was his friendship for and even power over the Indian. He belonged indeed to the frontier, to the dividing line between civilization and savagery, and he often acted as mediator in the fierce border struggle between the Whites and the Reds. In case of approaching danger he would carry warning to the exposed cabins of the frontiersman, but he never had a weapon. It is reported on good evidence that "Johnny was fairly educated, well read, and was polite and attentive in manner." Indeed "his learning" is spoken of by the same reporter. This implies that he had unfolded an intellectual side to his character. From the same well-informed source comes the statement that Johnny had in youth a love affair which turned out unfortunate, the girl becoming faithless. The women neighbors of Richland County seem to have quizzed him a good deal about the true reason for his peculiar way of life; the above brief confession is all they could ever wring out of him. Another less authentic rumor is that he was actually married, but that his young wife, to whom he was deeply attached, died, leaving him with a baby daughter, whom he placed with relatives, and then he started to wander and to plant, in relief of his sorrow.

Of the death of Johnny Appleseed there is an unusually specific account (same volume as above), result of the investigations of the Ohio Historical Society: "He died at the home of William Worth, in St. Joseph's Township, Allen County, Indiana, March 11, 1847, and was buried in David Archer's Graveyard a few miles north of Fort Wayne." Very circumstantial is this, compared to our knowledge of the rest of Appleseed's life, though the industrious investigators could not ascertain the exact grave where he lies. But they did report upon his last illness in some detail: how on a raw, gusty, snowy day of March he started to walk twenty miles to look after one of his nurseries, how he took pneu-

monia, and was given shelter by Mr. Worth, how he conducted family worship, reading the Beatitudes, and starting with "Blessed are the pure in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," how he then prayed "for all sorts and conditions of men," with a fervor which burned his words for life into the memory of those present. Such we must accept as the verified historic facts about the final departure and resting-place of Johnny Appleseed; but, it may be added, legend points out his grave in several other places. An interesting picture of the Mansfield monument of Appleseed can be seen in the cited volume, surrounded by a group of the men who raised it, and to whom the humble nurseryman "was not only a hero but a benefactor as well, and whose death was in harmony with his blameless, unostentatious life" (words of one of them).

From the foregoing facts, though rather scattered, it is evident that the three-score and twelve years of Johnny Appleseed's life naturally drops into three portions or stages, each of which has its own character as well as place in his development. These we may set down in the following order:

(I) 1775-1810. From birth till he locates in Richland County. The main fact of this period is his flight to the forests of the Wild West from civilization; he evidently falls out with the social and religious conditions in which he was born and brought up, and flees to the borderland of advancing migration, in order to realize there his idea of right living by deeds of charity. In his way he becomes a Titan, a good, gentle one, protesting indeed, but not God-defiant and world-storming; not brooding over his unfathomable self and writing down his thoughts, but silently doing his life-work. "He was very reticent about himself," and left no record of his experiences inner and outer. Very different was he from Thoreau and also from Brockmeyer, both of whom had their flight from civilization to the woods. It would be interesting to know what led Appleseed into this peculiar life with its corresponding

world-view, for he was not a crazy man. Love, religion, social wrong and other causes may be conjectured, but nothing is known. As already indicated, he seems a kind of preluding note of Transcendentalism, or of one phase of it, suggesting how deeply that movement lay in the Puritanic mind.

(II) 1810-1830. The period of his more or less settled residence in Richland County, Ohio. That is, he stops his centerless wanderings and has a fixed habitation from which undoubtedly he rays out in all directions. He civilizes, joining human association, though this be on the frontier where he can be a kind of mediator between the conflicting races. He becomes known to many people and chiefly from here he is transmitted to the future as an historic personage, definite in time and place. We chronologize him from this second or Mansfield period, before and after which he is the wanderer, almost spectral, largely fabulous. But he felt impelled again to quit the fixed abode of men; something led him to a new flight; what it was has not been handed down. Not mere restlessness or love of wandering, we say, drove him on, otherwise he would not have stayed twenty years in one spot practically. He heard his early call again, and he followed.

(III) 1830-1847. This may be regarded as a return to his first stage whereby his life is rounded out to its fullness, winding up in his earthly evanishment. Almost nothing is known of his peregrinations during this third Period, they are historically as misty as those of his first Period. We can surmise that he may have again reached the Mississippi and possibly have crossed it. But he continued his old task of planting. His method has been described as follows: "He generally located his nurseries along streams, planted his seeds, surrounded the patch with a brush fence, and when the pioneers came, Johnny had young fruit trees ready for them."

The creative power of Johnny Appleseed's spirit is seen in the considerable literature of various forms which has sprung from his life. Its novelistic character

called forth at an early date a work of fiction entitled, "Philip Seymour, or Pioneer Life in Richland County, Ohio," by James F. McGaw—the first romancer of the Johnny Appleseed series. A good deal of poetry has bubbled out of the same source, the best known piece probably being that of the famous Lydia Maria Child, who in the following two verses has struck out a genuine bit of the Appleseed legend:

> Weary travelers, journeying West,
> In the shade of his trees find pleasant rest,
> And often they start in glad surprise
> At the rosy fruit that around them lies.
>
> And if they inquire whence came such trees,
> Where not a bough once swayed in the breeze,
> The reply still comes as they travel on,
> These trees were planted by Appleseed John.

This brings us finally to the supreme gift of Johnny Appleseed, and the true secret of his genius: It is his myth-inspiring power among the people. Wherever he went he touched the popular imagination and set it to work in story, anecdote, and above all in legend. There seemed to be something supernatural in a man who would persistently lead such a life, so different from the average run of humanity. The result is that around him has grown in the West a genuine Mythus created by the people and continually putting forth new sprouts; it is the Mythus of migration and settlement, with which Appleseed moves along in his peculiar way, extending a helpful hand to the daring pioneer suddenly as it were out of the beyond. "Who planted this little orchard for me just here on the savage border?" It seemed a divine interposition at the right moment, a God-sent blessing which could furnish not only bodily refreshment, but faith in Providence. So Johnny Appleseed is fabled to be connected with the Supernal Powers which descend through him to the earth. Thus he has already become largely a mythical hero, ubiquitous and sempiternal,

present in all places and times, yet with an historic kernel, which has been above set forth. His deed in itself may be small, but it has shown the power to make itself typical, yea universal—a symbol of what all deeds ought to be in their essence.

Was Appleseed gifted with any utterance of himself, especially of his work? It would seem not, as far as the record has been transmitted. Still I like to conceive of him as having the voice of the Muse, too, touched with his own legend, song and poetry. A similar feeling throbbed also in the poet Bryant and moved him to write the last and best verse of his poem on "The Planting of the Apple Tree," the whole of which may have been remotely inspired by the story of Appleseed. Here is the verse with its curious prophetic forecast:

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them;
"A poet of the land was he,"
Born in the rude but good old times;
"'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree."

APPENDIX II

CLARENCE

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONNE:

COL. DE HARRISON.
CLARA, *his daughter.*
EDWARD, *her cousin.*
JEAN D'ORVILLE.
CLARENCE.
THE CAPTAIN.
HARWOOD.
SERGEANT.
HODDLE.
BUMBLE.
A COUNTRYMAN.
FOLLOWERS OF THE CAPTAIN.
PLANTERS.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Sea in the distance—Mansion surrounded by a small grove.*

CLARA, *sola.*

Once more with ancient joy the fragrant air,
Which softly rests among these trees, I breathe,
And in this grove, o'erarched with mighty limbs,
And roofed with thickly woven twigs and leaves
Ceaselessly trembling in the evening wind,
And darting fitful glimmers 'neath the moon,
I take my old habitual walk of youth.
This wood sits like a crown upon the plain,
And in its umbrage sweet of quiet holds
The garden and the mansion of my father.
My bosom swells to see these dear old forms
Rising so grandly to the starry cope:
Methinks ye seem to recognize me, too,

With nodding heads and merry, fluttering leaves,
The happy child that gamboled at your feet.
Here, here were spent my days of golden dreams,
Ere I had felt the tender pang of love,
Or heard the tread of swiftly-stepping hours.
Stretch forth your arms, ye mighty oaks of eld,
Embrace the mossy roof in tender curves
That fondly hover o'er the sacred pile,
As if to shield it from the outer world.
To you a debt of gratitude is due,
For ye were ever friendly to my race.
My fathers—ye have seen and known them all;
Each season ye have spread your lofty tents
Of moving green for them to rest beneath,
And on your own heads fell the burning ray.

Passes into the garden.

These many colored rows and blooming paths
Call, too, my childhood back, its hours of joy;
Here is the flower bed which I called mine,
Here is the lily which I nursed to growth.
Alas! the one, unweeded, tells the tale
Of my long absence and its own neglect;
The other scarce can raise its sickly face
Above the fierce and envious grass around.
Unfeeling 'twas to leave you thus alone!
Sweet little ch'ldren of the soil, ye speak
Of years that never shall be mine again.

Passes out.

Where have I been? Those years how have I passed?
My spirit wanders to the distant hills
Whence I have just arrived, and lingers there
On many a scene of loveliness and joy.
O dear New England! thou art great and fair!
How beautiful thy mountains and thy vales!
But Nature there puts on not robes so gay
And bright as in my own beloved South.
Upon this spot would I contented die,
Nor envy Northern beauty, greatness, worth,
If one fair spirit of that clime were here

To share with me this happy dwelling place.
Yes, him I grudge the land of ice and snow:
That noble form and fiery, daring soul
Belong not there; within this bower here
Should be his home; our double life were thus
A flowing stream, a swelling sea of love;
It were a happiness too deep for thought.
Oh! God! wherefore thy decree so harsh!
Oh! Earth! why hast thou cast thyself between
And torn our hands apart, our hearts asunder!
But hush! I must be calm; there is no hope.
He knows not of my love, or else it scorns,
And thus my first affection, like the rose,
Which, putting forth its earliest, fairest bud,
At heart is eaten by the cankerous worm
Ere it unfolds its leaves unto the sun,
And falls despairing to the ground and dies:
So, too, my love is bitten and destroyed
Before the fruit of wedlock is mature.
Its corpse I must entomb, and in its stead
Remains my aged father;—fair return
It is, I deem;—him shall I nurse and love,
Till Death shall steal his form from my embrace.
Such is my duty and such is my desire;
Thus solace may I find by giving it.
The dear old man! he wept to see his child,
And now his child should see him weep no more.
Here, then, I willing take the virgin vow
To banish the sweet thought of family,
The mystic bond of man's and woman's love,
To live encloistered with this single aim—
To smooth my father's pathway to the grave.

SCENE SECOND.—*Boats full of men,* CLARENCE *as pilot,*

CAPTAIN.

Capt. I grow impatient; is the landing near?
Clar. A few more lusty strokes and we are there.
Capt. Strike fast! I cannot wait; my body frets,
And like a roweled charger rears with pain;

I feel the sword hilt burning in my grasp;
My smothered nature struggles for the work
Of death, as for her vital atmosphere.

Clar. Already we are in the little bay
Where we shall hide the birth of our emprise;
This dark recess surrounded by the hills,
O'erspread with woods and woven thickets deep,
Secures us from th' approach and gaze of man,
And can betray no word by us here spoken.

Capt. Good Clarence, here I take thy faithful hand;
Thy trust was great; thou hast it well fulfilled
In bringing us to this most fitting place.

Clar. I had to pray to thy unwillingness.

Capt. But now I'm glad I granted thy request,
And such confession carries double thanks.

Clar. Peace! Peace! Heave too, my boys! This is the spot
Which first of Southern soil dares you receive
Into its bosom deep of shade and quietude.

Fols. Hail!

Capt. Ha! 'tis the infernal world! Accursed shore,
Manured with the lives and souls of men!
The hellish element I smell already.

Clar. Our need is action now, speech not at all.
Distant denunciation of the wrong
Beyond the stroke of danger was our trade;
Here wordy weapons will no more avail.

Capt. Do not prescribe the compass of my speech:
When I have failed or faltered in the deed
Is season for reproof.

Fols. Hail! ho! the land!

Capt. The land long sought! that which we shall redeem
Or redden with its own foul dragon blood.

1*st Fol.* Hurrah for Liberty!

All Hurrah!

2*d Fol.* Her cap must ever be a cartridge box. *Raises* [*a cartridge box on the bayonet of a musket.*

All. Hurrah!

Clar. Another pull! Gruffly she scours the sand.
Leap to the shore!

Capt. Revenge is nigh at hand. *Jumps ashore.*
The first to break this soil, I shall be last
To print my tracks reversed upon its face;
Its thirsty pores shall drink my blood like rain
[*the ground.*
Ere it beholds my flight. *Strikes his sword into*
Thus shall this land,
With war and desolation rent and pierced,
Wail out in bitter, late acknowledgment
That Man is Man, whate'er may be his race,
Whate'er the tint that God paints on his skin.
Disperse now to the wood and seek the shade;
To his followers.
Rest there your wearied limbs from heavy toil,
You've pulled for many a league the sea-dividing oar,
And we, your chosen leader in this raid,
Shall find another spot not far away;
We, too, need sorely counsel and repose.

SCENE THIRD.—*The mansion of* DE HARRISON.

Enter COL. DE HARRISON.

A new star hath risen on my life,
Scattering joy and peace along its course,
Dispelling gloom with fair and radiant face;
My only daughter, whom I have not seen
Since she has shorn her girlish curls of gold,
And donned the lengthened dress of womanhood,
Returns now to the bosom of her father,
A full-blown flower of fairest dye,
To deck the way of his descending years.
My home has now become a home indeed!
E'en the quick blood of youthful wantonness
Runs tingling through my veins, and all my limbs,
Beaten so long with strokes of gout and age,
Move with the new-born ease of little babes.

A single sadness darkly crapes my soul;
She calls forth from the tomb an image dear,
A form forever lost to me and her,
My wife, her mother; whom I have bewept
Till age has slipped upon me unawares:
Who could but reproduce herself and die.
This dearly purchased blossom hath now bloomed,
And shows the very picture of its race;
The easy movement and the gentle grace,
The modest, coy, yet all-subduing glance,
An eye that melts the very stones to love,
That fragile form, are all her mother's gifts,
The fairest heritage e'er left a maid;
But Nature not alone has spent its bounty
To decorate her person with its wealth;
The nobler qualities of cultured worth,
The union bright of intellect and feeling,
The very diamond in the crown of woman,
And heir to my estate and ancient name.
And sent her to the best of Northern schools
To be my worthy representative,
And heir to my estate and ancient fame.
But long she must not here remain and hide
Her beauty and desert within these walls;
A dear companion, worthy of her house,
And of her love, must be the next choice boon,
That caps the highest summit of our bliss—
Here comes Jean. *Enter Jean D'Orville.*
Son of my dearest friend
And worthiest neighbor, welcome to my abode!
Hither thy visits turn not oft of late.

Jean. Too oft, by once, at least, I've passed your house.
Col. Hast thou by any person here been wronged?
Jean. Yea; I might say I have been foully robbed.
Col. Name the offender, on the spot he suffers.
Jean. The theft is not of gold or sensuous stuff,
Nor is the doer conscious of the deed.
Col. Surely, thou art not well to-day, Jean.
Jean. In truth, much cause have I to be not well.

Col. I traced some illness in thy haggard eyes,
That erst so full of fire defied the world.
Jean. But now, a glance has vanquished all their might.
Col. Beneath thy random speech some foul disease.
Doth seem to lurk and carry off thy wits.
Jean. My mind is not at home, but gone astray;
Has found a new heart and will not return.
Col. What is thy ailment? Enter, rest thyself.
Jean. 'Tis a complaint most common to young men,
Though ne'er before my soul hath felt its pangs.
Col. Tell me, I pray, hast thou been long thus ill?
Jean. Since yesterday. The attack was sudden, deep,
A flash it came and left a festering wound,
Which feasts upon my spirit and my flesh.
Col. What did the doctor say? Has he been called?
Jean. Alas! it yields not to the assaults of physic.
Col. 'Tis pitiful! can I do aught for thee?
Jean. The magic word to work my cure thou hast.
Col. The darkness of thy speech bewilders me;
That robbery of which thou speak'st was strange;
More strange the sickness which I am to cure.
Jean. Hast thou ne'er heard of the arrowed god
Nor felt his shaft in thy warm youthful days?
Yestreen at dusk along this field I roamed;
Within this garden here, and in the wood,
I saw an angel walking to and fro,
Gathering flowers and humming some soft ditty,
A humming-bird collecting dainty sweets.
A smile was always sporting o'er her face,
The messenger of happiness within;
And ever and anon she spoke aloud
To some spirit-shape that viewless hovered o'er.
Then passing out her grot she threw a glance
That caused my heart to beat against his walls,
As if he would break out his prison-cell
To run and greet his bright deliverer.
Since then I have been faint and deathly sick,
My lonely sighs have filled the day and night,
Nor can I charm repose with rosy wings,
To come and perch upon my feverish brow.

Col. Let thy address be plain and to the point.
Jean. I shall so speak that in my very words
The meaning will as clearly be reflected,
As the face that looks upon the crystal brook.
It is thy daughter that hath stolen my mind;
It flies to her and will not stay by me;
Nought can I see but her bright darting form,
Which haunts the plastic air where'er I turn.
This is the malady which thou can'st cure,
By thy consenting voice, and *thou* alone.
O, reach to me I pray, thy daughter's hand,
And join in promise now her soul to mine!
Col. Jean, thee have I deemed a noble youth,
Among our cavaliers thou hast no peer.
Most willingly I grant my full consent,
And e'en will help thee with a kindly word.
But mark! I shall not force my daughter's choice;
No right have I to cast her future life
Into my moulds against her will; no right
Have I to give away her happiness,
Which is her dower granted at her birth.
Go, the decision she alone can give,
With her consent, already thou hast mine.

SCENE FOURTH.—*A wood and a camp in the same. Enter* SERGEANT *and* HODDLE.

Ser. Hoddle, here! the Captain wants a fire.
Hod. Then let him make it and not look to me.
Ser. What's that! I hope I understood thee not.
Hod. Thy hope is run aground, I shall not stir.
Ser. Good Hoddle, go, else thou mayest make me wroth!
Hod. Thy wrath has power over me no longer.
Ser. Thou saucy cur! dost thou bemock my words—
Hod. We are all equal now, that's our motto.
Ser. And disobey the Captain's orders too?
Hod. Am I not free as you or any other man?
Can I not have my will, control myself?

Wherefore should anybody say to me:
"Hoddle, do thus, and thus," or "thou shalt not;"
Henceforth I'll have my rights, I'll serve no more.

Ser. What thought rebellious surges in thy breast,
And threatens to submerge authority?

Hod. Ah! wherefore came we o'er the furious sea,
And risked our lives upon the briny deep;
It was to free the bondsman of his chains,
And bring a light unto his darkened mind.
Therefore, most willingly I joined this band
To aid the holy work it undertook.
But first I swear to liberate myself,
And break the shackles of another's will,
Which now encompass me and weigh me down.

Enters CAPTAIN.

Capt. What, Hoddle, ho! why tarriest thou so long—
Sergeant, hast thou delivered my commands?

Ser. To thy summons he refused obedience,
And grandly talked of freedom and of rights,
From him by us most wrongfully withheld,
Which he henceforth would have in spite of us;
And thus he spake with speech most fair yet false,
Profaning sacred words with slavish tongue.

Capt. The knave, the villain! he, too, will seek his rights,
And nip the budding promise of our work;
Meanwhile, the sable slave toils on in death,
And prays in vain for a deliverer.
I'll give a lesson to his mutinous tongue,
And teach a right he ought to've known e'er this. *Striking him.*

Hod. Oh, my poor back, still swollen with the blows
Of yesterday, and ridged in painful welts!
Spare, spare, I pray! O spare thy strokes! I'll go,
I'll go, and never disobey again.

Capt. Enough! Now, Sergeant, take him at his word.

Exit Captain.

Ser. Good Hoddle, I have always been thy friend;
Deeply it grieves my soul to see thee punished,
More deeply still, to know that thou deserved'st it.
Now go to yonder thicket and gather leaves
And little twigs to set the fire ablaze;
Thou hast been in the army, so thou say'st:
This is the soldier's way to cook his supper.

Hod. Nothing is known to thee of soldiers' ways.

Ser. 'Tis true, I never fired a gun; yet know
That God is with the right, weak though it be—
But to proceed. If thou wilt pass yon farmhouse,
And slyly snatch a fowl both fat and young,
To be served up before the Captain here,
It will go far to pacify his ire,
And to restore thee to thy former favor.
I, too, shall lend my tongue to help thy suit,
If thou wilt fetch a second fatted capon.

Hod. Thy piety is followed by a thief,
And will be overtaken soon methinks.

Ser. A little wrong won't hurt when 'tis for right,
For wrong is right if it is done for right;
To pat the Devil's shoulder in God's name,
Is held an ancient Christian privilege.
But I must bring this prating to a close.
Go, do the errand which I've mentioned;
Yet mark, my boy, thine eye keep outward turned,
See all, yet do not let thyself be seen,
Lest our success perchance, ourselves may perish,
E'er we have set the fiery ball in motion.
There are some people in this neighborhood,
Who fain would prick the bubble but dare not touch
The bombshell. Now be shy, my boy, be shy.
Exit.

Hod. Whipped like a dog, treated like a slave;
And yet they say they came to free the slave;
I took their words for true, upon my back

Are stamped in blood the marks of foolish trust;
An inconsistency that frightens Hell!
Had I the rooting jaw, the flattened nose,
The hard laniferous pate, I would have friends
And sympathy; but now I am o'erborne
By hate of men, who cherish in their breasts
A prejudice 'gainst the Caucasian tint,
And so I have the glorious privilege of a drudge—
I must be off now, else my bleeding back
Will weep afresh its rueful tears of blood.

SCENE FIFTH.—FOLLOWERS *in Camp*, BUMBLE.

Bu. Oh, Heaven! wretched me! I am a mighty sinner.

1*st Fol.* What's the matter, Bumble?

Bu. I wish I was at home.

1*st Fol.* Cursed be that word till the job is done.

2*d Fol.* You rue your coming hither, then?

Bu. O, for the comforts of a mother's care!

3*d Fol.* He cannot do without his mother yet.

2*d Fol.* Well, then, we shall have to wean him.

Bu. This chilly dampness is killing me.

1*st Fol.* Then you'll die the death of a martyr to the cause.

2*d Fol.* A glorious death; that's what we all are seeking.

Bu. I sought it in the distance, but in the distance I want it to stay. Near by it looks too ugly.

1*st Fol.* Your words are outrageously profane, sir.

2*d Fol.* And disrespectful to this noble enterprise.

3*d Fol.* He is unworthy of our lofty purpose.

Bu. I see no good which can result from this mad chase.

1*st Fol.* Are we not doing God's will?

Bu. It may be His, it is not mine.

2*d Fol.* And fighting for the Right.

Bu. Right; a thing of fancy, nobody ever saw it.

3*d Fol.* Men never bled in a holier cause.

Bu. It has not come to bleeding yet and I hope it won't.

All. Coward! coward.
1*st Fol.* Thy spoils should be a rope and limb.
All. A rope! a rope!
1*st Fol.* We'll hiss the traitor out of camp.
All. Traitor! traitor!
3*d Fol.* The better plan is to throw the wretch into the sea.
All. So be it. Huzzah! To the sea with him!

Enter CLARENCE.

Clar. Silence! what means this noise and riot here,
Which warns the foe of his approaching hour?
3*d Fol.* Tear off the honest armor from his side.
All. Away with him, away!
Clar. Stop! are ye mad? Hold, here, unhand that man!
Know ye the penalty of this rash act?
An earthquake now is rumbling 'neath your feet,
O fools! and yet ye fight among yourselves.
Wherefore this sudden frenzy 'gainst your comrade?
1*st Fol.* No, no, he's not of us; we own him not.
2*d Fol.* He spoke most vilely of our sacred cause,
And slandered us, to whom it is most dear;
He will go home, play coward, traitor to the Right.
Clar. Dost thou not see the downy chin of youth,
And read excuse therein for every word?
2*d Fol.* Not we, his own free-will brought him along.
Clar. His was the impulse of a noble soul
To help a captive race to cleave its fetters.
2*d Fol.* Why does he fly before the work is done?
Clar. Young are his bones, by hardship yet unsteeled,
And hence he crouches 'neath the frown of danger.
3*d Fol.* Salt water baths are said to cure weak knees.
All. Good, good, 'tis true.
Bu. You all will need to take a bath ere long.
1*st Fol.* Hush, forked tongue!
All. Seize him! Rush to the shore.
Clar. Hold, hold, I say! Be quiet while I speak.
This wrangling is the dire, destructive Hell

Which swallows up yourselves and all your hopes.
Endure a word for this young man, I ask.
He laid foul epithets upon our cause;
Such is the charge. It was the first impatience
At Fortune's halting gait, methinks; no more.
I might feel thus myself and use vile words;
But the long trial of my age doth teach
That oft between the plan and the fulfillment,
There lies an arduous hill, and this youth,
Unstable and untried, doth tire in climbing;
For in the glow of the conceiving thought
Light Phantasy, that wings the minds of youth,
May overlook this rugged interval.
The warm begetting of our dear device
At first we feel, and then at once we see
The bright and happy end, but the rough tract
Which lies between and constitutes the deed,
Remains to us unknown and unexplored.

1st Fol. I fear his heart is not with us, else why
Should he with a reviling tongue berate
Our holy undertaking, for whose sake
We're lying here along this dreary coast
Like shipwrecked strangers on an ocean isle?

2d Fol. We of this entire nation steeped in sin
Are come to meet the fiend on his own ground;
And must we listen to reproaches now,
Thrown out by one of our own number, too?

Clar. In firm devotion to our worthy aim
And hatred to the demon of this soil,
No one shall me surpass; my zeal is known:
Who left at home a life of ease and wealth?
Who steered you hither through the wayless deep?
But on my merits I shall not descant.
O cease this ugly rancor and this strife
Which mars the peace and holiness—
Wherein our boasts are loud—of our good work.
Wait but a few short hours, ye then will have
A nobler play at which ye may direct

All your superfluous shafts of rage and valor.
Our enemies are near, these their domains;
Here are the people whom we came to slay,
Here are the bondsmen whom we came to free;
Therefore, lay up your strength for other scenes,
For you will need it all. Come with me,
Bumble. *Exeunt.*

SCENE SIXTH.—*Enter* CLARENCE *and* CAPTAIN.

Capt. I have forgotten; Clarence, where's the boat,
Which cut so bravely through the salty spray
And bore us boldly here in its embrace,
Fighting the traitorous wave at every move?
Hast thou disposed of it in any way?

Clar. Yonder it lies, moored safely on the beach,
Beneath the low o'erhanging foliage
That lines the ocean with a verdant span
And views itself in every passing billow;
This secret spot conceals the craft which thus
May serve us well again in time of need.

Capt. I shall not have it so, for then there comes
A hope that we can flee and still be safe,
And this may foil our noble enterprise.
The foolish thought of a secure retreat
Has often brought defeat upon great armies,
Which else held surest victory in their grasp;
And so this boat, peacefully rocking here,
May make us cowards in the hour of strife,
When the decision trembles in the scale.
We must be brave; Despair shall make us brave.
Straightway I'll go and cut the hawsers loose,
And give it to the waves to roll away
Beyond the reach of our retreating steps. [*Exit.*

Clar. [*Solus*] 'Tis well, perhaps, I scarce shall need
it more;
It brought me safely hither o'er the deep;
Its work for me is done, forever done,
For a return lies not within my plans.
Security for her is now the thought
Which thrills and stirs to action every nerve;
To save her kindred from the bloody knife,

Herself from poverty and orphanage,
T'avert the dreadful strife of warring men,
Which else might come within her very door,
I joined this headstrong band and hither came,
When I had learned their first attack aimed here.
I feigned the garb of faithfulness and zeal,
Their cause not to betray, but her preserve.
O, if the outcome tally with my hope,
And I restore her fortune and her life,
'Twill be a token of my burning love
Whose mute appeal her heart cannot resist,
Then shall I kneel and look into her face
And tell the story of my adventurous deed,
Then shall I press her tender hand in mine
Nor ever pass beyond her radiant glance.
O, brightest constellation of the South!
While thou didst move within our wintry sphere,
The Heavens glowed with a refulgent splendor,
And all the land adored pure Beauty's ray.
Oft have I gazed upon thy beaming face
And worshipped thee within my deepest soul,
And felt transfigured at thy heavenly look.
But hold! my fancy runs before and steals
The shining prize ere it is reached in deed!
How shall I find her home? How let her know
Mine own intent, the danger hanging o'er?
What envious mountains rise to thwart my hopes?
For ah! my passion is to her unknown,
This act must prove its fervor and its depth.
In such conjuncture so it seemeth best:
Our troop must send a spy to note the land,
And seek the fittest point to fire the train;
For this nice service I shall volunteer,
And none, methinks, can stand against my claim,
Because I was of late the chosen guide
To cut a road upon the pathless main.
Dispatched again and having free my way,
Soon shall I find the happy hidden spot
Which holds the fairest rose of this bright clime.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*De Harrison's Mansion.*

Enter COL. DE HARRISON *and* CLARA.

Col My daughter, welcome to thy ancient home,
Which, forest-girt, sits lonely 'mong these hills;
Thy face shall light anew its darkened halls,
And cause to sprout afresh its mossy grandeur;
Or has thy absence blotted out these charms?

Cl. No, father, I deserve not e'en a slight reproach,
For ever, when I've wandered far away,
This mansion rose within my mind, and shone
The star of Hope to which my journey bent;
And 'round the aged form within these walls
Have gathered all the wishes of my life.

Col. O Love, thy sea has ne'er been sounded yet,
Nor have the depths of woman's heart been reached!
Be queen, my daughter, of this fair abode;
'Tis all the rank I can confer on thee.

Cl. Enough; I would not change this simple crown,
Which gives me household rule and care of thee,
For all the thrones that sway the Eastern world.

Col. This is the picture of thy mother's mind,
To be the hidden jewel of her home,
Nor seek the profane gazes of the world.
O, since that fair and early bloom was cut,
And withered 'neath the stroke of mowing Death,
Joy, with her many-colored fragrant wings,
From whose light movement blessings strew the earth,
Has flown beyond the journey of my life,
Nor shaken once her pinions o'er my head.

Cl. O Father! let me be that joy to thee!
Thy silvered crown I'll deck with roses,
The emblem bright of thy peace-anchored soul;
I'll soothe thy wearied spirit with my song,
And lean o'er thee to fight off vampire care,

Whose dainty food's the minds of sad, unhappy men;
And ne'er shall sorrow with her dark-veiled face
Again approach thy couch of balmy rest.

Col. O God! the image of my sainted bride
Has now returned from her sojourn above,
To cheer me in the lengthening shade of life.

Cl. I see, thy thoughts are in the grassy grave,
Whose long white finger points above the yews
That guard the peopled mounds of yonder churchyard,
And join their weeping limbs to shade the sod.
Tell me, I pray, of my departed mother,
I know not what it is to have a mother;
That pious word whose might commands the founts
Which wash in brine the cheeks of human kind,
Ne'er sweetened with its tender sound my breath.
Tell me her ways, her qualities of mind;
Show me the dress which she was wont to wear,
The hat that won thy youthful fantasy;
Lisp but the accent of her daily speech,
And I will catch the color of its tone;
I'll so put on her character and life,
That thou shalt say, My mother is not dead;
Her death and burial were a hideous dream.

Col. Be thine own self, it is enough for me;
To make such change would be a changeless change.
It pains yet pleases me to speak of her,
Whom once my youth led to the wreathed altar,
More blooming than the flowers that loosely hung
With contrast sweet among her glossy tresses.
Then were our lives as gladsome as the birds
That greet the first warm peep of merry Spring,
Warbling out their hearts sitting in the sun.
But ah! fell Winter, hurried ere his time;
He froze that bursting rose of womanhood,

And bleached my locks before the snows of Age
Had fallen on my sorrow-wrinkled brow.
O! well I recollect the woful tide:
December month had chilled our sunny clime,
Rough Boreas struck us with his frosty wings,
And snatched away the spirit of thy mother.
Deep in the smallest hour of night it was,
I raised thee o'er her bed within my arms,
To catch her parting glance and final blessing;
She oped her dying eyes, on thee she cast
One long, sad, loving look, then fell asleep.

Cl. That dark time comes to me the primal link
Wherewith my memory starts the chain of life;
Before that hour I know nought of myself.
The wistful, farewell-look I still can see;
And this alone remains to me of her;
A keepsake which Time can not steal or dim.

Col. How thou grew'st up the fairest of thy comrades,
The idol of the slaves, the favorite
Of all the neighborhood and town,
I tell thee not. And hence this narrow sphere
Should not restrain thy universal gifts,
But thou should'st see the world and know the world,
And nought in chance should fail to have thee called
The worthy daughter of DeHarrison.
Now thou art come from thy long pilgrimage
Of travel, study, culture, toilsome ways,
To shower all thy wealth upon my head;
Be mistress, then, of these ancestral halls,
Wherein thy queenly mother erst did reign.,

Cl. How oft have I looked to this happy time!
When far away among white crested hills,
Or, riding on old ocean's foam-crowned head,
This sweet, sweet hour was filling all my thoughts.
Here is the long-watched goal, here are the walls,
Beyond whose bounds ambition stretches not.

Col. But not forever here with me alone thoud'st dwell?
Cl. Such is the sealed purpose of my life.
Col. Thy will runs counter to the grain of nature;
'Tis not the daughter's destiny to spend
Her maiden bloom upon her father's path.
Cl. Mine let it be. I shall not rue my course.
Col. Youth needs a youthful mate for its embrace.
Cl. Youth needs gray hairs to calm its raging blood.
Col. Families perish that families arise;
The filial bond Time soonest rends in twain;
And so thy love to me must be transferred.
Cl. You seem to hint at aught remote and dark.
Veil not thy meaning's features from my gaze,
For thought is worthy of a shining garb;
Address the comprehension of a maid.
Col. Thy schooled wit appears not now at home,
Have twenty summers warmed thy generous heart,
And not brought forth a single germ of love?
I know the heat of youth, our Southern blood;
The seal of this hot clime still stamps thy brow;
Speak! what thou art it is no shame to be.
Cl. Go to, have I not said? Yes, *thee* I love.
Col. Such prevarication is a whit unkind;
It is a charge 'gainst me of foul mistrust;
Thy love to *me* is known, I meant it not.
Cl. O, must I then disrobe my secret soul,
And set its nakedness before thy eyes?
Its chastity doth shrink beneath a look,
And tries to hide within its own dark self.
I've told the single purpose of my bosom,
To ease for thee the strokes of smiting age,
What else lies hidden there I will forget.
The heart was buried deep within the breast
To keep more safely all its golden treasures;
Break not into this holy shrine, I pray,
Where lie my soul's most sacred offerings.
Col. Not for the world, my dear; thy will is thine;
But those entreaties and that traitorous blush,

The secret implication of thy speech,
Have darkly answered all my questionings.
Yet in what safer hiding place think'st thou,
Could be concealed the secret of thy life,
Than in the breast of him that gave thee life?

Cl. Thou can'st command my thoughts, my hopes, myself;
Forgive, my duty would I not deny.

Col. With that stern voice thee shall I never call.
The low, sweet note of tenderness and love
Alone, will woo thine ear within these halls.
I fain would know who won this noble prize,
For which the world might run in envious games;
What pictured form of man reflects itself
Upon the crystal clearness of thy heart?
O, may it be as pure as its surroundings,
A likeness fair in golden frame of love.

Cl. Thou art the monarch sole of all this realm;
[*Points at her breast.*
Thee there enthroned no rival can depose.

Col. It is then void; fill up its emptiness.
Paternal love agrees with conjugal;
And I would deem thee not a daughter lost,
But e'en thy spouse a son to me new-born.
It grieves my mind to think thy future lot,
To see thee resting on an aged trunk,
Whose swift decay of heart doth near the bark
Whose bending top looks down and threats the grave.
O seek, while it is time, a firmer stock.

Cl. The verdant ivy hugs the fallen oak.
Reposing e'en in Death upon his breast,
And twines green wreathes around her spouse's corpse.

Col. Dumb nature shows us what we ought to shun.
How rough my bed of death the thought would make,
Of dragging down a living heart into the tomb!
Find speedy prop to hold thy fragile frame.

Cl. O, heavy burden of two-faced commands!
O, will that longs to do and not to do!
My head is cleft, my brain's the seat of war,
And Thought is trying to destroy itself!
T'obey and disobey are now alike:
O Duty, thou deservedest not thy fame,
For oft thou art a cheat and double-tongued;
Thy fickle breath now bids me stay with father,
Then lightly whispers: Follow his behest—
[*Turns to him.*
Thy will is *mine;* obedience is my vow.
Hast thou yet found the sharer of my lot?

Col. Know once again, thine own free will must choose;
'Tis mere suggestion, no command I give.
A youth of noble port and gallant mien
I know; of gentle ancestry and name
And disposition martial, proud and brave,
Yet tender in his feelings as a child;
Warm-hearted, chivalrous and hospitable:
Perchance at times a little choleric,
For in his veins the blood doth course as swift,
As pure as e'er throbbed through a Southern heart.
Wealth, too, has oped to him her golden purse,
And poverty can never cross his sill.
Hast thou yet seen our neighbor D'Orville's son?

Cl. Whom? What's the name? D'Orville? My doom, O Heaven—
But I'll retire to wear off this surprise,
And mould the phrase t' express my warring thoughts.

Col. Consent, I ask not; soon he will be here,
Give him an answer from thine own free heart.

SCENE SECOND.—*Camp in the Woods, Captain's Quarters.*

CAPTAIN, *solus.*

So near the goal! O God, we praise thy name!
And when the great delivering deed is born,

Which now is struggling in the womb of
Thought,
The ear of Heaven shall weary grow with song,
With the commingled shouts and anthems loud,
Of the delivered and the deliverers.
Oh, may the work be twin to the design;
And my conception, dark and lone as yet,
Within the silent chambers of the mind,
Take on the form of bright reality!
One bold and hearty stroke! I see the end:
Success already binds her laurel wreath
Around my brow, and blows the sounding trump
To celebrate the triumph of my plan.
From boyish days this hope has nourished me,
Else had I perished for the want of food:
For the spirit proud without the aim externe,
To call it forth into the world beyond,
Plays cannibal against its own dear self,
And with its own tooth gnaws the strings of Life.
This land shall be a land of freedom now,
Nor longer shall usurp a lying name,
Nor wear the painted harlot's gaudy visage,
Quite far outside, but foulest filth at heart.
Then can I say I have a Fatherland,
Then shall I delight to bear its name;
But as it is, I spurn my native soil,
As devils do their brimstone bed of woe.
Rather had I be called a knave, a rogue,
Or epithet most villainous, than wear
The damning title of American.
My hate doth reach the unreasoning elements:
O Earth accursed, made for all mankind,
Yet seized, stolen, ravished by the few!
Thou hast been called by the fond name of
mother,
'Tis not deserved, thou art unjust, unfair:
How canst thou let a bondsman tread thy front?
He is a man too, spurn him as thou may'st.
Ye mountains, giants springing from the plain,
That grandly rise and threaten yonder sky,

Why hide ye not your lofty brows with shame
Or sink beneath to your primeval homes,
At view of this dire damned iniquity?
But higher still ye seem to raise your heads,
And smile from base to crown with moving green,
When ye should deluge all the plain with tears
Of molten snow or summit-dwelling clouds.
Yea, e'en this air, so light in Northern climes,
Is heavy here, as if weighed down with chains,
And sympathetic with the burdened slave.
This land needs sore the purifier's hand,
And by the grace of God within these bounds,
A tempest of such fury shall I raise,
That this most foul and filthy stench of wrong
Shall all be cleansed away, and leave the air
As pure and sweet as on Creation's day.
Here from the distant hamlets of the North,
I've brought a few with zeal akin to mine;
These are my comrades in this enterprise;
A precious band who've bound themselves with me
In one unyielding bond of destiny.
With purpose to redeem the enthralled or die.

Enter HARWOOD.

Good even, Captain!

Capt. Harwood, 'tis thou?

Har. Yes, but I do not wish to interrupt——

Capt. Thou can'st not interrupt me—never! Welcome!

Har. But thou wert holding discourse with thyself
Upon some weighty point. Let me retire.

Capt. Tush! must I always coax and baby thee?
Stay for my sake! I have much on my heart
To tell thee of. Good Harwood, reach thy hand!
What thinkest thou? Is not the prospect fair?
Oh, Futurity! Thy face shines like the sun!
I feel the crushing joy of hopes fulfilled,
The which, lifelong, have burned within my breast,

And found till now no egress for their flames.
To-morrow morning we shall be afield
Before the sun hath shot a single beam,
Reaping the harvest of Renown for us,
Of Right and Justice for the dark oppressed.
O haste your dragging pace, ye lazy Hours!
Your every moment seems Eternity
Cast in before my aim to thwart the deed.

Har. Success! for you, my friend, I hope the best.

Capt. And why not for thyself? Or has thy zeal
Which erst was glowing like the torch of day,
Burnt out to lifeless cinders and to dust?

Har. No look of mine e'er smiled upon this act.

Capt. It is too late to croak disaster now.
Forebodings dark belong before the deed;
Regret can not reverse the wheels of Time.

Har. I sought to rein thy spirit; but in vain.

Capt. The choice was free to thee to stay behind.

Har. O friend! thou know'st the throbbing of this heart
Beats time unto thy fortune and thy fate.
For I am so bound up in life with thee,
That though our reasons often be opposed,
Our wills are one and can not point apart.

Capt. *I* make no charge against thy friendship's proof.
But lay this cankering fear aside, I pray,
Which makes thine arm fall nerveless at thy side,
When raised to strike the blow that tells thy fate.

Har. What! fear say'st thou? No, 'tis impossible!
I thought thou knew'st me! O ingratitude!
Sharp is thy tooth, and maddening thy sting!
A coward then, I am? A pretty name
For one who ran away from peace and ease,
Forsook a loving mother's downy lap,
To save his life by hardship and by war.
Fear, thou art now my trembling pale-faced mate!
Though thee I falsely deemed my deadliest foe.

A sheer poltroon! A vile, knee-knocking knave!
Fear has become my dearest bosom friend:
For does he not dwell here within this breast?
Say rather, I am Fear and Fear is I.
Hear now a little story of this Fear:
There was a lovely boy whom scarce ten times
The earth had borne around her central orb;
His father's only hope, and pride and joy.
Alone he lay at night in thoughtless sleep;
A double tongue of fire leaped from his window,
In flaming garments soon the house was wrapped.
Who then did enter the red dragon's jaws,
From his devouring throat did tear thy child?
Fear, Fear it was, you say, for I am Fear.
The fairest day was blooming of fair Spring;
Since then two years have passed the coming May;
A frenzied multitude dams up the streets,
And loads the air with shouts of "Hang the negro thief!"
Amid that raging, sweltering mass, I still can see
A cowering shape awaiting final doom.
One man darts quickly through the maddened throng,
He cuts the coil loose from the purpled neck,
And frees the gyved wrists, then fells in haste
Some two or three who try to stay the deed,
Bears *thee* away in triumph from the crowd,
To life and liberty, and to fresh air.
Who was he? ah! thou knowest him no more;
Then let me tell. It was—this self-same Fear,
But for whose quaking hand and quivering heart,
Thy boy had been a heap of urnless ashes,
Thyself a stinking prey hung up for kites.
Oh then, henceforth, let me be titled Fear;
'Tis no disgrace to take his ugly name,
Who by so many deeds hath shown himself

A benefactor both to thee and thine,
And hence to me a benefactor too.

Capt. Be calm! thou art my friend, I know it well,
Thy acts of kindness shall I ne'er forget.
But why so sharp and fiery are thy words?
Thy speech is like a red-hot needle point,
Whose prick doth burn and still whose burn
doth prick.
Upon thy courage would I cast no stain;
Thy gloominess alone I chid.

Har. The bravest soul hath oft presentiments,
And darkly views the fitful whims of chance.
'Tis not the danger to myself I fear;
Within this scroll of flesh life loosely hangs;
For any end of duty or of worth,
I'd fling it from me like a ragged mantle.
A friendly warning word I wish to speak:
To free the bondsman is a noble aim,
Well worth thy hand of steel and heart of fire;
But it is good to scan in full the means,
Lest we pull down the world upon our heads,
And Sampson-like be buried 'neath the fall.
Beware! to reach the goal of thy design,
Thou hast to travel o'er the Nation's corpse,
Beat out thy Country's inner life, her laws,
Annul those sacred contracts of her birth,
Time-honored pledges, pacts and long good will,
Our anxious fathers' holy legacies.
Beware! beware! thou strikest at the State,
Whose right to live transcends the right of all.

Capt. The State indeed! a figment of the mind,
To frighten fools and sway the multitude,
A cunning scheme by politicians framed,
For their own profit and the people's loss.
This hellish goblin hath possessed men's minds,
And made them stand aside and see the Right
Trodden beneath the master's iron heel.
The State has ever been the oppresser's friend,
And Freedom in her struggles with her foe,
Must never fear to strike, though he be clothed

In all the pompous vesture of authority.

Har. The fault with thee remains. For in our goodly State
This virtue lies, that any citizen
May reach the highest rule by peaceful means;
First, bend to thine own mind the nation's will,
Then take the reins of power in thy hands;
So, can'st thou mould to beauteous life thy thought.

Capt. To please the multitude I ne'er was born,
Nor is't my wish. The barrier to my will,
Whatever it may be, I shall pull down,
And be a man untrammeled by the world,
For only thus my freedom is secure;
I, I, this individual, am supreme.
Thou hast consent to leave and go thy way.

Har. Nay, nay, in spite of all that I have said,
My heart is still the master of my action,
And though the head rebels it clings to thee.

Capt. Well, let us thrust aside this aimless talk,
Which hurts the quick fulfilment of our work,
And feast upon the prospect of to-morrow.
O glorious day, which brings the struggle keen,
Yet sweeter to my soul than all the world,
For thou shalt tow to port the freighted ship
Of Hope, that hath till now been tossed at sea;
I would not barter for my previous life to-morrow,
O Day! that mak'st the radiant Sun thy heavenly bride,
And cloth'st the joyous earth in shining garb,
Bring with thee golden-winged Victory,
And in her gorgeous train, loud-chanting Fame,
Nor shall a million throats of the Redeemed
Fail to join the universal shout of praise.

SCENE THIRD.—*De Harrison's Mansion.*

CLARA, EDWARD, COL. DE HARRISON.

Col. Here, Clara, is thy cousin; know'st thou him?
He's come to greet his childhood's cherished mate,

Who has so long been lost to him and me.

Cl. What, Edward? Yes, 'tis so: marvelous growth!
I left thee smooth in face, nor had'st thou passed
As yet beyond the blooming goal of youth;
But now a bristly crop conceals the chin,
And proudly tells the world: Here is a man.

Ed. Nor has thy lore dried up thy juicy jests,
Nor quenched in thee a loving maiden mind;
For beards are bird-lime to young ladies' eyes,
Catching their glances first, and then their hearts.

Cl. I see it well, thou art a trapper bold,
Who knows his game and lays most cunning snares.

Ed. And thou a wily fox that scents afar
The huntsman's tricks, and fools the yelping hounds.
But let us stay this duel of our wits,
And change it for the greeting sweet of friends
And kindred that have long been separate.

Col. Her long and grievous furlough has run out,
Thank God! and she is with us once again.
Good nephew, say, has painter Youth not tinged
His fairest rose upon my daughter's cheek?

Ed. To her more kind is Age than unto thee:
Already has he furrowed deep thy front,
And bleached thy locks with never-melting frosts.
—Well, Clara, dear, I'm pleased to see once more
Thy face lit up here in our sunny clime.
Long have I daily wished for thy return;
I could not bear the thought that one I loved
Should dwell away from this her cloudless home,
In that most cheerless region of the globe.

Cl. True, Nature here, has shown partiality;
But *there* are beauties which *we* dream not of.

Ed. Then have I lived to see the icy bear
Exalted o'er our starry crucifix,
And that too, by a daughter of the South.

Cl. 'Tis not the happy clime that makes the man,

Nay, rather say it unmakes more than makes;
For wealth of Nature or of worldly goods
Doth ever rot what poverty doth rear.
Humanity for me hath greater charms
Than all the gorgeous tints the sun can paint.

Ed. A sly and secret praise of Yankeedom!
That lying race of thieves unpunished;
Whose only thought is cheat—whose God is gain.
But their deserts I wish not to conceal:
To them alone, belongs the glory great
Of decking knavery foul in robes of Heaven,
So fair, and pure, and holy does it seem.
One idol more they have: Hypocrisy;
With veil so dark, and deep, and cunning-wrought,
That many wise men have been led astray,
To trust its lying oracles and shout
Through all this land "a God, behold a God!"

Cl. Methinks, dear cousin, that a Southern mist
O'erspreads thy mind and clouds thy reason's sun.
What some experience hath me taught of them,
I may declare to thee without offence:
The people there are great and good and free,
Attached to liberty and honest life;
Firmly devoted to their fond ideas,
But yet sometimes intolerant to those
Who cannot see the world through their own eyes;
Strong in belief, yet stronger in assertion,
And somewhat narrow in their wisdom, too;
They take the greatest pains to know the right,
But, knowing it, they push it to extremes,
And often thrust it quite beyond itself,
So that its frail and beauteous form is lost.
One side of things they see both clear and deep,
And by no other people are surpassed;
But the obverse side which is quite as real,
Lies ever hid beyond their vision's reach;
As if the world might be a fastened coin,

With one face burnished, seen and read by all,
The other dark, eternally concealed;
Thus all their greatness seems a mighty half.
To educate is there the highest end;
Art, Science, Learning, find with them a home,
More generous patrons and ardent devotees,
Than elsewhere in our youthful land; but still,
Their culture is a huge one-sidedness.
The people are, withal, great, good and free.

Col. My daughter, this praise of thine seems overcharged.

Ed. Cursed be the hireling varlets, cursed for aye!
It is a crouching, false and servile race;
They load with fetters not the swarthy frame,
Not foreigners in blood, but their own kin;
And sell in vilest servitude to gain,
It may not be their neighbors but themselves.
Their very name to me's the serpent's hiss.

Col. Most true, my nephew, and most sharp thy speech.

Ed. Their land, their clime, and their existence e'en,
I loathe; my aim of life is them to hate;
The soil on which they tread is tainted foul.
Scarce that direction can I turn my eye,
And rather had I southward go to Hell,
Than through the North pass into Henven's gates.

Cl. Thy anger's quite amusing, Cousin dear,
So great excess must quickly sate itself;
Thy wrath is like a shallow seething dish,
The more the heat the sooner is it dry.
But hear a gentle word from me, I pray:
Among that folk you deem so bad I've lived,
And shared their hospitality and care;
How many friends of mine most true and dear,
Are in that distant clime, I need not say.
Their kindness seemed to me the dower of Heaven;
A noble aim and spotless character
The spirits are that hover o'er the land;

So must I speak a word in their defense.
Edward, methinks thou see'st some foggy shape,
Most huge and frightful, when beheld afar
In Northern sky, but quickly vanishing
When once the sun doth ray abroad his light.
Go live, eat, drink with them and know their life.

Col. No, no, enough it is thou hast been there;
I fear I have in thee much to unteach.

Ed. Sooner would I take the Roman felon's fate,
Be bagged with snakes and cast into the sea,
Than housed one night within their viperous dens.

Cl. O tell me, whence has come this rancor fell,
That bloats thy soul with poisonous vengeful speech,
Transforms thy visage to a demon's look?

Ed. Turned Yankee, eh! turned traitress to thy land
And blood! Such words as these are wont to hang
Their hardy speaker on the nearest limb.

Cl. Be calm, and tell to me the grievances
Whose thought now makes thy heart a bag of gall,
And points thy tongue as sharp as adder's fang;
Rehearse the cause of this most fearful hate,
And all the facts with lawyer-like repose.

Ed. This inquiry appears to me most strange,
When all the world doth see and shame our wrongs;
Do they not hither come, t' entice away
With secret lure, our slaves, our property?
With what design, think ye? Philanthropy!
To let them freeze and rot on British soil,
Deprived of comfort and religious care.
What venom is not spit upon the South?
The Press, that monster of a thousand heads,
Doth bellow daily from his thousand throats
Most slanderous abuse of us and ours;
Of our divine and patriarchal institution,

Of our society and moral life;
Emits into our land incitements bold,
To conflagration, massacre, revolt;
And e'en the holy ministers of Christ
Stand ready with uplifted hands
To bless the murderous deed. It is enough;
I am prepared to soil my hands with blood,
To wash our sullied honor of its stain,
And to regain our Heaven-born rights.

Col. Though old, I'll take a musket in the cause,
Pour out the dregs of my remaining life,
To reach an end so high and dear to me,
The more so, for my daughter is not mine.

Cl. O pardon me, my cousin and my father,
My speech was rash, but meant not to offend.
We have been very often wronged, I know,
And should demand some satisfaction, too;
But on the guilty let the burden fall,
For of our rights we have there many friends,
So do not lay on all the grievous charge.

Ed. Nay, nay, methinks the guilt belongs to all.
Would that the Atlantic with its watery plains,
Was cast at once between ourselves and them.
But that which cuts my heart into the core,
Is their most foul, most base ingratitude;
From products which we raise they have grown fat,
And take their consequence among the nations;
Without our commerce would their cities vast
Lie waste with grass upon their thoroughfares,
And only falling pillars mark the sites;
Their most besotted masses rise and smite
In hungry might the State and Property,
And stretch to us their hands for food and work;
All this they will not see, but serpent-like,
They bite the breast that warms their limbs to life.

Cl. A weighty case thou makest, I confess.

Ed. Yet what is worst of all must now be told,
Their duties in the federative bond

Which joins in one our civil life and theirs,
They have most basely shunned and shirked,
And ta'en therein our choicest rights away.

Col. Aye, sir, in that remark you hit the white,
Their wanton acts we can no longer brook.

Cl. 'Tis true we have been sorely put to proof,
Yet Patience never leaves the goodly soul
But ever waxes with the growing need;
Time will not always cast on us his frowns.

Ed. That virtue I desire to be not mine,
My wish, aye, my demand, is that we part;
In peace untie the knot with careful hand,
Or roughly cut it with the whetted sword.

Col. My age would much prefer the former wise,
But for the last could wield a heavy stroke;
And my experience has not been so small;
Upon the drilling ground, and in the camp,
E'en on the battle field I've had my turn;
For while a stripling still, to Florida
I marched against the fierce red forester.

Cl. You would not then disrupt the sacred bond
Of State our Fathers joined with so much skill
And anxious thought, and hoped to be eternal?

Col. Aye, with a willingness that is not feigned.
Agreement was the mother sole, we know,
Of this confederation of the States;
And by agreement can it be dissolved.
Our greatest statesman showed the right long since,
And Right, though ne'er unsheathed retains its brightness;
With it the Will now locks its striving arms;
Where Right and Will join hands, the deed must follow.

Cl. Men oft create what they dare not destroy.
The child's life hangs not on the parent's whim;
So, too, this State begot must live forever;
What right have ye to take a nation's life?

Ed. The State has lost its end and is a curse,
No longer it protects our chartered rights,

But soon will smite us with its massive hand.
Its overthrow is now my highest hope,
So threatening look the omens in the North.
The reins which once we held in firmest grasp
Are being hourly twisted from our hands;
And soon the high-born sons of chivalry
Must bow the knee before mechanic lords.
Nay, that disgrace shall never stain our souls,
E'er long the entire South shall rise and show
The mighty majesty of wrathful honor,
Shall seize this often violated pact
Which chains her bosom pure to loathsome foes
And shall it rend into a thousand shreds.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Road.*

Enter HODDLE *and* COUNTRYMAN *in the distance.*

Hod. Here comes a native weed, I'll lay my head.
This rank, dank soil alone can bring such forth.
A very stalk of striding corn he comes.
Meet him I must.—I might avenge myself,
By telling now their plans and hiding-place,
And nip at once their budding enterprise;
But I shall not; for though they beat my flesh
Until it falls in black bits from my bones,
Treason ne'er shall force the entrance to my soul.
But wait! first shall I so confound this fellow,
By the juggle and displacement of fair words,
That he will not believe he is himself.

Co. Good morrow, sir!

Hod. Good morrow to yourself, sir!

Co. Young man, thou seem'st a stranger in these parts.

Hod. Therein my seeming tells an honest tale;
Men often seem to be what they are not;
My seeming, so it seems, doth then not seem.

Co. As full of seams thou art as any quilt;

Thou art a tailor, lad, if aught of trade,
Is indicated by thy random talk.

Hod. Nay, nay, a doctor, if you wish to know;
For seeming, likewise, is the doctor's trade;
I come to purge with physic all of you.

Co. That is a heavy dose for my belief.
Where are thy pills and dark-compounded stuffs?

Hod. Aye, they are lying ready for their work,
Whene'er I bid them force their self-made way.

Co. Thy speech is full of dark bewilderment,
Or else I cannot understand thy tongue.
Thou play'st with words as the unskilled at bowls,
Not knowing where or how the ball may strike.
Stranger, where is thy home, once more I ask?

Hod. I am a Southern bold, of gentle blood,
Who shuns dishonor's stain far more than Death.

Co. In troth, thou art a funny, funny buck,
I'd give a dozen ewes to know thy sire;
It was a rum old sod that nurtured thee.

Hod. Ha, ha, thou'rt right, quite right; I am a sheep;
But mark! should e'er I see thy face again,
Thou'lt view a sheep which is not shorn, but shears.
Longer, friend, I cannot tarry; adieu! *Exit.*

Co. A damned mysterious dog; his quiddities
Are quite enough to break one's head with aches.
I do not like him; there is something wrong;
Such nonsense is by far too deep for fools.
Let's see;—"a sheep that is not shorn, but shears;"
That is, by his own word, a villain bold,
Disguised beneath a modest mask; 'tis so.
Two weapons peered out their pocket's prison.
As if their hard, dumb lips desired to speak,
And send their small, round messengers
Like pills—I have it now! I have it now!
A Doctor? aye! a veritable Doctor!
The musket-ball is that most powerful pill,
Which finds the shortest way unto the heart;

Such was the meaning couched beneath his cranks.
How shied his words off from my question's goal!
And how uneasy was his look and tread!
Then, too, that bunch of twigs he slyly held
Within his grasp, what does it mean? I know;
To set on fire our fences, houses, barns!
That is his dose of physic for us, I suppose.
There's somewhat in his looks that speaks of foul intent.
Follow I must; I'll watch with stealth his steps,
And seek this serpent in his hidden nest.

SCENE SECOND.—*Another Road.*

Enter BUMBLE.

Bu. How glad am I t' escape their fiendish claws,
For fiends they are in all that makes the fiend,
And if they are soused down quite as they are,
Into the burning, brimstone element,
No one could tell them from the oldest demons.
These mad-caps would have slain me for a word
Spoke in discouragement of their wild hopes,
Because I was aweary of their game.
It was a cunning trick to slip so slyly off:
I thank you woods, for having hid my path,
Until it reached a point beyond pursuit.
Myself again! I breathe more freely now,
Though they may iterate the whole day long,
This is a slavish soil and atmosphere;
They are the slaves, I spit it in their faces,
That they do sorely need emancipation.
How clearly do I see in this sad strait,
'Tis not the outward bond that makes the slave,
But the base, narrow thought within the man.
A little vengeance now is in my power,
My sweat they shall repay with drops of blood,
'Twill give some solace to my ruffled soul;
Their plans against this land I shall disclose,

And rouse the people to well-timed defence;
Thus may I send them packing down to Hell.
Here is the dwelling which I came to sack,
But now it looks more friendly than my friends;
It lends a screen 'gainst Heaven's burning eye;
I must seek rest and shade or else I faint;
Let fate bring what it may, I shall go in.

SCENE THIRD.—*Planter's Mansion.*

Enter BUMBLE.

Bu. Good morrow to this mansion's worthy lord!
I hope that I do not disturb his peace.

Pl. Good morrow, enter and be welcome here.

Bu. I would but rest my wearied limbs awhile,
And catch some draughts of shady air,
Beneath this roof and bower of woven leaves,
Old Sol has mounted to his highest throne,
And rages like a tyrant o'er the world;
I am not wont to find him in so great a passion.

Pl. Drink off this brimming bowl and slake thy thirst.

Bu. O water! it is a draught the gods might grudge,
If they are jealous, as is often said,
To the dry and dusty throats of mortal men.

Pl. Methinks another sun smiled on thy birth
Else our fierce, fiery charioteer of Heaven
Would not appear to thee so great a stranger.

Bu. 'Tis true, my infant lungs breathed cooler air
Than that which hovers o'er these hills and woods.

Pl. I have transgressed, let me entreat thy pardon
For my offence against thy privilege;
I did not mean t' inquire thy native soil.
It was a goodly custom of the olden time,
That hosts should never ask whence came the stranger
Who lodged beneath their roof, but serve at once
For him the choicest viands of their board;

Thus would I treat thee; but my words had lapsed,
E'er Reason clearly stamped them with her seal.

Bu. I am unworthy to receive these gifts;
They bring to mind a harsh comparison
'Twixt thee and those on whom I have some claim.

Pl. No claim for me is higher than the guest's;
My house is at your disposition, sir.

Bu. Thy kindness cleaves the fetters of my tongue,
And bids it speak the secrets of my heart.
Listen! I'll tell a story for thy good:
Behind yon wood, and near the sea's broad arm,
A band of men are hidden in the bush,
Who threat destruction fell to thee and thine.

Pl. Impossible! whom have I so deeply wronged,
That he should bring such woe upon my head?
Nay, thou dost only tell a dreadful tale,
As seeming pay for hospitality.

Bu. Forgive, I pray, my crime—I must confess—
I am of them, and have just left their camp;
I would no longer serve their bloody cause,
And told them so; then such a frenzy rose,
That I could barely 'scape and bring my life.

Pl. Who are they? whence, with what design are come?

Bu. From the far North they've sought this quiet coast,
As favorable to their plan; they say,
With loud proclaim they come to free the slave,
And cool the people with a bath of blood.

Pl. Long has this bolt hung threatening in the clouds;
Now has it lit upon our peaceful homes.
Quick, saddle me my steed! no time for talk;
I must in haste go seek our neighbors all,
And sound the sad alarm. Come with me, boy.

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Camp.*

Enter CLARENCE, CAPTAIN, HARWOOD.

Capt. Now quickly to the bloody work, my boys,
Each moment that we tarry on this spot,
Doth swell the hazard of our enterprise,
Until what once did seem a little hill,
Shall soon become a mountain in our way.
Two plans do show their outlines to mine eye,
And each makes weighty suit unto my will;
But when the one I've ta'en, the other shows
So fair a face that I do rue my choice.
Throw your advice into the doubtful scale,
And put a speedy end to this delay,
I beg, for restless time keeps spurring on.
Harwood and Clarence, give me your advice.
One plan is this: to rush forth from our lair
Like lions, seize our unsuspecting prey,
Where'er it may be found throughout this land;
More cautious does the other counsel seem,
To spy out first the place and then to strike
Where 'tis the weakest, and for us the best.

Clar. My reason speaks most loudly for the last,
For if we shoot at random in the air,
We never hit, at most we fright our game,
Which, being warned, flies off and warns the rest.
But let us first seek out the central point,
From which we safely can command this land,
Then dart like lightning forward to the deed.

Har. To this advice mine own opinion leans.

Capt. To your united wisdoms I shall yield.
But who shall take the hazard of this step?
To this end hearken to my further thought:
Garbed as a simple wayfarer I'll go,
And give a stealthy look at every house
Which may be standing on our future road,
Survey each dubious nook in which a foe
Might lurk unseen, or else a friend could hide;

Whisper the startling word of liberty,
Into the ear that hears but curses rude;
Stir up strong arms to help us for themselves;
Note the configuration of the land;
In fine, select a spot by nature strong,
Which can be fortified still more by art,
Where we can pitch our permanent abode,
Which may defy the most perverse attack.

Har. Nay, nay, dear captain, that will never do;
Therein thy courage far outspans thy sense.
Thou know'st thou art the head of this grand work.
Which, head once lost, the rest must perish too,
And we, thy followers, lie in one common grave.
I pray thee, let me go instead of thee!

Capt. Is not the peril as great to thee as me?

Har. True, but my loss would be far less than thine.

Capt. The greatest danger should the chieftain seek.

Har. But think! thou might'st be taken by the foe,
Then, with thy capture, captured are we all;
As with thy death, we all are surely dead.

Capt. Play not such phantoms wild before thy mind.
How is it likely that I should be known
By people here, where I ne'er was before?

Har. Some jealous accident doth strangle oft
The mightiest undertakings at their birth;
Give chance no hold upon thy destiny.

Capt. Harwood, these monsters lie not in my path,
Nor can their grim look fright me from my will,
Else could I ne'er have reached these woody dales;
And, having thus defied Risk to his teeth,
Shall I now run before I see his face?

Har. I see you do not understand the case;
So shall I clothe my speech in plainest garb,
And show the reason of my importunity.
Hoddle returned a little while ago,
Whence he was sent by us; he says he met
One man, a seeming rustic of the land,
But yet a man of dark, suspicious look.

They spoke and parted; some little time gone by,
Our Hoddle turns about and sees this man
Following on his track; 'twas not far hence.
Ere now he may have found our secret out,
And sown the news in every neighbor's ear;
The which may soon bring forth upon our path,
A bristling crop of frowning enemies;
Or he may still be lurking in this brush,
And even listening to our counsel now.
Then do not go, the venture is too great.

Capt. No may-be can e'er turn me from my aim.
Thou playest with these possibilities,
Most like a little child with soapy bubbles,
Blowing them off his pipe of clay with glee,
To see them mount aloft and ride the air,
That seemeth jealous of their lightness bold,
And bursts to nought their watery rainbow film.
A pleasing sport for little folk, but 'tis
A craft unworthy of a man's estate.

Har. Then listen to this certainty I pray.
Bumble has left our camp in secret wrath.
No one has seen him since he stole away;
He has, no doubt, deserted to the foe.

Capt. Ha, ha! this is not certain still, my boy;—
But it is startling news! The Devil's imp!
Indeed, he has fulfilled my highest hopes;
For treachery was written in his down-cast eyes.
Perchance 'twere best to take our other plan.

Har. Better by far than that thou go'st, methinks.
Thy duty bids thee stay upon this spot.

Clar. Captain, 'tis so; thou should'st remain with these;
But list a moment to my own request:
I have a plan to solve this knotty point;
I offer here to go myself, and bring
All information which you say you need.
Before the sun hath sped through half the orb
Which yet remains to him ere day is done,
I shall return. Till then a patient soul
Possess ye all.

Capt. Well said; go, Clarence, dear;
In thee I have almost as much of faith
As in myself, which is not small, thou know'st.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Near De Harrison's Mansion.—Evening.*

Enter D'ORVILLE *and* EDWARD DE HARRISON.

Ed. D'Orville, hast thou yet seen my cousin Clara,
And spoke to her about that nice affair?
D'Or. Ah, I have had that sweet delight and pain.
Ed. Why, thou art in a melancholy trim;
Make not wry faces at so bright a sun,
Thou can'st not put his fervid splendor down.
D'Or. I see no sun, a cloud hangs o'er my soul,
And darkly crapes the Future like a bier.
Ed. Tut, courage, man, thy suit is not yet lost.
D'Or. Hope is not drowned, but labors in a sea
In which the waves dash oft above her head;
Such furious tempest she can't long withstand.
Ed. Oh, pipe no more this sickly strain, I pray!
It makes an ugly blot on manhood's page.
Now tell the facts about your interview;
I can, perchance, help thee in this rugged way.
D'Or. Hear then, a story of endeavor vain.
I sought t' engage her in a little talk,
About the lands and people she had seen;
And then t' approach some tender theme,
That might serve as an outlet to my soul;
This were the Cupid-winged ship whereon
I thus might sail into Love's happy port;
But she, as cognizant of my design,
Did alway subtly shy the looming point,
And ran abroad to other things remote;
Most cleverly she played these shirking cranks.
Two weary hours she circled round and round,
And I in hot pursuit sped for the prize,
When I by the long race became fatigued,
And so gave up the agonizing chase.
Ed. Ha, ha! that was a royal hunt in troth.
D'Or. But stop! here comes a stranger on our path.

[*Enter* CLARENCE *disguised as a pedestrian.*]

Clar. May I disturb awhile your eager talk?—
How far is it to the nearest hamlet, pray?

Ed. Ascend yon little knoll, beyond the wood
It dots the hillside sloping to the vale;
Soon you will see the houses; just go on.

Clar. Will you be pleased to tell its name, I beg?

Ed. Assuredly! 'tis called Palmettotown.

Clar. Ha, yes! I know that name, Palmetto town,
I've heard of it before—Palmetto town—
I'm glad I am so near Palmetto town.
[*Aside.*] Within the radius of a furlong hence
She lives, whose magnet draws me from the pole.

Ed. What sudden joy doth try to burst thy heart,
Dost thou return home after absence long?

Clar. Nay, sir, not *that*. But tell me, if you will,
What old, majestic mansion 'mong the trees
Doth yonder sleep, o'er which the aged oaks
Stand sentinel with loving, watchful look?

D'Or. It bears a name of highest rank and worth,
A name nobility might wear with grace,
If 'twere the custom here—De Harrison.

Clar. Heavens! De Harrison! in yonder house!
Fortune, smile on! Indeed, so soon! so near!
Young man, thy eulogy gives out much warmth.
Oh, pardon me, it is not far from town,
You say—just let me see—yes, so it is.
The day begins to yawn, and now hath stretched
The drowsy cap of night upon his head;
I would not wish to find myself alone
Upon these woody paths without the sun.
Your pardon, gentlemen, I must be off.

Ed. God save you from all shadows dire; good night.
Exit Clar.

D'Or. He seems to know, yet not to know this spot.

Ed. A passing stranger who the village seeks.

D'Or. Yet how he startled at thy family's name;
And then his joy he sought to hide 'neath words.

Ed. It is not worth the talk.—Here we must part;

The dew hath moistened now the thirsty earth,
Whose face the whole day long the sun did scorch;
And now the grass doth wash the dusty feet
Of passing swains with its wet store of wealth.
D'Orville, courage! 'tis my last word to-night;
Not the weak heart should hamper the wise will.
Good night.

D'Or. Farewell! I'll see thee soon again. *Exit Ed.*
Where shall I go, now that I am alone?
Alas! the heaviest load that burdens men
Is but themselves;—I'd hurl this hateful pack
From me, yet, ah, this hateful pack is—I.
If I could only rid me of myself,
It were a happiness; but 'tis self-murder,
And that's a monster, from which mankind recoils.—
What raging fires are kindled in my flesh
Which make the fountain of my blood so seethe?
Is molten iron running through my veins?
O, Heaven! water! I am burning up!
My heart has now become a funeral pile
Whereon I am both offering and offered.
I wish I were a thousand miles away!
Hold, foolish wish, let me recall thee quick;
It were most mad to go, I'd soon return.
No longer, ah! do I possess myself,
My highest freedom has become a slave.
I wish to God I ne'er had seen her face!
O, no! the very fancy drives me mad,
I cannot think of my existence here
Apart from her; it were a chill blank waste;
I would impale my life upon my dirk.
I must turn back, and once again to-night
Her form I must behold; that view alone
Can slake the soul-consuming thirst of Love.
It is her wont to pace her garden late,
Some hidden overlooking spot I'll find,
And with the friendly aid of this bright moon
I shall feast full my eyes with that fair sight.

SCENE SIXTH.—*Night.*

Enter PLANTERS *with* BUMBLE *before the house of De Harrison.*

1st Pl. Ho, rouse this house, up, sleep no more,
Till you can sleep beneath the wings of peace;
The sword of danger swings above your heads.

2d Pl. Hallo! Awake, De Harrison, awake!
Murderers, robbers, thieves, are nigh! Hallo!
Come, help us, quickly, else we all are lost.

[COL. DEHARRISON *appears above at a window.*]

Col. Here am I! What's the matter? Who are ye?
Wherefore have ye come here to fright away
The timorous wings of sleep from our abode?

3d Pl. Thou knowest us, thy neighbors are we all;
Come forth, we have some news to roil thy blood.
A villainous gang of cut-throats from the North
Have landed on our shores to steal our slaves,
Destroy our property, o'erturn our State;
We wish to rouse the villagers to arms,
Come down, thou wast a soldier, head our band.

Col. 'Tis strange! Wait, in a moment I am there.

1st Pl. How fair the moon smiles on these bloody works!

2d Pl. Methinks she ought to veil her face with clouds.

3d Pl. Young man, you say you can lead to the spot.

Bu. Aye, just where they are lying the woods.
'Tis straight upon this road above the corners.

Col. [*comes out.*] What certain proof have ye of this foray?

1st Pl. Here's the youth, of their own number, too,
Who's told the entire story of their plan.

COUNTRYMAN *enters running.*

Co. Arm quickly all this crowd! Why stand ye here
While your destruction nears? Seize first what lies

Upon your path to wield against attack;
An enemy lies in yon woods ensconsed
Ready to pounce upon his thoughtless prey.

Col. What ground have ye for all this heavy news?

Co. I saw a stranger of suspicious mien
Upon the road; we spoke—his words were dark,
As if he would conceal some fell design;
And so I followed him to find it out.
I tracked him quickly to a woody lair,
And hid me in the bush and heard their counsel,
To-morrow with the lark they will march forth.

Col. Then follow me; to-night we shall prepare
To meet them with their own foul terms of force. *Exeunt all* [*except Bumble.*]

Bu. These fellows are too hot for my cool blood,
I think I'd better turn another road,
For on this one I see but broken heads. *Runs off.*

Scene Seventh.

Enter Clarence *in the vicinity of De Harrison's Mansion.*

Clar. The house is darkened and in deep repose.
Let my dear birdie sleep till morn appears,
Then shall the shining shield of Phoebus smite
The drowsy world and bring in life again,
His beaming fingers gently ope her eyes.
Heaven forefend her slumber be disturbed!
Noise in this holy calm were sacrilege;
Hence, silent shall I bide the coming sun.
Beneath the bushes and the clambering vines
Which hug this garden wall of mossy stone,
Forming a shadow which forbids each glance
To penetrate its secret bosom dark,
I shall dispose myself for tranquil rest,
And listen to the stillness of the sacred night;
For solitude doth often tinkle in the air.
Shine on, Diana fair, thou huntress bold,
That daily put'st to rout the boastful sun,
Be thou the sweet companion of my watch;

Let fall thy silvery hair from thy bright head,
And fill the sleeping earth with quiet light,
Until thy greater brother whips his steeds
From out the sea, and mounts with hasty stride
The eastern convex of the globous sky,
Bringing captive morn chained to his chariot wheels.

[CLARA *enters the garden.*]

Cl. What fearful rumors ride upon the air,
To fright away the beauty of this night!
Heaven protect my father from all harm.

Clar. [*Aside*] Methinks I hear a voice within this wall.

Cl. How silent and majestic is the hour!
The wind, aweary of her bootless wail,
Doth lay herself and sleep with mortal men;
The moon hath burnished brightly every star
That shimmers in her nightly trail of blue,
As she most queenly sweeps along the sky;
But ah, the heart shares not dull Nature's rest,
This lull has brought a storm to many a soul.

Clar. [*Aside*] Is this a spirit prisoned here that dares
To tell its sorrows only to the Night?

Cl. The time I last did catch his winsome look,
Blooms forth the fairest flower of Memory.

Clar. [*Aside*] Or is't a maid bewailing to the moon
Her absent lover and her loved griefs?
I'll list again, for I would gladly hear
Such plaints about myself upon this spot.

Cl. [*Nears*] Oh were my soul disrobed of grievous clay,
And set afloat to mingle with the clouds,
I'd fly at once to his far Northern home,
And hovering o'er him as he lies in sleep,
I'd speak to him in dreams, and tell my love;
In ringlets round I'd wreathe his heavy hair,
And plant a kiss on every bit of lips,
That he would say, methinks, when he awoke,
The fairy-queen had wooed him all that night.

Clar. [*Aside*] A most sweet fantasy! I must see, too;
Hearing is not enough for such fair words.

Cl. Oh, Clarence, Clarence, why art thou so far?
Already our two names are married quite,
Why should our hearts by space be torn asunder?

Clar. [*Aside*] 'Tis she, 'tis she, by Heaven, and me she means!

Cl. Oh would that thou wert here, sweet love, with me,
To walk among these flowers and smell their breath,
Conversing all the while about the time
When first we read our fate in each other's eyes;
Then we would sit us down and watch the moon,
And thus would whisper low our mutual love.

Clar. Accursed wall, thou shalt not bar me out,
I'd mount thy back tho' it did reach the skies.
Leaps over.

Cl. What sudden shape here rises on my dreams!
Help! help! O, Holy Father, save thy child!

[CLARENCE *throws off his disguise, appears armed and kneels.*]

Clar. O, noble maid, thou hast no cause for prayer;
At thy most gracious bidding here am I.
Oh! stay thy frightened pace awhile and list,
I am that Clarence, whom thou just didst call.

[D'ORVILLE *rushes from the opposite side and draws.*]

D'Or. Most villainous of caitiffs, stand, I bid!
This action here thou must make good by arms.
It is a deed of which the Devil were ashamed,
Thus to waylay an unprotected maid.
I'll tap thy coward heart and draw its blood,
That ne'er again thou wilt disgrace thyself,
And so I shall befriend thee 'gainst thy will.
Defend thyself! I would not steal thy blood.

[CLARENCE *draws, they cross swords.*]

Cl. Oh, God, 'tis he! [*rushes between*] Clarence put up thy blade,
I would not have thee stain its pure chaste glow,
Its brightness e'en a drop of guilty blood would soil.

Clar. How can I disobey thy first command?
I shall, sweet love, although the mind rebels;
My sword was never drawn before in vain.

Cl. O tell me, who has brought thee to this spot?
Thou'rt fallen from Heaven in answer to my prayer.
For thee my daily orisons have long been raised;
Dear Clarence, is this not a happy dream?
Think me not bold, I've heard thee call me love,
Then let me, too, unveil my ready heart,
And call thee by the thousand names of love.—
But, whence this hateful contrast of a man,
That shadow-like doth follow thy dear frame
And blights our presence here and our free tongues?
Fortune, thou art thine own self's contradiction,
Uniting the most loved with the most loathed!
D'Orville, sheathe now thy eager sword, and tell
Why thou profanest thus my privacy.

D'Or. Most humble pardon must I beg of thee,
For this bold, seeming-rude intrusion here;
But weigh my motive ere I may be judged.
As I did lie beneath yon orange tree,
My fancy feeding on sweet thoughts of thee,
I saw thy form pass through this garden gate
And heard thee holding converse with thyself,
When suddenly this fellow scaled the wall,
As if to pluck thee off against thy will,
Or work some horrid shame on thy fair frame;
Then thy unsullied life I thought to save
By casting mine before dark danger's tread.

Cl. D'Orville, for this most gallant act of thine,
To give thee have I naught but grateful thanks;

It is a poor return for thy good will;
And if I had two hearts within this breast,
One shouldst thou have, so worthy is thy deed;
But the sad single heart, which pulses here,
Is mine no more to grant away to thee;
It hath ta'en lodgment in another's breast,
And would not for the world forsake its home.

D'Or. Thou dost not mean this man?

Cl. Aye, him I mean.

D'Or. Adieu, I shall not mar your happy hours.

Exit D'Orville.

Cl. How joyous 'tis to peer into thine eyes,
And see the rippling smiles run o'er thy face,
By the faint silent light of yonder orb.

Clar. More joyous still it is to press thy hand
In mine, and feel the fierce magnetic fire
Dart through my frame, like lightning in the clouds;
And then to lay thee softly to my breast,
And hear the secret throbbing of thy heart.

Cl. Sweet Clarence, say, how hast thou hither come?

Clar. O stranger, stranger than the wildest dream!
But tell me first, dost thou requite my love?

Cl. My chamber nightly did I fill with sobs,
My eyes held brimming tears at thought of thee,
For it so seemed I ne'er would see thee more,
And so my soul was always seeking hard
To quit this hateful flesh, and fly away.

Clar. O what delight doth snatch my struggling breath,
And choke me with a multitude of sweets!
This moment's the quintessence of my life!
What happiness to win the golden prize!
Thou art a radiant angel of the sky,
I feel unworthy of thy noble worth;
Can it be so, art thou then here with me,
And dost give back brimfull my cup of love?
Or is it one of Night's fair pleasing cheats?
Vouchsafe thy milky hand to my hot lips,
To quench awhile their parching thirst of love.

Cl. Clarence, be calm; we'll talk no more of love,
But let our actions to our hearts be tongue.
Now answer, dear, what I before did ask,
How did'st thou come to find my nightly haunt?

Clar. Oh yes, wake me from this bright paradise,
It is too much delight to long endure;
I have ill news to mingle with these joys.—
From the far North I've tracked the wayless main
To warn thee of th' impending hour of woe;
A band of men conspire against the homes
Of thy dear father and thy neighbors here;
Not far away from this fair spot they lie.
I am an officer of high command
And weighty trust; wherefore you see me here,
Dispatched by them to seek th' attacking point.

Cl. Nay, Clarence, nay, this is not so, methinks;
You do but jest, you will but frighten me,
To make my future happiness more keen.

Clar. In most sad earnestness I speak to thee.

Cl. Oh, what a sudden cloud bedims my sun!
Could not some peaceful way have led thee here?
Then were our joy unspotted with a sigh;
Such ugly wings ne'er brought so bright a blessing.
I fain would curse the means, but then I think
What precious freight was thus to me conveyed,
And so I'm torn by gladness and by grief.
Clarence, say once more and then I shall believe;
Art thou in arms against my native land?

Clar. My body is in seeming armor wrapped,
But still my soul doth seek a peaceful aim
To rescue thee and thine from War's fierce look.
Flee quickly, with thee bear what well thou can'st
Of goods and jewels rare, but most thyself;
Wake up the household, and take all along;
Warn thy old father of this sudden danger;
Remain until the storm has passed these skies;
Methinks its rage will very soon be spent.

Cl. Mine only jewel in the world art thou,
Thee would I take along and safely keep.
Clar. That blissful time can not now be for us,
I quickly must return, my time is out.
Cl. Thou wilt not leave me here alone to fight
The shadows fell of fancy in the dark?
Clar. Doth no one dwell within the house but thee?
My father has gone out to meet the foe.
Clar. What, is this expedition known to you?
Cl. A band of men left here some time ago
To summon all the neighborhood to war;
They chose my father captain of their troop.
I pray, lift not your hand 'gainst his gray hairs.
Clar. Nay; nay;—then must I go and tell our men
To scatter to the winds ere they are caught,
For treason has divulged their whole design.
A parting kiss, dear Clara, and I am off.
Cl. O Heaven! this affray bodes me much ill.
Clar. Nay, love, our stars shall join us soon again.
Adieu.

SCENE EIGHTH.—*Camp.*

CAPTAIN, HARWOOD, SERGEANT.

Capt. Sergeant, see if the men are ready soon;
The morn is now upon our perilous path,
And shows us to the eyes of all the world;
The deed is waiting for our quick decision.
Exit Sergeant.
Har. It is most strange that Clarence comes not back;
Some hours have passed since that he should be here.
Capt. An accident may have seized him on his way.
Har. It can not be that treason taints his heart.
Capt. Thou hast no evidence of such intent?
Har. No. Still I thought his 'havior often strange.
Capt. Harwood, again thou art at thy old game;
Of dark surmises is thy head as full
As is the bristly porcupine of quills,
Which thou dart'st forth with every tick of time

To sting with doubt the purposes of men.
Away with all long-faced conjecture now,
I shall not hear it, I am off to work.

Enter SERGEANT.

Ser. Here are the men prepared for thy commands.
Capt. Well done, my comrades dear, at such fair hour
To be in trim for this long day's hot work;
It shows your zeal in our most holy cause,
Beyond all power of rhetoric or oath,
Are ye all ready for the fight?
All. Aye, aye.
Capt. To free the bondsmen, or else let the grass
Upon these fields be both your winding-sheet
And your uncoffined graves.
All. So may it be.
Capt. Then but a word of counsel have I left:
Keep e'er this bending feather in your eyes,
Whose snowy whiteness doth embrace my head.

Enter SENTINEL.

Sen. The foe! the foe!
Capt. What dost thou say?
Sen. A band of armed men are bearing for this spot.
Capt. O happy, holy hour! Good sentinel!
Thou bringest joyful news! Now to the work!
And with the shout of Freedom on our lips,
Whose echo shall break every servile chain
Throughout this land and strike oppressors mute,
At them, my braves! *They all rush out.*

SCENE NINTH.

Enter COL. DE HARRISON *and* BAND.

Col. Halt! yonder are the woods, the traitorous woods,
Which hide within their breast our enemy;
I shall not long delay your eager hearts;

Remember in this struggle that ye fight
For homes, wives, children, and your honor too.

CLARENCE *enters at a little distance.*

Clar. What! these are not my friends, I must retreat.

D'ORVILLE *enters.*

D'Or. Halt! rabbit-hearted caitiff, thee I know;
Thou art a craven spy, unsheathe thy blade;
We'll end th' encounter which we once began.
Clar. My sword I'll prove more ready than my tongue,
And thou, God willing, shalt answer with thy life,
For thy vile, slanderous speech. *They fight.*
D'Or. I'm slain, I'm slain, my blood shall be avenged!
Help! hither friends, vengeance!

Enter EDWARD DE HARRISON *with several men.*

Ed. Whose cry is this?
Upon my soul, 'tis D'Orville, my dear friend;
Sir, what means this bloody deed?
Clar. I was assailed.
Ed. Ha, ha! I recognize thee now; thou art
A spy, assassin, villain; die on this spot.
Stabs him.
Clar. O God, my heart is pierced, this is my end;
Farewell, sweet earth, I leave thee not with joy.
For on thy front my fairest Clara treads;
My parting word I scarcely shall fulfill.

CAPTAIN *enters with his band.*

Capt. What shape is this? our Clarence, by the gods!
O wretch, art thou the author of this deed?
Ed. Worm, viper, Devil, I am, and 'tis my boast.
Come on, thou fiend, I'll hack to gobbets thee
And all thy damned crew, and strew your flesh
To carrion kites and dogs. How dare ye stamp
Your hellish tracks upon our sacred soil?

Capt. Slave-monger, go fright thy slaves with empty threats;
Not men; I'll cut a mouth within thy heart,
That it may speak its venom quickly out.
Set to. *They fight, Edward is run through.*

Ed. Alack! So soon the strings of life are cut.

Capt. Push on, my men, and sweep them from the field.

[*The other side retreats.*]

Col. Stay, hold, here is fresh succor for us now;
Rush for them, and we'll turn this surging tide.
So; once again; one more fierce dash, they fly.

Capt. Old man, the stoutest heart of all thy band
Thou hast; go back, or else thy hoary head
Shall tumble from thy shoulders 'neath this edge.

Col. My age demands no mercy at thy hands;
I have at thee.

Capt. Thou rash old fool, take that!

All. Vengeance! De Harrison is slain! Vengeance!

[*The Captain's party retreats. A rush is made toward the Captain.*]

Capt. Six rival steeled points at once; I die;
But ah, than death more bitter is the thought,
My aim with me doth perish on this spot.—
Nay, it shall not, it hath an eternal germ,
Which fertile Time shall nurse and yet mature;
Some luckier hand shall execute this plan,
Or e'en a nation arm itself with my design.

CLARA *enters.*

Cl. What fearful sights are scattered o'er this plain!
I would return, but no, I am pushed on,
For I must know my fate in this day's strife.
Whose form is this? It is my cousin Edward!
A hardy soul that bravely gave itself away.
O that I could stay by thy side, and wash

Thy body with my tears, but on I must.—
Ah, whose white hairs are these? My father's, oh!
Great God! why hast thou not ta'en me along;
Let me once kiss to life these lips and brow;
Thy looks are fierce as cast upon the foe;—
Nay, nay, they're tender, loving as my father's.
Thy seeless eyes, oh gently let me close.
My father's shade, forgive ingratitude;
I must another face now seek with haste,
If it should chance lie on this bloody field.—
This is D'Orville, a bold and gallant youth,
And near him here—O Clarence, Clarence—dead!
Thou'rt gone, thou'rt flown, and borne with thee my life!
The dagger which did pierce thy manly breast
Hath reached my heart. *Sinks.*

Enter HARWOOD.

Har. Such is the fearful end of this foray.
I have foreseen it long, for violence
Must ever turn upon itself at last,
And be destroyed by its own bloody hand.
Captain, sleep well, a dauntless mind thou had'st,
A soul, which, when it once conceived an aim,
Without delay must give it birth in deed;
This was the cursed bane that brought thee here.
Now, nought to me remains but to the dead
To pay the final rites, collect the few
Who yet remain and leave this fatal soil.

THE END.

APPENDIX III

Poems 1864–66.

SONNETS.

1.

Sweet Melancholy! thou hast been my friend!
Now in the world's wide waste I seem alone;
Naught do I hear within but sorrow's moan,
And over me the chilling shades of Night do bend;
A veil enshrouds my soul I fain would rend.
Hope in my youthful heart once had her throne,
But on her glittering pinions now hath flown;
And man to me no cheerful glance doth lend.
Bereft of all, to thee in haste I fly,
And refuge find beneath thy darksome wings;
'Tis there I love in dreamy thought to lie,
And clothe in sable garb all earthly things.
A friend thou art indeed, one ever nigh!
Who with a shadowy love around me clings.

2.

When Sleep my wearied limbs hath laid in rest,
And Sense no more doth goad me with his greed,
Then Fancy, from this chilly clay-cage freed,
Creates new forms, in brightest colors dress'd,
And roams the world, of beauteous dreams in quest.
Upon her golden wings far hence I speed,
The form of angels is my happy meed,
I swim the fringed clouds with raptur'd zest.
In yon deep dome of Heaven's blue,
Where gather spirits, parted here below,
And swear to Love, to be forever true,
I meet thee, smiling with the Moon's chaste glow,
My vows in haste I joyfully renew,
And sail with thee around the azure bow.

3.

When far away me leads the fell unrest of men,
  And thy chaste form, bright mirror of the soul,
  As fleecy folds of heaven far oft do roll,
Grows dim and white in memory's faithless ken,
Perchance in dreams of deepest night I see,
  A face full oft by me beheld before,
  Upon whose beauty ripple smiles of yore,
Reflecting sunny beams of love and glee.
    I grasp with joyous tears the ready hand,
  My thirsty soul drinks deep from glowing eyes,
    I gaze upon the lovely form and grand:
  And when from morn's dull dreary cot I rise,
    I swear, whate'er may be the time or land
  My heart with thee shall dwell, till in the skies.

4.

Already have I felt my heart to sink away,
  Although I thought it propped with firmest will,
  But now a bosom that erewhile was chill,
Begins to swell beneath the warming ray,
As when the bud that tips the leafless spray,
  What time the Frost hath curdled every rill,
  And lined with heavy fringe the mead, wood, hill,
Doth hide within its husk and shun the day:
    But if sweet Springtide doth once more embrace,
  And loosen from their frozen bonds the earth and
      sky,
    Then Nature spreads anew her joyous race,
  And seems her old oppressor to defy;
    The bud bursts forth and shows its blooming face,
  Nor longer can the loving suit deny.

5.

Full oft a face that hath a beauteous glow,
  And blooms with looks so lightsome, gay and trim,
  Wherein the smiling Goddess seems to swim,—
A form that doth in lines of Beauty flow,

I've seen before my wistful gazes go,—
A lovely vision, in its fleetness dim,
Shot through the viewless air doth darkly skim;
I see a glory, more I cannot know.
When in the eve we look upon the star-robed sky,
And watch the planets that above us roll,
'Tis thus the bright-winged Hours appear to fly,
And leave behind my longing, loving soul.
For scarce have I beheld thy gentle eye,
I must be gone—the midnight bell doth toll.

6.

When I am come from sweetest talk with thee,
And still a face, not beautiful, but bright,
That seems a wreath of smiles and darling light,
In purest mould of Phantasy I see,
I love to think the glad Futurity.
Then we no more shall have to say, "Good Night,"
The vow is taken, finished is the rite—
Two shapes, one soul, we must forever be,
A little image of thyself and me,
Doth ope its longing, new-born eyes,
And hails the world with deep, but speechless glee,
Bringing a soul fresh christened from the skies,
Alas! 'tis all a dream, a waking dream,
Things must far other be than what they seem.

7.

To-night I thought to say—"I come no more,
To-night this joyousness of ours must end,
To-night a parting sigh I to thee send,
A sweeter, sadder sigh than all before.
For to that holy height I durst not soar,
But deign, I pray, to call me still a friend,
And fate may yet its iron bow unbend,
And we may love again as once of yore."
But as I enter at the parlor door

Two eyes come dancing to me through the air
My name I hear! it sounds like music rare
That in my soul a mighty strain doth pour.
Gone is my Will, my Sense is blurred and blent,
And reason lies despoiled of her intent.

8.

As I was passing by the green trimmed door,
My heart did overflow with one sweet thought,
When once within that bower I had sought
And pressed a hand in mine which I adore;
A deed so bold I ne'er had dared before:
Through me there ran a thrill of ecstacy,
Sudden as lightning when it streaks the sky,
A waterfall of joy into my soul did pour.
I gazed all silent in her steadfast eye,
Wherein there seemed to gush a modest tear,
And through the air a half-suppressed sigh
Did waft the sweetest token to mine ear,
Gently her head reclined upon my breast,
My trembling lips to hers I softly pressed.

9.

I know that Jealousy hath oft been deemed,
The fierce handmaid that waits upon meek Love,—
A raging tigress coupled with the dove,—
'Tis true, though idle minds may else have dreamed,
For late her flaming eyeballs on me gleamed.
One eve I chanced the way to pass along,
I hear a well-known voice in quiet song,
Whose notes the music of the brooklet seemed.
Oh God! what other voice is that I hear,
More bitter, hateful than the knell of death!
'Tis he who most of all has caused me fear;—
With her henceforth no more, whilst I have breath—
Love bears no rival in his iron sway,
Love takes the whole, or throws the whole away.

10.

Already had I felt a little weaned,
From that fair presence which was once my life;
Past was the fierce unrest of mental strife,
Which tore the heart most like a hellish fiend,
And to overthrow firm-handed Reason seemed.
To me a marvel deep it did appear,
The arrowed God should droop so soon with fear,
Whose waving bow erewhile triumphant gleamed.
One day I pass before a certain door,
Comes forth a face of care which seems to wait,
And speaks in sweeter tones than e'er of yore,
"I have been looking for thee oft of late."
My bosom melts like frost beneath the sun,
I had resolved,—but all is now undone.

11.

Bleak was the blast that brought this new December,
Old Boreas the while hath reigned supreme,
The icy-fringed Frost from the eaves doth gleam,
The Birds are flown, or songs no more remember;
Hushed is the brooklet with its murmur tender;
The Earth hath donned her mailed armor white,
With Winter grim lies ready for the fight,
Who howls as if he would in morsels rend her.
Chill was the season, yet my life more chill,
And inwardly could I nought but grieve,
For she did seem to think of me some ill.
But now from these dark thoughts I have reprieve;
To-day she said, with looks that haunt me still,
"Come meet me here, I pray, to-morrow eve."

12.

I mount a golden chariot to the skies,
Whose airy way cuts through the high blue dome,
Among yon violet fields my team doth roam,
While clouds beneath the wheels around me rise,

And dull dead Earth far off in darkness lies.
The curbless steeds toss high their silvery manes,
Their pearly hoofs do chafe the ethereal plains,
Most like those winners old of the Olympic prize.
But not alone across those regions dim
I buffet, in the storm-girt home of space,
But thou art with me and the hymn
We hear that planets sing in starry race,
One arm around thy form to press I seem,
The other rules the Heaven-scaling team.

13.

The book is opened, and my work begun,
To cease a dreaming is my firm resolve,
Why should I waste the day, my mind involve,
With fancies that before me ever run,
A mirage that escapes ere it is won?
Beyond these lowly realms of earthly kings,
My search shall be for other, higher things,
Where thought is monarch 'neath the royal sun.
I seize the volume with strong-purposed hand,
And trace a line or two upon the page,
But soon my soul is hovering o'er the strand,
Where last we stood and watched the wild waves' rage,
From thee one look for me hath more command
Than all my fixed resolves or maxims sage.

14.

I sometimes sit me down in silent thought,
To rear the shapes of mighty men of old,
The Sage, the Poet, and the Warrior bold,
The Statesman pure and Patriot unbought,
All those who were by their pure nature taught
To shun the Base, the Truth with might t'uphold;
Of whom such high and shining deeds are told,
That now our age but vileness seemeth nought.
While these hoar forms are passing through my brain,

In movements stately and in look most grave,
A modern shape doth mingle in the train,
Before, behind, between so blithe and brave.
To drive that image off, I try in vain,
For thought once free doth bring it back again.

15.

The storm beats loud against my window-glass,
The horrid Night hath blotted out each star,
And Ether rolls in elemental war;
The feathery snowflakes darkly glimmering, pass
In wild procession down to that white mass
Which lies beneath and hides both vale and grove:
A garment that for Winter bleak is wove
And spread o'er Summer's foliage and grass.
As I look out into that whirling dance
And listen to the storm-god's dreary moan,—
Thou quittest me—I seem in hazy trance
To rise aloft upon his windy throne;
Off fly the wayward blasts in scornful prance,
And I the storm reverberate alone.

16.

The Christmas tree is lit, the top is crowned
With bright blue lamps that richest jewels seem,
The many-colored glassy bells do gleam,
And twinkle through the leaves in stilly sound;
With merriment the children leap around,
The brimming eye shows joy too deep for speech,
The old folks strive in thought far back to reach
The time when they such youthful pleasures found,
And sigh to think how soon these earthly things,
They are to leave and lie within the grave.
Not grief which in the aged bosom springs,
I feel, nor joy with which the youngsters rave;
I see a face which deeper feelings brings
Than all delights or pains that Life e'er gave,

Love's Fantasia.

The Star of Day hath sunk to rest,
It gilds no more the mountain crest,
The last-departing ray with glee
Hath sought its Home beneath the sea.
Aloft the Maiden of the Night
Doth fill the world with silent light;
She mounts yon arch of azure hue,
Her path is through the skyey blue.
I gaze upon her tresses bright,
Of fleecy clouds begirt with light;
Round her they fall so soft, so fair,
They seem of the translucent air.
I think of Home, the bliss of Love,
I dream of shining realms above,
Bright beings flit before my eyes,
A thousand Angels sweep the skies.
But hist! what ravishment I hear?
What symphonies do pierce mine ear?
A distant music softly greets,
And loads the air with sounding sweets.
On magic plumes it wafts anew,
Its breath is fresh with falling dew,
It hails the Maid—I hear it say,
While perched upon a slanting ray—
"Chaste Moon! I love thy eyes so bright,
That shed such tears of joyous light,
I love thy face so shining fair,
With golden tresses of thy hair.
"I love thy form so full of grace,
As thou dost urge thy starry race;
At first a full-eyed orb of sheen,
And then a bow, and then unseen,
"Full oft by night away I flee,
To revel in the air with thee,
I soft attune my stilly song,
While moonbeams dance in mazy throng.

"Oh look not down with glances chill,
My heart with hope is quivering still;
Say, gentle Huntress, Maid divine,
May I not boldly call thee mine?"
Her lily cheeks flushed at such praise,
But she at once cuts off her rays,
And hastens with a quicker pace,
To plunge beneath the clouds her face.
Behind her screen awhile beguiling,
With looks so coy, and lips so smiling,
Out in the blue again she hies,
And thus right maidenly replies:—
"Sweet Music! not alone I see
Have I been languishing for thee;
Each night I shoot my beams beneath
To catch the fragrance of thy breath.
"I love to ride thy rolling wave,
That swells to Heaven's architrave;
I love thy voice so sweetly soft
That whispers to my soul so oft.
"Thy form I do not see, I ween,
I hold it more than if 'twas seen;
Those notes that o'er the world do smile
I know can come from nothing vile.
"In thy embraces oft I've lain,
I've heard the welkin ring thy strain,
Oh fairy son of Air! be mine,
Then mayst thou boldly call me thine."
She darts a shower of amorous rays,
While music chants in loving lays;
They march along, shining and singing,
And the Heavens above are lightning and ringing,
They glide down the arch of the concave deep,
Behind the hills they slowly creep;
The melody softly dies away,
On the clouds is playing the final ray.

Disappointment.

O heart of anguish; now too well I know,
  Those ancient, oft-repeated words were truth,
  The bright and crystal-leaping streams of youth,
Are darkened, as they toward the sea do flow.

O soul of bitterness!—I oft had seen
  The morning-sun in giant triumph rise;
  But long before he reached midway the skies,
His face was draped, his hair was shorn of sheen.

O weight of woe!—unheeded in my eyes,
  The fairest flower bloomed with colors gay;
  Its fragrant beauty lasted but a day,
With scattered leaves upon the ground it lies.

O saddest grief! to-day the mirthful child
  In innocence did play along the brook;
  To-morrow in the little coffin look,
And drop a tear upon that face so mild.

Thus changeful Nature everywhere me taught
  That brightest beauty soonest fades away;
  That all the year not smiling blooms like May;
I saw it oft myself, but held it naught.

Now late alas! I feel the mournful truth,
  Whilst jealous time keeps adding to my years;
  Upon my early hopes I look with tears:
Oh, Heaven! where are those joyous dreams of youth!

In bitterness of heart I must confess,
  I am indeed not what I ought to be;
  Years over me have passed now twenty-three,
I sail life's main with signal distress.

Oh lying Hope! thou'rt fair outside, I ween;
  But wherefore promise what canst not fulfill?
  Henceforth, whilst I ascend life's rugged hill,
No more in thy fooled herd shall I be seen.

SUNBURST.

Forth from thy hiding-place once more, Oh Sun,
In all thy beauty, loveliness and grace!
With silent joy I hail thy dazzling face,
And watch thy lightful course again begun.

Roll on eternal through the Belt of Time,
Decked in thy gorgeous train of stars and blue;
Forever robe the world in golden hue,
Nor spare thy beams from any land or clime.

A cloud whose fleece was inked with direful storms,—
It had the shape of monsters of the deep—
With horrid trail did o'er the Heavens sweep:
I saw his brightness darked with Stygian forms,

His glistening hair shot rueful rays of Night—
No more it fell, a million dancing beams,
Down to the Earth, like tiny golden streams.
Nor wrapped the home of stars in leaping light.

A gloomy loneliness came o'er my soul,
With melancholy's pain my heart was riven,
To darkness and to death my thoughts were given,
A cloud across my mind did ceaseless roll.

Long was that Night; so long that youthful Hope,
Who ever mounts on high with outstretched wings,
And to the stars his tuneful matin sings,
Lost her gay plumes, and in the mire did mope.

And blacker grew that murky pitch of Hell.
One more frail bark wrecked on the sea of Life!
"Oh Lord! leave not thy child amid such strife":
I prayed, beneath those shadows dark and fell.

The Earth did speed her wild elliptic path,
Already had she passed her ancient goal;
Still Sorrow's mournful grain deep dyed my soul;
O'er me did seem to close the day of wrath.

But suddenly that Erebus is cleft,
  A golden seam swift spans the veiled sky,
  Away the rifted clouds are fain to fly,
And from her sooty spouse the air is reft.

The Virgin Day her milky bosom bares,
  The amorous Orb shoots down his kissing rays,
  While Nature swells in deep symphonious praise,
And wipes her furrowed front of all her cares.

Oh Sun! of shining starry things the prime
  That move with might along the vaulted deep;
  Thy big round eye upon me ever keep,
Whilst now I thread the giddy maze of Time.

Lost.

Lost child! lost child! I hear the crier sing;
  A sound that strikes the mother's heart like death:
  Whose! Whose! the people ask with sudden breath;
Meanwhile the bells with solemn clamor ring.

'Tis thus I seem myself, a child forlorn,
  Who wanders up and down the earth alone;
  But whom no loves entwine, no tears bemoan;
I hear a voice within, "Why wast thou born?"

Oh! I am sick of earth and all its joys,
  No more I love my kind, and least myself,
  I curse aloud the bitter pill of pelf;
I weep with tears of gall my long annoys.

On Johnston's Surrender.

Oh! Nation shout; thy pulse was ebbing low,
  Thy eye did cast a deep, cadaverous glance:
  Lost was its ancient fire when from thy trance,
The shout of victory woke anew its glow.
  Oh People hail; the red baptism is o'er,
Thy blood no more shall curdle every stream,

Nor the long grass be clotted with thy gore,
When Battle headlong speeds his foaming team,
Nor let weak human kind alone
Usurp the hour of joy and praise,
But Nature shall, in deepest tone,
Her sweet but stilly chorus raise.
The trees shall point higher their spires to the sky,
And the fields shall put on their gayest attire.
The birds in the forest shall join in the cry,
For past is the conflict, the storm's blazing ire.

My lovely country, oh; what though thou liest,
As the huge oak, bereft of every leaf?
What if with deep, yet unavailing grief,
For loss of thy Beloved to Heaven criest?
I know thy mantle is of widowed weeds,
And darkly drapes thy fair, once blooming face,
But the remembrance of heroic deeds
Is noblest heritage of manly race.
Thy feats of arms than which were sung,
By poet none more grand,
Shall soon be told by swift-winked Fame's fond tongue
O'er every sea and land.
Yet 'tis not the vain meed of her frivolous breath,
That brings the higher reward to the brave,
But the feeling of Right which quakes not at death,
And glows 'neath their ashes deep in the grave.

Humanity and Freedom were the cause
In which Columbia raised her giant might,
And boldly bared her sinewy limbs in fight
For Union, Justice and the Sway of Laws,
Alas that any son should prove untrue!
Here as of old the envious Fiend of Hell,
Dared his old wicked schemes once more renew:
Headlong again from Heaven's high towers he fell.
Huzzah! that darkest curse of Freedom's soil
Must with its parent die—

Black Bondage, wrapped in many a hideous coil,
And rotting in its slimy bed doth lie.
Then call not the sacrifice vain or too great,
For what is a country which is tarnished in name?
I'd rather lie tombed in a soil that I hate,
Than gaze upon my own native land in her shame.

To a Friend.

A little token of this day from me,
A little symbol of my lonely mind,—
A little book where thou some truth mayst find—
Accept, my dearest friend, with love to thee.
This hour calls back my life; beyond degree
A frightful, fruitless wild of things designed;
The fault is mine, with Hope my eyes were blind;
But now the dark Futurity I see.
Yet I complain not, for full well I know
That better men than I much worse have fared,
And oft a ray breaks through with sunny glow,
To cheer the heart that hath erewhile despaired.
A light with thee into my soul doth flow
Such joyous radiance Friendship can bestow.

The Hunter's Remorse.

I would not for the world be thought
In pain to take delight;
The writhing of a speechless beast,
Doth pierce my soul with fright.

There is a wailing in the grove,
A weeping in the trees;
The broken hearted dove doth sigh
So sadly on the breeze.

Cold lies her blue-necked wooer now,
The loveliest bird of wood—
His downy breast is redly wet;
It is his own heart's blood.

The squirrel peers adown the leaves,
  Upon a withered limb he sate,
Rolling his big black eye, in vain
  He seeks his silvery mate.

Along the leafy forest brook
  The doe hath ceased her speed;
She turns to see her little twins
  And help them in their need.

But oh! a widowed heart is hers!
  She sniffs aloft the air,
The poor dumb mother madly paws
  The earth in sore despair.

The Hunter rambles through the wood,
  His luck is good to-day;
But he hath slain with cruel will
  What man should never slay.

There is a pleasant little dell,
  And through it runs a rill
That softly warbles all day long
  Unto the skylark's trill.

And in this little rill the grass,
  Its top doth gently lave,
The lily droops her pretty face
  To see it in the wave.

The humid brink, the mossy stones,
  Send forth so fresh a smell;
The limbs and leaves above entwine
  To roof the lovely dell.

And still the Hunter trudges on,
  A-weary of his toil;
The sun looks darkly through the trees
  And frowns upon the spoil.

The sound of Music rose so blithe
  From out that shady grot,
The like was never heard before
  By human ear, I wot.

Two merry birds of beauteous form,
A song of love were singing;
And all the woods with sweetest note
Of tenderness were ringing.

Their wings were folds of plaited gold,
That shone like falling stars;
A bank of fleecy clouds their crests,
With Heaven-colored bars.

A little loving ball of flame
Their little eyes did seem;
Together all their glowing plumes
Sent forth the rainbow's gleam.

The Hunter here threw down his prey;
He raised his piece on high—
A flash darts through that darksome spot
Like lightning in the sky.

A dying note, the Music ceased;
Silence was in the dell—
The birdling's head dropt on its breast;
Down heavily it fell.

The mate affrighted flew away,
But soon came back again,
And sitting on a little spray,
Looked down upon the slain.

Ah! Death she ne'er had seen before!
She soon began a lay,
In which she wooed her merriest strain,
And thus she seemed to say:

"Come back, my Love, and stay with me,
And lie not there so low!
And we shall build a pretty nest
Far from our hateful foe.

Our birdies shall the fairest be,
That e'er in wood were born;
And we shall wake the first to greet
The loving sun at morn.

A bed of flowers for thee I'll make
  At noon-tide in the grove;
And life to us shall be a dream
  Of never-ending love.

Why hangs thy neck upon thy breast?
  So chilly is thine eye!
What is that redness on thy robe?
  Thou makest no reply!"

The Hunter hears no tender note;
  His heart is like a stone;
It heaves not at the dying look,
  Nor throbs at sorrow's moan.

The spouse flew down beside the corpse;
  She raised the bending head—
For tell me, could the birdling know
  Her merry mate was dead?

She smoothes his rainbow coat of down;
  The blood she wipes away,
So softly singing all the while
  A wild yet mournful lay.

She makes a pillow of the leaves,
  And fashions it so rare,
And on it lays that lifeless form
  With more than human care.

Again the Hunter aimed his piece,
  But suddenly the wood
Was lighted with a mighty shape;
  Before him there it stood.

A long gray beard doth sweep the ground,
  A wand the Old Man coils;
His eyes shot hissing streams of fire
  Like iron when it boils.

The snaky wand he held aloft,
  The sparkles fell like rain.
He spoke—no human voice was his:—
  "Thou hast God's creatures slain.

"The dew of pity in thine eye
Hath never shot a gleam;
The poor dumb brute as human-kind
Hath feelings just as keen.

"The Spirit of the Wood, I come
My periled ones to save;
Now learn to grieve with other's grief."—
With wand the air he clave.

Down fell the Hunter in a swoon;
He dreamed a dreadful dream,
His wife with clotted hair beheld,
He heard his children scream.

Behind a secret hedge he saw
The coward murderer aim,
Beneath the flash he knew too well
His father's aged frame.

Again he heard an infant wail,
It was his darling boy,
Who now of all was left alone,
His pride, his hope, his joy.

The Hunter leaped with agony;
Out of his trance he woke—
The doe had fled, the bird had flown,
But not a word he spoke.

His murderous weapon falls in twain,
He flings it in the brook;
With brimming eyes, with chilling fear,
The homeward way he took.

The sun with half his golden shield,
Was sending still his sheen;
The Hunter lightly trod the leaves,
A wiser man, I ween.

The Ideal World.

The gaudy picture of the Earth,
For me no longer hath delight.
I long to rise above its dearth,
Unto the sphere of Beings bright;
With these betimes e'en now I dwell,
Enraptured in a strange, fantastic spell.

Death does not lead us to this bliss.
'Tis for the living to enjoy.
The poorest mortal need not miss
A pleasure which can never cloy;
There Rank and Riches do not hold—
All is the Spirit's happy mold.

Beneath the outward crumbling shell,
Which Time throws around all things,
Of Truth, the deep eternal well,
In glancing purest crystal springs;
Oh! drink, drink full the liquid bright,
And live in everlasting light.

Beyond the world of sensual strife,
In which we revel, then we pine—
There is an inner higher life
Of joy serene and peace divine;
'Tis here I mean to have my home
Among its Gods and groves to roam.

I build myself that fair abode,
Of others' aid I have no need,
To it I mount the airy road
And swing aloft on swift-winged steed;
Above the golden clouds I soar,
The earthly din I hear no more.

Change conquers not this Holy Land,
Untruth its shapes can not defile,
They form a shining deathless band
Who stay not there in smirking guile;

Touch them, they fall not into dust;
Tempt them, they spurn all vicious lust,

The high domains of sacred thought,
The True, the Beautiful, the Good,
With toil and oft with tears I've sought
In silent but ecstatic mood;
Among those shapes, O may I dwell,
Beyond this realm of shadows fell.

The Noon Dream.

The Sun had mounted half the way,
Was shining in his pride,
Beneath the old oak tree I lay,
A-resting on my side;
A lovely form before my eyes
Is darting in the air.
I cry—I grasp—away it flies
That image debonair.

A bird was sitting in that tree,
Upon a bending spray.
He tuned his throat in highest glee,
And sang his merriest lay;
The birdling's note I hear no more,
His strain for me is still.
Her voice into my soul doth pour
Its sweetest, softest trill.

The leaves above around me throw
A mantle shady green,
That dulls Apollo's heated glow,
And dims his dazzling sheen;
But soon to me thou dost appear,
Beneath this leafy spread,
With footsteps light and loving leer,
Thou flittest overhead,

Nearby there flows a little brook,
The leaves and grass among,
And making many a graceful crook,

It plays the brink along;
The brooklet's kiss I may not hear,
Beneath that old oak tree
A spirit whispers in my ear,
The radiant fay, 'tis she.

I look aloft and see the sky,
In little streaks between,
I see the clouds in ringlets fly
Aross that gauzy green;
Among those clouds thy shape I see
With golden streaming hair,
And dancing through the canopy,
Thou swayest in the air.

On earth, and air, and sky I gaze,
Whatever thing I see,
A moment flits, then with a blaze
It changes into thee.
Thy fleeting form, with wanton grace,
My mind o'er all hath led,
And yet I have a fruitless chase,
For thou, when seen, art fled.

The Muse.

The Muse alone can tell the soul's delight,
Or can its many colored sorrows trace
The Muse spies out its darkest hiding place,
And brings it forth to live in letters bright.
Upon its shadowy hue Prose casts a blight
That darkens soon its coy and radiant grace,
It veils before the vulgar crowd its face,
And oft Talk startles it with cold affright.
So shall the Muse for thee unwrap my soul,
And show my inmost feelings, thoughts and will,
How Time bears me its burden to my goal,
How I my destiny and thine fulfill.
Thus canst thou read it like a scroll,
Reflected in Castalia's limpid rill.

Cupido.

'Twas not an idle name
  The wise of old gave Love.
He was a God, whose flame
  Subdued the power of Jove.

The varied forms of things
  He enters here below,
The One from all he brings
  And charms to joy men's woe.

He, who withstands his might,
  Is torn by that fell strife.
Which rules the earthly night
  And poisons human life.

The lover true, e'en in the trees,
  In ocean, air and skies,
One form, one image sees,
  Which with him ever hies.

High Up.

I know you love me, blooming Fairy,
  Your eyes have said the same,
Of glances be not then so chary,
  You can not hide the flame;
For when I turn and look away,
  You think I can not see,
I caught your stealthy glance, to-day,
  Heavens! how red was she.

I know you love me, blooming Fairy,
  The people say the same,
Betimes you seem on cloudland airy,
  In dreams you speak my name;
Of favor be not then so chary,
  I am a worthy man,
You know you love me, blooming Fairy,
  Deny it, if you can.

I know you love me, blooming Fairy,
  Your deeds have said the same;
On yester eve, with foosteps wary,

I slipped behind the dame:
"Thrice have I watched the setting sun,
A-sitting on the sill,
At early dusk he used to come,
I fear that he is ill."

And I love you, my winsome Fairy,
To speak I have no shame,
You flit about so weird, so very,
Within that slender frame;
Now I have spoken to the Fairy,
You alone remain;
Of words, I pray, be not contrary;
Give up to love and flame.

Low Down.

Full fair of form thou art, I know,
And graceful in thy ways,
A pleasing look thou canst bestow,
From eyes sun-bright with rays;
I grant I was in love before,
And dallied sweet with thee,
But wily words woo me no more,
I am again now free.

The wild red rose along the road
Is tinted deep and rare,
It bows its head with fragrant load,
Hath form of heaven fair,
Yet who cares for the wild red rose!
You ask the reason why?
It may be plucked to regale the nose
Of every passer-by.

And she who pours on all her grace,
Whose glance on all doth turn,
She makes a tomboy of her face,
Her faithless smile I spurn;
Give me the maid who loves but one,
Who hath a single choice,
Whose feelings, heart and soul all run
Into her lover's joys.

Contemplation.

The evening wind is gently blowing,
The Sun hath sunk to rest,
And darkness o'er the sky is flowing
In haste to win the West;
For there the murky Fiend is driving
The weak remains of day,
Though struggling beams are bravely striving,
Against his hateful sway.

Before the window I am sitting
To watch that valiant fight,
One ray to see a moment flitting
Then sunk in hopeless night;
And now the last sunbeam doth glimmer
Upon the sable sky.
The God sends not the faintest shimmer,
Erewhile so bright and high.

My heart I feel attuned to musing,
Enwrapt in lonely mood,
How men their destiny are losing,
And can not reach the Good;
The Sun betokens their endeavor
To realize a Life,
Awhile it shines, then sinks forever,
Beneath the senses' strife.

And Hope, too, hath her brilliant season,
She shines with noon-tide gleams,
But no one yet hath told the reason
She cheats us all with dreams;
In youth she pours her brightest treasures
The world a May-day seems,
But where are now her golden pleasures,
Oh, where are e'en her dreams?

Behold! a mother softly gazing
In still, yet bodeful joy,
Her eyes to Heaven she is raising,

"O save to me my boy;"
That Heaven grim begins to lower,
Despair drives hope away,
Ah, sorrow 'tis the mother's dower,
And night it is her day.

Thus Life's a rising and a setting,
A ceaseless Birth and Death,
The Ghost of Time breathes all-begetting,
All-destroying breath;
No sooner born than he is dying,
His death is then his birth,
He stamps his form so false and lying
Upon the fragile Earth.

But if all things away are passing,
Sorrow, too, must go,
The entire throng of plagues harassing
Must yield before the foe;
But in yourself be still confiding,
Time dares not touch the soul,
Change can not change, and is abiding
The Dirge of Thought shall never toll.

True Beauty.

Oh! let me look upon thy face,
And mark the billows bright,
Which roll along in tender grace
And turn thee all to light;
The quiet smile, oh let me see
That sleeps upon thy lip,
On that sweet flower, like a bee,
I fain would sit and sip.

But not thy outward shape I prize,
Though clothed in Love and Grace,
So much I care not for thy eyes,
Nor e'en thy smiling face;
Of man this is the mortal side

Which Time to nothing brings,
Wherein the Bad doth oft reside
And Error always clings.

The Beauty of thy inner life
That glistens through thy frame,
Thy winning manner, void of strife,
Thy heart, which knows no blame,
Have made thee seem an angel high
Cast in divinest mould,
Whose home is in the realms of sky
Amid the worlds untold.

The Picture.

As I before thee sat
I saw me in thine eye,
Beneath the straw-brimmed hat
In shining darkest dye;
I dance upon the ball
Which rolls in sparkling light,
No fear have I to fall
Out of that sphere so bright.

Oh! give my picture back
And send along the eyes,
I love their fiery black,
Their flame without disguise;
Nor keep thy face behind
Thy bosom, too, is part,
I'll take all—body, mind,
And oh, thy throbbing heart.

My figure in thy look
Reflects the soul within,
For there in every nook
The image dear is seen;
And when I glance at thee
How flattered at the sight!
For 'tis myself I see
All clothed in radiance bright.

Thy Spirit oft I feel
To be indwelling mine,
Thereon to stamp its seal
Of loveliness divine;
Oh, yes, I live in thee,
A bond of fairest token,
And, too, thou art in me,
A bond for aye unbroken.

Heart and Harp.

Sweet are the notes which I hear faintly welling
From the Harp that is strung to the cool-blowing breeze;
Soft are the whispers which gently are swelling
As the waves of the wind its frail tendrils seize.

Oft doth it raise the low moan of sadness
And the air murmurs deeply of trouble and blight,
Oft is its trill of wild-sounding gladness,
As if Nature was filled with a sudden delight.

List to the Harp! 'tis so feelingly tender,
That it weeps, or is gladdened at each breath of wind,
See its fair figure, of fashion so slender!
Only Music doth seem its frail fibers to bind.

Thus is my Heart towards thee, my Beloved.
A sad look from thy eye can wring it with pain;
But if to gladness and love thou art moved,
The whole day I am singing my happiest strain.

Touch then its strings, O gently, I pray thee,
O'er it breathe with thy softly melodious breath;
And with the Music of Love I'll repay thee,
Of a Love that shall last till the dark hours of death.

A Triple Tale.

"Fair Dame, come sit thee down,
And rest thee in the shade,
Here is the fairest bower,
That Nature ever made.

Our neighbors are the trees,
The aged forest kings,
And at our feet the brooklet,
Over the pebbles sings.

Above our heads is stretched
Of leaves the close-spun woof,
Against the mid-day beams
It is the fittest roof.

Sit on this mossy root,
Beneath the big oak tree,
And I will tell a Tale,
A Tale of Love for Thee."

So like a morning rose,
Reddening in its pride,
The modest maiden fair,
Sat blooming at his side.

"A piteous Tale of Love,
Ah, piteous let it be;
Like a softly-sighing wind,
Joy of sadness is to me."

"It was in olden time
There lived a valorous Knight,
Who many lands had seen,
And fought in many a fight.

A man of bodeful look,
To smile he ne'er was seen,
The lists he always spurned,
Nor crowned the beauteous queen.

But in the bloody fray
He had his sole delight,
When battle hovered near,
As the Sun his face shone bright.

Seldom he spoke a word,
And all he filled with fright,
None knew his name, but he
Was called "The Speechless Knight."

Some heavy destiny
Did overload his life,
He sought surcease from grief
In din of deadly strife.

One night he lay asleep
In camp, beside the fire,
Suddenly up he sprang
And spake in accents dire:

"Ha! now I know her grave,
Deep in the stream she lies;
A broken heart she holds,
On me she darts her eyes.

"Thy resting place I've sought,
For many a weary year,
And Life to me has been
An ever-gushing tear.

"With thee I soon shall lie,
The wave shall be our cover,
No longer shalt thou say,
I am a faithless lover."

The sky was set with diamond stars,
The moon in dazzling robes was dight,
His armour cast a farewell sheen,
No more was seen The Speechless Knight."

The maiden dropped her head
To hear the mournful end,
Her bosom swells, her eyes
Two crystal globules send.

On his arm she gently leaned,
  Almost abashed with fear,
She drew a seeming sigh,
  And whispered in his ear:

"Thy story leaves a sting
  Of doubt within my breast,
Now tell another tale—
  A tale of true-love blest.

I do not wish to think
  That men can be untrue;
For love to me may come
  And cause me bitter rue."

Deep in those melting eyes
  So slyly did he peer;
Upon a surface dark he saw
  His likeness through a tear.

Modestly he reached his hand,
  Softly she laid her head,
With a louder heart than tongue,
  Full tenderly, he said:

"There was a wandering youth
  Whose joy it was to roam,
To see the many lands
  Far from his own dear home;

The prodigies of Nature,
  With curious eyes to scan,
The mighty works to know
  Which had been done by man.

But not the showy forms
  Of sense alone he sought
Wearily he toiled to reach
  The farthest heights of Thought.

And in that region's heart
  The magic wand to seize,
Which opes the secret book
  Of all the world with ease.

Thus to himself he mused;
  Upon this toilsome way
No woman dare I take,
  For she may cause my stay.

Away all thought of joy
  Of dalliance or of rest,
That bright boon must be mine,
  It is my soul's behest.

One day a shining shape
  Did pass before his eyes,
Of form more fair ne'er was
  An angel from the skies.

And in that form a soul
  Shone out with purer beams,
Than from the Huntress fall
  Sending her chastest gleams.

Her look was full of love,
  On him she turned her face,
The youth a moment ceased
  To urge his eager race.

Soon he bethought himself:
  "I'll not be led astray;"
One wistful glance he gave,
  Then sped his lonely way.

But, still before his mind,
  Or even in the air,
Nought hovered far or near
  Beside that image fair.

"I'll turn about and take
Once more a single glance,"
Again he sees the maid,
Is held as if in trance.

She throws a gladsome smile,
Turning her look behind,
The youth must follow after
With restlessness of mind.

But soon the Maiden stops
Within that shady grove;
Gone are his lofty plans,
He can not choose but love.

Nearby he takes a seat
Beneath a big oak tree,
And thus to that fair maiden
In sweetest voice says he:

"Fair Dame, come, sit thee down
And rest thee in the shade,
Here is the fairest bower
That Nature ever made."

The Tale was at an end,
He waited for reply,
The Damsel's heart was full,
O'erflowing in her eye:

"That Maid I know full well,
And fain would tell the truth,
Her bosom beats with joy,
For she loves, too, the youth."

APPENDIX IV

THE SOUL'S JOURNEY

(In Three Parts)

Part First—Triumph of Death

CYCLET THE FIRST.

I.

Dear Friend, you lately wished
  This little book to borrow,
Containing a few wild notes
  Wherein I have sung my sorrow.

In what is called good taste
  I confess the book is not written,
I have simply shouted aloud
  As my soul to pieces was bitten.

It demands, too, stronger nerves
  Than belong to our generation;
It is also quite devoid
  Of pious ejaculation.

We need some more of the strength
  The mighty Poet would foster,
When he plucks out on the stage
  The eyes of old foolish Gloster.

Nor was Italia's bard
  So very mild in his drawing,
When he painted in Hell below
  Ugolin scalp and skull gnawing.

No lies are told in the book,
  Nor is the conviction hidden;
Ere this I have lost a friend
  By speaking out what is forbidden.

I have given you warning now
  As far as I am able,
So lay the book aside
  Unless your nerves are stable.

2.

This half of me, oh lay
  Within the ground,
A half can not be healed
  Of its one wound.

Nor tell me that old Time
  Can cure my sorrow;
I will not have it cured,
  More would I borrow.

Ye murky shades of Night,
  My soul enshroud,
Nor let one beam of light
  Cut through the cloud.

I wish to keep my heart
  All torn in two,
And daily have it drip
  With bloody dew.

The other half of me
  Lies in the ground,
This half can not be healed;
  Drip, drip, oh wound.

3.

There ye lie, my heart's own roses
  Soon to melt away to earth,
In your leaves my hope reposes,
  It must wither from its birth.

One is but the tender blossom,
  Rose-bud with a peep of red,
Fallen from its mother's bosom,
  Scarce begun yet it is dead.

But for thee, my full-blown flower,
  Tears are scarlet as thy leaf,
And I feel a demon's power
  Smiting in my heart for grief.

There ye wilt, oh lovely roses,
  Soon your forms will find the tomb,
In you still my soul reposes
  Though no more I see you bloom.

4.

I knew not what I had,
  When thou wast at my side,
Ah, often 'tis my prayer
  With thee would I had died.

I knew not what it was
  Which from thy presence spread,
But now that it is gone
  I wish that I were dead.

Ambition's dream was mine
  When thou didst smile on me,
Now all my life is turned
  Into a dream of thee.

Whatever praise I win,
  Whatever hope of fame,
Bring but the bitter tear;
  Without thee what's a name?

Could I but call thee back
  My gratitude to tell,
For that brief moment's time
  Eternity I'd sell.

Life is a living death,
  And every breath a sigh
Oh, that the end might come
  And I lie down and die.

5.

I feel the tepid tears
  Roll down my cheeks,
Methinks a stream of blood
  Which heavenward reeks.

There blots this word I write
  A scarlet drop,
The heart so full must flow
  And never stop.

Mine eye is but a wound
  That taps the heart,
And drops come gushing out
  From every part.

Yon scarlet landscape seemed
  Once bright to me,
But now through mine own blood
  I have to see.

There falls upon the world
  A radiance red,
The sun above doth look
  As if he bled.

6.

Thy face is on the air
    Everywhere,
Far in the sinking cloud,
    In the crowd,
"Thou art that form," think I,
    "Sweeping by."

To me darts back thy look
From my book;
All letters spell the same,
Thy sweet name;
I see thee in thy bloom
Once more loom,
Then o'er all falls the gloom
Of the tomb.

7.

To thee my daily meed of love I pay,
A tear,
Which lifts thee up from thy low bed of clay,
So drear.

A tear that ever shall a picture hold
Of thee,
Ta'en in some sad or happy time of old,
With me.

A tear throbbed out the centre of my breast
By throes,
And quivering with a wavy wild unrest
Of woes.

A tear whose crystal holds thy life serene
Insphered,
And rules mine eye as some majestic queen
So weird.

A tear which bubbling up from memory's well
Down deep,
Doth drag the past from out his murky cell
Of sleep.

8

Though the moon be faintly smiling
At the lovers' low beguiling
In her soft and silken streams,
But her glimmer
Growing dimmer
Lights me weeping in my dreams.

Though the sun be gently glowing
And mild beams on all bestowing
As he slowly sinks away,
But his glimmer
Growing dimmer
Leaves within my soul no ray.

Though mine eyes show nought of sadness,
Or mayhap betoken gladness,
Inwardly I feel the tear;
Soon their glimmer
Growing dimmer
Into night will disappear.

Scarce I hear the call of duty,
Scarce I note the thing of beauty
That once made my bosom thrill;
'Tis a glimmer
Growing dimmer
That the heart no more can fill.

Once I dwelt within a presence
O'er me raying beams of pleasance,
When began to wane its light
Till its glimmer
Growing dimmer
Fled, and left me in the night.

9.

The world is not the world
Which once I knew,
The rainbows all are gone
That gave it hue.

At night the crape hangs o'er
A mighty bier,
And every star above
Lets fall a tear.

The sunlight, too, is changed,
It is so wan,
Weeping some other part
Forever gone.

I step within the house,
The soul is fled,
A hollowness it is,
My home is dead.

Where'er I go or look
There is a void;
The world is not the world,
Is quite destroyed.

10.

My rhymes are drops of blood
That gurgle low,
Their wound I dare not stanch,
It has to flow.

I would not sing a word
If I were whole,
But song alone relieves
The writhing soul.

Think not it is my sport
To make this verse,
I feel I must avoid
What is far worse.

Ah Poesy, thou art
The surgeon's knife,
Which cuts me to the heart
To save my life.

CYCLET THE SECOND.

1.

What storms the raging heart
In wild refrain?
Is it a new delight,
Or the old pain?

The South sends up her breeze
To free the land,
The brooks leap down the hills
Out Winter's hand.

The buds peep out their beds
To greet the day,
The forest orchestra
Begins to play.

The children out the house
Rush to the air,
Wild rings the chime of glee,
Joy everywhere.

Heaven's Grand Almoner,
The bright-haired sun,
Throws down his fairest gift
And Spring is won.

Oh Spring, let me not hear
Thy merry strain,
The more delight I feel
The more the pain.

2.

The rose-bud has opened its lips
And whispers to me of a maid,
Whom Spring had brought to her bloom
When her heart in my bosom was laid.

The lark is trilling with glee
Her bridal refrain in the shade,
I know the song that she sings,
Its music I learned of the maid.

The lily is drooping in white,
Its leaves are beginning to fade,
Oh well I hear what it tells—
The story of the maid.

3.

Vernal winds, so blandly blowing,
Frozen waters free ye set,
But my tears ye start to flowing
Like the mountain rivulet.

Vernal Sun, thou mildly shinest,
Till the earth once more is dry,
Otherwise thou me inclinest,
Ever wet is now mine eye.

Vernal Love, from thee youth borrows
Sweetest strains of glee and hope,
But to me thou breathest sorrows
In whose memory I grope.

Genial Spring, thy glance releases
Ice-bound joys of all the year,
But to me thy flood increases
By the melting of the tear.

4.

Weeping through the wood I wander,
Something drives me on my way,
And my longing groweth fonder
As alone in tears I stray.

Streams roll down the face of Nature
As she looks upon my pain,
And the eye of every creature
Sends its little drop of rain.

From a bush I hear a ditty,
"Breaks thy heart, thou lonely man?"
Echoes to that strain of pity
Softly through the forest ran.

Little songster, leave my sorrow,
I would have thee only sing,
O'er my corpse, a dirge to-morrow
And a leaflet on it fling.

5.

The Painter Autumn touches now the wood,
He spreads his colors on the leafy green,
A picture thereout grows of wondrous sheen
Wherein he paints his melancholy mood;
But when his work of beauty is once done,
Each leaf which hath his gentle pencil felt,
Drops down to earth and into soil doth melt
When just its time of glory had begun.
The gloomy Painter studies to portray
On Nature's canvas bright the face of Death;
But all his strokes are followed by decay,
His picture vanishes before his breath;
And when the leaves are gone, as in a dream,
He follows, too, the victim of his theme.

6.

Leaves are here twirling,
  Lighting now there,
Ceaselessly whirling
  Down through the air.

Widowers moaning
  Are all the trees,
List their low groaning
  Loading the breeze.

Forests are bitten
  By a white asp,
Meadows are smitten,
  Look how they gasp!

Fairest of flowers
  Softly has fled;
How the stalk cowers,
  Bowing the head!

Autumn is passing,
  Oh this unrest!
Burden harassing,
  Crushing the breast.

Tell me the reason
  Why the heart's tossed?
'Tis not the season,
  Something is lost.

7.

When I see the haze of Autumn,
  Something stirs within my breast,
When I see the leaflets falling
  Feeling rises robbing rest.

Sighs steal out, disdaining custom,
  Tears come trickling without hest,
And I hear a voiceless calling,
  A deep longing unexpressed.

Ah I feel it was the Autumn
  When thy love first thrilled my breast,
And autumnal leaves were falling
  When I saw thee laid to rest.

8.

On all sides fragments of the rainbow gleam,
Scattered upon the hill and through the vale,
Autumn his many-colored coat of mail
In sad presentiment to don doth seem;
With his dread enemy he now must fight,
From out his radiant armor peers a face
So overcast with deeply pensive grace
That every soul is sorrowed at the sight.
The combat rages mid the stalwart trees,
And sweeps along the mead until the street,
The hazelike battle smoke lowers o'er the leas,
But dying leaves proclaim their lord's defeat,
All reddened in their blood the ground they strew,
Or taking on betimes Death's sallow hue.

9.

The grass is withered,
  Crisp are the leaves,
The fruit is gathered,
  Stacked are the sheaves.

The trees forsaken
Weep low their fate,
The frost hath taken
Away their state.

There stands how lonely
The monarch oak!
With bare head only
Waits Winter's stroke.

The woods with riot
No longer ring,
The birds are quiet,
Too sad to sing.

Each living creature
Doth seem to mourn,
And over Nature
A veil is worn.

Dusk robes she borrows,
Oh what has fled!
The season sorrows
For its sere dead.

Why stands this picture
On Nature's scroll?
It is the vesture
Of my own soul.

CYCLET THE THIRD.

1.

Could I but see thee listen
To this rough rhyme,
The Music of the Spheres
Would therein chime.

Or could I thee behold
My words to read,
My body would become
A burning gleed.

Could I revive thee no
One line to know,
My brain I'd set on fire
To give it glow.

Could I recall thy smile
By this dull strain,
The soul entire of love
Therein I'd drain.

Could I bring back thee whole
By this one song,
Would sing no more for aye,
Would go along.

2.

"Heart, oh heart more heavy
Than metal that ever was found,
Methinks that if thrown in the river,
I would sink with thee and be drowned.

Roaming in mead or forest
Removes of thy weight not a pound;
I tread and my feet seem sinking
To my final home in the ground.

Earthy, too, is this bosom
Whose walls enfold thee around,
And whenever I hear thy throbbing,
Leaden and dead as the sound."

Answer to these reproaches
Came back like a moan in a swound;
A grave is thy heart so heavy
With corpse and coffin and ground.

3.

To visit stars my soul
Abroad had gone,
How quick it sped beyond
The gates of Dawn!

Among the golden isles
  Of Heaven's sea,
It flew and lit and sipped
  Just like a bee.

It sought a glowing flower
  Which was not there,
Oh still I feel the throe
  Of its despair.

Back then it darted past
  The realm of stars,
And homeward bent its glance
  From fiery Mars.

This little ball of Earth
  Plunged light along,
As tossed from star to star
  By giants strong.

But look! bends o'er it there
  A female shape,
Whose face is hid beneath
  A veil of crape.

I see her tears drop down,
  Deep sighs she gave,
The little ball of Earth
  Is but a grave.

4.

Source of every fairest blessing,
  Angel of my soul's repose,
When I felt thy sweet caressing
  Nought I knew of Fortune's blows;
Now thy parting has bereft me
  Of the base whereon I lay,
And a ruin it has left me
  Falling inward to decay.

All my spirit's noiseless working,
What I thought and what I felt,
All that in the mind is lurking,
All within thy bosom dwelt.
That most secret deep relation
I had never known before,
Now I feel love 's the foundation
Whereon rests the mind's whole store.

Love, I wish that thou wert stronger
Or deprived of all thy might,
Then would life hold out no longer
Or be freed of thy fierce right;
Still my sorrow hath a sweetness
That away I will not cast,
And I've come to love the fleetness
That will suffer nought to last.

5.

I once had a Heaven myself,
Its deity I was alone.
One star I hung from its arch,
And all the universe shone.

My Heaven has sunk into night,
And I am a god no more,
From the star that looked in my face
There comes no beam as of yore.

'Tis fallen and buried in Earth,
Extinct is its heavenly glow,
The Earth is the grave of the stars,
Of Love and Heaven the foe.

6.

Last night to the song I listened
That often I heard thee sing,
And in thy voice there glistened
A note that made the tear spring.

I rise from my moistened pillow
And hasten down the stair,
I lay me under the willow,
The voice still sings in the air.

I walk through the streets of the city,
The houses are silent in sleep,
But ever I hear the ditty
Whose note impels me to weep.

I come to the lonely mountain,
Now gladly I hear that strain,
Let the tears burst out their fountain
Let me utter the shout of pain.

7.

Yon picture-frame doth seem
Some hoary castle wall,
From whose high window thou
Look'st down a weeping thrall.

I feel that I could storm
Thy prison-house beyond,
And batter down its towers
That I might break thy bond.

To make thy image breathe
Now would I seek the spell
In realms of bliss or blight,
In Heaven or in Hell.

To flush thy cheek anew
Oh I could tap my heart,
Could fill thy shade with blood
Once more to make it start.

I in thy ghost would force
The half of every breath,
Till both with one last gasp
Could go along with Death.

Graft in my stoic flesh
The sum of earthly harm,
So thou rush out that frame
And rest upon this arm.

8.

I saw a naked heart
About to burst,
It swelled and throbbed and leaped
As if accursed.

Into that swollen heart
I plunge a knife,
And cut it to the core,
To stay its strife.

Dark are the gouts of blood
That from it run,
And to a measure wild
Fall one by one.

Each drop in sombre hue
Leaps into rhyme,
And verses made of blood
Move forth in time.

The heart now rests awhile,
Freed from its pain,
But soon it swells anew—
Must flow again.

CYCLET THE FOURTH.

1.

The Future is a wayward nurse
That holds to man her breast,
And bids him suck of her deep curse—
Of far-off aims the quest.

She drives away the Now in scorn,
And makes one but a fool;
Ah well, I feel the bitter thorn
To be her scouted tool.

She spake so wise: Provide for me
So that when I am come,
My time can wholly given be
To thee and thine alone.

I toiled the day with feverish brain,
Pursuit was never still.
The body sank beneath the strain
The Future's maw to fill.

But always more she did demand,
With dark unfathomed throat—
Yet sweet her smile, her whisper bland,
"A little more" her note.

One day I sternly said: 'Tis past—
I'll sate her greed no more;
Come now, my love, let's rest at last
And well enjoy our store.

I turned to do what I had hoped,
Ah whither art thou fled?
The jealous Future's jaws had oped—
She swallowed thee instead.

2.

To look before by most was held
Man's worthiest, highest trait,
"Provide, Provide," spake snowy eld,
"For sick or sound estate."

Mild Prudence said: "Art thou alone?
Dare not with Fortune toy;
The dog e'en buries first his bone,
Will then his store enjoy."

Let Prudence answer now, I pray,
Of many questions one:
What boots its garnered toil to-day
The object being gone?

3.

Sweet little Madeleine,
Again thy birth-day's here,
Four years have quickly passed
Since first thou didst appear.

What joys thou hast called forth
In mother's heart and mine,
The angels could not tell
E'en with their lips divine.

But since thy last birth-day,
Death has been on our track,
Thy mother went away
And has not since come back.

Our life it was so sweet,
So happy were we three,
That we ne'er had the thought
It could not always be.

Soon in thy little mind
Thy mother will be dim,
Who loved thee so that oft
Her eyes ran o'er the brim.

But still thy laugh rings out,
Nor dost thou seem to miss
Her whom it gave such joy
Thy little lips to kiss.

Could we but have her back,
How much would we not give;
We'd share with her our years
So that she too might live.

Together we would stray,
And then together die;
None would be left to mourn,
Nor she, nor thou, nor I.

We'll see her face no more,
Our hearts send forth a moan,
For thou and I, my child,
Must now go on alone.

But often on our way
We shall cast back a look
To those bright years of love,
Ere she our path forsook.

4.

How is it in the grave, mother,
That would I like to know,
I long to sleep with thee, mother,
Beneath the shining snow.

Then over me in May, mother,
To have the violets blow,
And turn their blue eyes down, mother,
To where we nestle low.

The wind upon my grave, mother,
The falling leaves would strow,
And redbreast lighting there, mother,
Would peep for us below.

The earth above is lone, mother,
I have nowhere to go,
Oh, take me to thy bed, mother,
Beneath the shining snow.

5.

The warm-swaddled babes of the Spring
Are peering from every tree,
But I have to think of the buds
That erewhile blossomed for me.

Oh, bright little tip of the rose,
At thy look my heart will break,
Thou callest to mind a red lip
And thee let me kiss for its sake.

Oh, why should ye blossom again
While my buds stay in the earth,
And never once rise from their sleep
With the Spring to take the new birth?

Could I bring them to bloom once more,
My life's weary years would I toil,
I would water them daily with tears,
Then give them my body as soil.

6.

I went into the wood
To still my grief;
I heard the sighing leaves;
Oh, no relief.

With sleep I tried to stanch
My tears' hot stream,
I saw her die again
In my wild dream.

I sought the quiet grove
Where now she lies,
The flood has all died up
Within mine eyes.

Beneath this grassy plot
In violets dressed,
Which waits beside thy grave
Here shall I rest.

7.

My heart, I think that thou art mad,
Who can thy ways explain?
Thy pleasures are in mourning clad,
Thy joys leap into pain.

I lie upon a grassy mound,
The world seems giving cheer,
The air is full of merry sound,
I smile, then drop a tear.

Yon herds are sporting on the lea,
Their fun is never spent,
I laugh within to see their glee,
Then feel my soul is rent.

Whene'er a joy grasps me with might,
A sigh is in it found,
Whene'er my heart swells with delight,
Then bursts its olden wound.

8.

I can not feel that thou art gone,
  My life still glides with thine;
But when I look to see thy smile,
  I know what loss is mine.

I hear thy footsteps' buoyant tread
  As they ascend the stair,
But then I think of thy last hour,
  I know thou art not there.

Up from the page I turned my look
  About to call thy name,
Then suddenly an image darts—
  Thy stark and pallid frame.

I can not feel that thou art gone,
  So deep our lives entwine;
Except I think and think I must,
  Unbroken is the line.

But when I think and think I must
  Of that autumnal dawn,
Oh, then my tears full plainly tell
  I feel that thou art gone.

9.

Above thy feverish frame I hung
  And watched the waning light,
Which in thy warm and friendly eyes
  Was turning into night;
Those drooping eyes blazed forth once more
  Their former love and grace,
As thou didst clasp me round the neck,
  It was our last embrace.

The mind had almost quit the flesh,
  Thou knewest me alone,
Thy love still felt that I was there
  When Reason quite was gone;
And then methinks the morning sun
  Shone out thy sickly face,
And thou didst clasp me round the neck,
  It was our last embrace.

Thy struggling arms pressed down my head
Until thy lips I met,
And they still moved to give the kiss,
Though moist with Death's cold sweat;
Oh, yet I see within my mind
Thy features' glowing trace
As thou didst clasp me round the neck,
It was our last embrace.

It seemed as if the last, last drop
Of life thou didst expend,
In order that thy life of love
In love might wholly end;
Eternity will ne'er that smile
Of parting love efface,
As thou didst clasp me round the neck,
It was our last embrace.

10.

The beldames three crossed my path one day,
I turned aside to avoid their way,
My feet in fetters there seemed to stay,
My jaws were locked, no word could say.

"He comes," they shrieked with a mad laugh of zeal,
One had a spindle, another a wheel,
A thread thereon she began then to reel,
A thread whose clew in my brain I could feel.

The third one raised the remorseless shears
Which her fingers ply through the murderous years,
No wail can melt the wax of her ears,
Her eyes fierce flame burns up all her tears.

The thread was flowing with droplets so red,
The beldame looked for a moment and said:
If I should cut now this little thread,
Then he, methinks, would only be dead.

But I shall snap his heart in twain,
And take the part which has no pain,
And leave him a half to bleed amain,
That he both alive and dead remain.

The beldames three have left my path,
But still I see those eyes of wrath,
And daily in a crimson bath
I feel the shears the beldame hath.

11.

I know my words are red
  For from my heart they gush,
Its drops rise to my tongue
  And into verses rush.

Red let them stand on white,
  The rubric to my grief,
Their color in mine eye
  Is what brings me relief.

Of sweet and sickly strains
  I shun the mawkish flood,
The song alone I love
  Writ in the Poet's blood.

Away thou merry man
  Thy soul must riven be
To let thy voice burst out
  And join this song with me.

For though the word be stained
  In colors of the heart,
It must be seen through tears
  The crimson to impart

The Fates cut man in twain,
  Hounds are the cruel years,
Let Poet write in blood,
  Let Reader read through tears.

12.

Oh that my life might glide
  Into a dream,
And I forever lave
  In memory's stream.

Tear off this clogging flesh
  To me not kin,
It is the wall of Hell
  Which shuts me in.

Strike out the senses wild,
  For they but keep
My sighing soul awake
  When it would sleep.

Blast too the outer world
  Till it be nought;
Why must it still intrude
  Upon my thought?

Then as the sweetest dream
  So light, so free,
Again the years will come
  Thou wast with me.

One memory of thee
  Will be my soul,
Eternity in love
  Away will roll.

Part Second—Triumph of the Image

CYCLET THE FIRST.

1.

By day I pull a wooden boat
Whose speed with toil is bought,
By night I in a shallop float
Whose oar is but my thought.

By day I feel the bleeding rent.
For half my flesh is gone,
By night that half to me is sent
And I am whole till dawn.

By day are sundered human hearts
And tears of blood then stream,
By night restored are the parts
When man can be a dream.

By day I wander a lost soul,
By night comes rescue soon,
Oh that knell of day would toll
And into night I swoon.

2.

There bloooms an Oleander
Alone in a foreign land,
It dreams and seems to wander
While its flowers of fire expand.

In dreams it seems to wander
Far off to its home in the South,
How burns that Oleander!
Each bud has a flame in its mouth.

That burning Oleander
Has gone to stand with its mate,
Where golden streams meander;
How happy now its fate!

The golden streams meander
And the winds soft kisses seem,
Oh faithful Oleander,
Thy lover is a dream.

3.

When on my couch at night
My head I lay,
The Dream is the Great God
To whom I pray.

"Thou Monarch of that realm
Where rests her shade,
Into whose airy form
I would now fade;

Oh bear to her my ghost,
Leave here the clay,
I'll rest in her embrace
Till break of day.

I'll rest in her embrace
Till break of Doom,
And dream the dream of love
Beyond the tomb."

4.

I stretch my hands to hold her
Though shadow too I seem,
In arms I will enfold her,
A dream within a dream.

In arms I will enfold her
Now but a ghostly gleam,
My soul, embrace her bolder,
A dream within a dream.

My soul, embrace her bolder,
The lost of thine redeem,
Before to nought we moulder,
A dream within a dream.

Before to nought we moulder
Who now two shadows seem,
I in my arms enfold her,
A dream within a dream.

I in my arms enfold her
Whom my own soul I deem;
But oh, I could not hold her,
A dream within a dream.

Although I could not hold her
No more than sunny beam,
But still my love I told her,
A dream within a dream.

5.

I wandered through the grove
Where rest the dead;
I saw my own new grave,
My name I read.

It was beside the mound
Where thou art laid,
And yesterday with thine,
My tomb was made.

Beneath the faint moonshine
What shadow's this?
I feel a soft embrace,
I know thy kiss.

Our hearts with glow of youth
Once more we plight,
While of thine eyes I drink
The gentle light.

Then rove we as of old
About the grove,
With flowers we deck the graves
Of those we love.

The years roll swiftly by
In happy flight,
We live a life of love
In that one night.

Then sweetly in the tomb
As in our bed,
We lay us down to rest
Among the dead.

6.

Methought that I lay in the graveyard
So softly by thy side,
But whether alive I know not,
Or whether I had died.

For my soul I cared no longer,
The body it was all,
And the Universe was bounded
Just by that earthy wall.

As we lay in sweet embraces
The bell began to toll,
Some one, thought I, is departing:
Here cometh my own soul.

7.

The air grew pale with death
Though it was noon,
The Sun's bright rim had sunk
Into the Moon.

Lost was the merry day
In folds of night,
And o'er the world fell down
A swooning light.

With hasty tread there sped
A human host,
Each man let fall his flesh
And turned a ghost.

Like arrow from a bow
Desire him drave,
Until he quickly lit
Upon a grave.

He sank into the tomb,
Where side by side
He laid himself to rest
With one who died.

The shapes of human air
Sweep from above;
What rules them more than life?
It is their love.

The mountain and its trees
To phantom fade,
The earth itself doth glide
Into its shade.

Mankind are longing dreams
That haunt the tomb,
And all things rush to meet
Their shadowy doom.

Wild into Love alone
The world did swoon
The Sun in Heaven fell
Into the Moon.

8.

I looked on a soul at that hour
When the heavens are open to sleep,
All swollen it was with tears
And each tear with throes did leap.

I asked, What ails thee, my soul,
Why is this throbbing so deep?
A whisper ran through its sighs,
I can not, can not weep.

Oh bring me the lost one again
For a moment even in sleep,
Then the flood of my tears will burst
Oh then I can weep, can weep.

9.

An angel touched me and said:
"Here are three goblets of tears;
Once more I give thee to taste
The sorrows of all thy years."

I drank off my childhood's cup
Without a qualm or a halt;
Water it was and no more,
With perhaps a grain of salt.

Then I quaffed the bowl of my youth,
But it was very small,
More salt there was than before
With some infusion of gall.

The angel handed me next
The largest beaker of all:
"Here is the rain of thine eyes
That daily continues to fall."

"Oh those are not tears of man,
Why now do they look so red?
"Because thou art shedding not tears,
'Tis thy blood that thou dost shed."

10.

Deep was the darkness around me,
Awake I lay tossing in bed,
Thoughts would no nothing but wound me
They cut like a sword in my head;
Of woe an Oceanic billow
Was rolling my soul to thy bier,
The fountains burst out and my pillow
Was wet with the midnight tear.

But when at that hour I lay sleeping
And carelessly swaying in dreams,
The Spectres came to me weeping
Wherewith the other world teems;
Like the soft slender arms of the willow
Bent o'er me a shadow most dear,
Oh then I awoke and my pillow
Was wet with the midnight tear.

Awake or asleep I must follow
The thought or the image of thee,
And though my pursuit may be hollow,
'Tis far the sweetest to me.
Let Sorrow's Oceanic billow
Roll nightly thy soul to my bier,
And the fountains burst out and my pillow
Be wet with the midnight tear.

11.

Gory and ghostly is the strain I sing;
'Tis blood that flows when pierced is the heart,
And red must be the words that paint its smart,
Since tears are such a superficial thing,
Dropping betimes for any little sting
Which pricks a nerve and makes the body start,
That they can not bestead the deeper Art
Which seeks the half-lost soul anew to wing.
But ghostly too I say my strain to be;
For when the Present's from our senses fled,
And all the world around to us is dead,
Then through the hallowed groves of Memory
We roam, or in the land of golden dreams
We dwell, where shadow substance seems.

CYCLET THE SECOND.

1.

I have fallen in love with my sorrow,
It sings in my soul a soft lay,
And the theme of its song it doth borrow
From her to whose spirit I pray.

It has opened to me though a stranger
The world that is 'ying beyond,
And I now have become a wild ranger
In realms that are raised with its wand.

And so oft when my sorrow is sleeping,
Or e'en may be ready to die,
I will wake it and set it to weeping,
Its pinions then waft me on high.

2.

Methought my heart I had pressed
All into one woeful word;
Oh that was a wilder note
Than ever before was heard.

In dreams I said it in Heaven,
The angels came trooping around,
Their souls in vibration I saw
With the throe of the sorrowful sound.

I then spake it down to the earth,
It fell into millions of ears,
The skies were an echo of sighs,
And the brooks were a flood of tears.

The magical word I next sang
Amid the mounds of the dead,
Then arose a shadowy host
And rustled over my head.

Up starts the shape that I seek,
Whose look is my daily bread;
Oh thou art the heart of my heart,
And thine is the word I have said.

3.

The Sun stood o'er my head
At deep midnight,
But in his great round eye
Wan was the light.

A tear cut off his rays
From wonted glow;
I said to him: "Oh Sun,
Why weep'st thou so?

He moved his great round eye
And looked at me:
"Thy moans have reached the stars,
I pity thee.

I've turned about my steeds,
Am going back,
The Past shall rise again,
Along my track."

He hurried to the East,
Sank in the sea,
And then from out the West
At morn rose he.

Backward the seam of Time
He rips each hour,
The Done becomes undone
With crash of power.

The tomb begins to live,
There stirs the clay,
The dead break out their graves
And walk away.

Thy hour is drawing on;
Will burst my heart!
What footsteps in the hall!
Oh here thou art.

4.

Along the river Himmelon
I know a holy grove,
The stream is dark, the air is dun,
But nightly there I rove.

The stream is dark, the air is dun,
The souls embrace above,
Above the flood of Himmelon
And all are light with love.

Above the flood of Himmelon
Whose billows dimly move,
There is no moon, there is no sun,
This shall ye sometime prove.

There is no moon, there is no sun,
Love lights the sacred grove,
Within the vale of Himmelon
Where nightly now I rove.

Within the vale of Himmelon
I watch the spectral drove,
Until I find the missing one
There wandering in the grove.

5.

There hangs thy lovely face
Upon the wall,
The smile, the sun, the soul—
I see them all.

Those pallid lips prepare
The kiss to give,
A longing 's in thine eyes,
They look, they live.

My arms around thy neck
I softly reach,
Within my soul I hear
Thy gentle speech.

I feel thy stroking hand
  Upon my head;
Oh thou art now alive!
  No, I am dead.

My vacant body here,
  Stow it away,
It is a useless clod
  Of useless clay.

Now have I passed the bourn
  Which makes us twain,
My soul has linked anew
  Its broken chain.

6.

I saw thee weeping in dreams
  For the life that thou hast left,
I heard thy sigh for the beams
  Of which thy soul is bereft.

Thy body translucently showed
  The drops as they rose to the eye,
As wave after wave they o'erflowed
  To the heaving of thy sigh.

Methought that I too became
  Just what I before me beheld,
My tears were running the same
  And my sobs were as loudly expelled.

The marvel was great and I said:
  "Our ailment is common, my dear;
I am living and thou art dead,
  But we both seem shedding one tear."

"The realms in which we abide,"
  She answered, "Much differ in name,
But the fountain whence our tears glide
  Remains forever the same."

7.

What drives me forth
I can not guess,
I only feel
A restlessness.

Deep in a wood
I stroll away,
Beside a brook
Entranced I stay.

How all things show
A friendly face!
Yet ne'er before
I saw this place.

I know this oak,
The brooklet, too,
Those flowers there
Are old yet new.

The bird that's singing,
I've heard his song,
I've seen yon squirrel
Skipping along.

This sunny gleam
I recollect,
The fragrant air
I too detect.

I moved my body
As now I do,
I throw the pebble
Which then I threw.

I've stooped to pick
This very rose
Just from the bush
Where now it grows.

Some presence felt
  Is everywhere,
And though unseen
  It fills the air.

A music faint
  Floats round my head,
It is the voice
  Of one that's fled.

Ah now I know;
  Beneath this tree
Last night in dreams
  I sat with thee.

In converse sweet
  We roamed the wood,
Beside the brook
  Together stood.

Thou wast a shadow
  And I was, too,
But our life was real,
  Our love was true.

Thus was my dream
  Half prophecy,
The wood is here,
  But not with thee.

Here is the rose,
  The brook, the oak;
But why not thou?
  Because I woke.

The future world
  That dream will be,
And all fulfilled
  The prophecy.

8.

The barrier between the two worlds
Thy loss has taken away,
And whether I dream or I awake
Is more than I can say.

Entranced I pass down the street
Amid the hurrying throng,
We are all a swarm of ghosts
As we go moving along.

I turn my eyes to the clouds
With their forms so fickle and frayed,
A realm of shadows it is
And I myself am a shade.

When weary I lie on my couch,
The faces come flitting o'erhead;
The question then darts through my mind,
Can it be that I, too, am dead?

The bridge between waking and dreams
Has vanished all with thy breath,
And the chasm is quite filled up
That lay between life and death.

9.

I had a longing so strong
That mine eyes swooned into my will,
Then I saw the image of song
Whose notes in my soul ever thrill.

I prayed to that shade: Oh return
To thy beautiful life of yore,
The tears in my flesh will burn
Till thy body my rest restore.

She answered: The arches which span
The world-dividing abyss
Allow no return to man;
Still across the chasm we kiss.

Between thee and me the sun
Will roll forever his years;
But think what now thou hast done,
Then brush away gladly thy tears.

For the spell is given to thee
To call me up from my bier;
And all that I was thou canst see,
For truly am I not here?

By thy side is moving my face,
And still our lives remain one,
The dead and the living embrace
Though between them rolls the Sun.

10.

When Autumn lies in dreamy haze
Enfolding hill and dale,
From out the mist I see thee gaze,
Then kiss thee through the veil.

When twilight robes the world in gray
And forms all seem to fail,
Then through the dusk there comes a ray
Me kissing through the veil.

Beside my fire I drowsy trace
Of love some olden tale,
Beneath the page doth rise thy face,
Then kiss we through the veil.

The days that are forever gone
Send up their shadows pale,
'Tween now and then a veil is drawn,
But kisses pass the veil.

And oft by day with me there strolls
In stealth an image frail,
Although my flesh divides our souls,
We kiss through fleshly veil.

But when me waft the wings of sleep,
I cease all waking wail,
For side by side our ghosts then keep
And kiss through ghostly veil.

CYCLET THE THIRD.

1.

In the hanging palace of Dreams,
Whose marble is hewn of the cloud
And whose dome so mistly gleams,
I flit with the shadowy crowd.

And there on an ivory throne
Whose tint into air ever fades,
With form half hid and half known
Is sitting the King of the shades.

The dreams rustle by at the door
Like butterflies winging away,
The shadows dart out and then soar;
It seemeth a rainbow play.

Abroad through the world they all roam,
In search of a sleeper they seem,
But I go down to their home,
For I myself am a dream.

In that palace of golden delight
Is dwelling a dream of yore,
In whose bosom my soul doth alight,
The embrace is as sweet as before.

2.

Sweetest face, how can I fasten
Thy fleet features to mine eye!
If I look I see thee hasten,
Ever gone yet ever nigh;
As I turn around to greet thee
Flees thy form into the haze,
But I always quickly meet thee
When I thoughtless go my ways.

Thy dear look doth o'er me hover
If it is not by me sought,
But if once I thee discover,
Then thou turnest into nought;
Only in thy cloudy garment
When the senses are at rest
I behold thee, or in raiment
Wherewith dreams thy form have dressed.

When I seek, I can not see thee,
When I see, I seek thee not.
Lovely image do not flee me,
Float a moment o'er this spot!
But from clouds I can not free thee,
Nought thou hast of mortal lot,
When I seek, I can not see thee,
When I see, I seek thee not.

3.

I gazed on a falling star
With its beautiful burning eye,
Its train of diamonds afar
Swept sparkling down the sky.

Headlong it fell in the Sea
Out of Heavens above,
But quenched its blaze could not be,
It was the star of Love.

Old Ocean himself was fired
When he felt that flame in his breast,
He heaved and rolled and retired,
Love, too, has stolen his rest.

Though fallen is the star
And vacant its place in the sky,
In his breast it is brighter by far
Than when it was shining on high.

4.

Whither goest, joyous vision,
  Dancing on yon dome of sky?
Lookest oft in light derision
  At our Earth that rolleth nigh;
Or on beds of down thou liest
  Which the clouds have made for thee,
And their golden fringe suppliest
  From the Sun's bright tapestry.

Whither goest, silent dreamlet,
  Nightly looking me to tears,
Tears that form a sobbing streamlet
  Winding darkly through my years?
Often have I sought to hold thee
  And my heart thy image make,
But if once my arms enfold thee,
  Then, alas, I am awake.

Vision, sunny must be heaven
  For me to behold thy face,
And the tempest-cloud be riven
  To let through thy beams of grace;
Dreamlet, that from death upspringest
  Where its darkness shrouds the urn,
Thou of night thy being bringest,
  And to-night thou dost return.

5.

It is the Day of Love;
  What glow on high!
The air is all one kiss
  From out the sky.

It is the Day of Love;
  Tell me, oh why?
The Heavens above look down
  One mild, blue eye.

It is the Day of Love;
Grief will not die,
The breeze roves 'mid the hills
One endless sigh.

It is the Day of Love;
A face draws nigh;
I feel the kiss of one
From out the sky.

6.

Notes are falling light and airy
From the distant cloud,
Of mine ear they seem so wary
Scarcely are they loud;
'Tis the roundel of a spirit
Dropping from above,
And the skies that redden near it
Show a heart of love.

Let me feel again that measure
Breathing on mine ear;—
But in vain I seek the treasure,
Voice no more I hear;
All to nought hath waned the sweetness
When I wished it most,
Flashed into my brain its fleetness
Just as it was lost.

Thought in other thought now merges
While I walk along;—
Hark! in soft melodious surges
Swells again that song;
As I seek anew to listen
Dies the cadence fond,
And methinks I hear it hasten
To its world beyond.

So departs my tuneful fairy
If I mark her aught
Fades away the music airy
At the ray of thought;

If I think not I am near it
Round my path it flows;
But if once I know I hear it,
Hear I but the close.

7.

A frozen fount of tears
Had chilled mine eye,
I saw its crystal jet
Point toward the sky.

Hushed were its murmurs low,
It flowed no more,
But ever swelled within
Its body hoar.

Then came along the Spring,
And breathed soft,
The Earth her mantle white
Mid carols doffed.

The crystal fount of tears
To melt began,
Ah, softened was the soil
Through which they ran.

And hot then gushed the stream
From out that ice,
Mine eye, too, overflowed
With sudden rise.

8.

Out the cloud I see a finger
Lightly touch a key;
Sounds float o'er my head and linger,
Music may it be?
Now a voice comes winding faintly
Through that melody,
And I see an image saintly
Singing there to me.

Then of sound a shower golden
Doth around me fall;
'Tis a strain with burden olden
That can never pall:
How on earth a gentle maiden
Lived a life serene,
Had a heart with music laden
Flowing o'er unseen;

How betimes she did discover
In a lonely wood,
Him who was her chosen lover
Where he silent stood;
How her soul with fullness driven
Burst into a strain,
Telling of her spirit riven
By the sweetest pain;

How in one they had been moulded,
Came a woeful day,
Fate tore out two hearts enfolded,
Bore hers then away,
How she warbles now from Heaven,
Soothes his soul to rest,
And to him eternal given
Is her image blest.

9.

The sweetest echoes are ringing
Within mine ear,
The air seems softly singing,
My name I hear.

I hasten to look around me,
Whence came that voice?
Thy face once more has found me,
How I rejoice!

Thou hast in newness arisen!
I thought thee lost;
My heart leaped out of its prison
That shape to accost.

Is it life or the image adored,
Ask me not this;
I know that to me is restored
Thy living kiss.

But oh, the dream-god delusive
Whisks her away,
While into mine eye pries intrusive
A morning ray.

10.

Image veiled of poesy,
Search is vain for thy dim land,
Yet unconscious if I be,
In thy shadow there I stand;
Covered in thy cloudy fold,
By me are all secrets heard,
If I ask to have them told,
Then they vanish at a word.

Hazy is thy welkin deep,
Moonlit is thy silent sea,
But the days forgotten keep
Treasures buried there for me;
Sweet embraces sunk in night,
Forms that have been lost on earth,
Rise again before my sight,
Find a new, more glorious birth.

When this upper world I leave,
Sink I to that Paradise,
There I meet my sainted Eve,
All our faded moments rise;
Then creeps knowledge, jealous snake,
Spies our secret hiding-place,
Flees the queen, my spirits wake,
Eden fair dissolves to space.

11.

Meseemed that I rested in slumber
My head on a heaving breast,
And listened to lays without number
To my soul in music addressed.

I hear the sweet songs without number
In melody weirdly expressed,
No words their motion encumber
As the sound winds into my rest.

No thoughts their feeling encumber,
Pure soul of the heart in the breast,
Whose notes entune me in slumber,
As I lie in its music caressed.

Oh rock me for aye in the slumber
That murmurs the melody blest,
And sings me the songs without number
Reposing in dreams on thy breast.

12.

When into the realm forbidden
Flees my soul from its own face,
There it finds the image hidden
Of thy soul to take its place;
'Tis the features as I knew them
With the voice of golden note,
Long I turn intent to view them
While on clouds of song I float.

But my face to me returneth
And I see myself again,
Then thy soul my prayer spurneth,
Will no more by me remain;
So is fled the phantom airy
If I but behold me there,
Vanished is my realm of Fairy
Though I seek it everywhere.

Often hath deep longing bound me
That I might become a trance,
Loosened from the world around me
And absolved from my own glance;
If I know what I am doing
Then the God doth cease to send,
If I know I am pursuing,
Oh despair, it is the end.

13.

A seraph flew down through the air,
And alighted close to my side,
A store of beauty he brought
'Gainst sorrow my soul to provide.

The crook of a shepherd he reached,
When arose a peaceful strain,
Of streams and mountains and sheep—
But disgust was added to pain.

As I turned away with a sigh,
He put in my hand a bright sword,
A song was soon heard in the air
With a hurrying, clangorous word.

The battle came on with its roar,
The heroes great valor displayed,
I listened awhile to the noise
Then handed him back his blade.

To weep the good seraph began
As I turned again to depart,
He stepped up behind me and laid
To mine ear a throbbing heart.

At once my body and soul
Dissolved to a musical tear;
Oh seraph, come down to my side
And lay that heart to mine ear.

CYCLET THE FOURTH.

1.

Up rose a burning mountain
Out of a human breast,
The tears were a lava fountain
That burnt their way from the crest.

The eyes were a double crater
That never ceased to flow,
Their ruddy rivers grew greater
While fiercer became their glow.

The sides were made of tinder
Enkindled and fanned with a sigh,
And wherever there fell a cinder,
Went up a tristful cry.

But as those flames waxed hotter
They seemed to burn up the sky;
The mountain began to totter,
In ashen repose it doth lie.

2.

My shallop was cutting the wave
On the breast of the heaving lake,
The moon was cutting the clouds,
And gaily they danced in her wake.

Her crescent canoe rode aloft
Where the sun looks down at noon,
Her oarsman was daring and deft,
It was the man in the moon.

I gazed on the luminous craft
Till it seemed to descend to my side,
Then I hailed that mariner bold
As by me his pinnace did glide.

"Oh give me your place in your boat,
I would rock in its rhythmical swoon";
"This crescent and I are one,"
Retorted the man in the moon.

"Then a race to yon planet of love,"
I said as he raised his light oar;
He sailed over the mountain top
And I ran into the shore.

3.

It hissed and flashed and thundered,
With sulphur was filled the air,
The Heavens from Earth were sundered
By a wall of flaming despair.

In the blaze stood a smiting figure
With the glare on his angry face,
And ever his eyes grew bigger
As he smote with his mighty mace.

The Earth kept rolling and quaking
That no one could firmly stand,
Atlantean pillars were shaking
Beneath his violent hand.

Then burst the loudest thunder,
But the figure no longer was seen,
Still, Heaven and Earth were asunder,
Though daylight lay between.

I sought for that figure volcanic
Where last was heard the sound,
The Earth showed a grin Satanic—
A fissure in the ground.

4.

I lay in the vale of Valveemir
Sunk deep in a vision at noon,
On a cloud stood the form of a dreamer,
The rhythm he sang of a rune.

Then chanted that shade of the dreamer,
A lyre softly touching in tune;
"I hope from beyond to redeem her,
Restoring the heavenly boon;

I long from beyond to redeem her,"—
The words seem his soul to attune;
What makes thee so pallid, thou dreamer?
To the cloud he sank in a swoon.

Oft now in the vale of Valveemir,
With longing I lie down at noon,
Betimes I see darting that dreamer,
But no longer I hear the wild rune.

5.

In Merlin's gloomy cave
The magic word I sought
That called men out of the grave
And to his presence brought.

The old enchanter came
And told it in mine ear;
I speak it just the same,
The shadows then appear.

Bright beings chant a song,
The fairies flit around,
The dead rise in a throng
As when the trump shall sound.

The golden visions dance
Before my raptured eye,
The world looks on in trance,
Enchained by Poesy.

She leads me with her lay,
Out of the cave profound,
The fairies dart away,
The dead stay in the ground.

Those rainbow dreams are gone,
No more the strains are heard,
The world goes heedless on
And I have lost the word.

6.

To-day I have a pain
  N'er felt before,
There is a something gone
  I would restore;
I dreamed that I could dream
  Of thee no more.

Oblivion's hand wiped out
  All time of yore,
And Heaven shut its book
  Of starry lore;
I dreamed that I could dream
  Of thee no more.

Some fiend in mantle black
  Stepped in my door,
My heart soon felt a blade
  Pierce to its core;
I dreamed that I could dream
  Of thee no more.

It was as if dim shapes
  My body bore,
Then with an earthen pall
  'Twas covered o'er;—
I dreamed that I could dream
  Of thee no more.

7.

It is thy flesh I weep,
  The soul is safe I know,
So when there comes thy face,
  My tears begin to flow.

Yet Reason hath no tears,
  Nor feels she human pain
For her there is no loss,
  For her there is but gain.

She is the all in all,
And Death is but her fool,
The mistress can not be
Of her own slave the tool.

But I am flesh myself,
Thy body's what I miss,
Oh let me see those eyes
And give me back that kiss.

I bathe in mine own heart
Though Reason e'en be sad,
I clasp thee out the grave,
Though I go mad, go mad.

8.

Lovely Image, we must part,
Long thou hast been at my side,
But I feel now what thou art—
Thou no more wilt here abide.

Like thy body was art thou,
Which once faded from my view,
And of union broke the vow;
Now there fades the image, too.

Thou hast kept for many days
In the patn of my rapt eye,
And thou lookest through the rays
When the sun shines out the sky.

But the image, too, must sink
Into dark forgetfulness,
And the chain which it doth link
Must be broken in distress.

Lovely Image, we must part
Though the soul has long been true,
Though the tears begin to start,
Lovely Image, now adieu.

Part Third—Triumph of Reason

CYCLET THE FIRST.

1.

I sailed past the portals of morning,
And swept through the ocean of space,
Its little worlds everywhere scorning,
Beyond was directed my face.

I sought for some mountainous wall
The Universe has as its bourne.
My mind was to scale it or fall
Through the measureless aeons forlorn.

Beyond it I thought I could find
The lost one to me and to Earth,
And her to my soul I would bind
And restore to the flesh of her birth.

But that wall I always must climb
When I to see her desire,
Must slip out the trammels of Time
And dwell in the spirits' pure fire.

2.

Oft now return those happy hours
Which with thee once I passed,
When I can rid me of the powers
Wherewith sense binds me fast.

For memory is a waking dream
If nought without assail;
Our lives again to live we seem
Repeating o'er their tale.

So when from flesh the soul is free
And all to nought is hurled,
Must memory be reality,
The ever-present world.

3.

My acts were true to thee in life,
Affection never waned,
But Fancy breaking loose at times
The temple sore profaned.

Against the image-making power
I shouted oft a curse,
When it has made my ideal world
Than this below far worse.

That power is now my sweetest boon
For it brings back thy face,
I speak with thee as one on whom
Death can not leave his trace.

Thy image springs before my step,
The beams that fall so chaste
Transmute my heart to be as thine,
All earthy thoughts erased.

Thy soul I mould into myself,
Then can I dwell with thee;
Then is for me thy presence dear
An immortality.

4.

The plastic god of old
Dwelt in thy soul,
Though broken is his form
Aud dust his stole.

He mused thus to himself:
"Enough of stone—
I'll be a god within,
Have there my throne."

He fashioned for himself
A statue rare,
Not hewn of marble white,
So chill, so fair.

His marble was thy soul,
He gave it form,
A form most beautiful,
But it was warm.

5.

Maria held her child,
Saw rapt as if in trance,
Upon the future world
Was fixed her anxious glance.

The love for her dear boy
In every feature stood,
And men in her adored
Eternal motherhood.

She was a virgin, too;
We shrug now at the deed,
Mother and virgin, too,
Is not our present creed.

Maria is the wife
United by strict rite,
And living in the heart
Of which she has the plight.

She is the mother sweet
For joy lost in her child,
The wife and mother, too,
With looks so heavenly mild.

Maria, thou art gone
Who wast the Holy Wife,
The Holy Mother, too,
I worship now thy life.

6.

What can I keep of thee,
Demands my troubled thought;
For that sweet face which smiled on me
Must soon fall into nought.

What token didst thou leave
For my eternal boon?
I know thy frame has no reprieve,
Is waning like the moon.

Will aught of thine remain
For me and for the race?
Tne musty earth where thou hast lain
Will merely show a trace.

Thy deathless part I pine
Which shone through earthy frame;
I seek to make it wholly mine
And make us both the same.

7.

Th' eternal woman lived in thee
In highest, purest form,
In all thy acts we did her see
Whom flesh can ne'er deform.

Thou wast th' eternal wife divine,
The type that can't depart,
In deepest unity with mine
Was closely knit thy heart.

Thou wast th' eternal mother true
Whose life was in thy child;
What ages in Madonna view
Shone out thy face so mild.

But no, th' Eternal is, not was,
The Mother is not dead,
The wife still to her bosom draws
And soothes my feverish head.

Th' eternal woman lives in thee
And glows with rays of love,
She casts her wonted smile on me
From all around, above.

And though thy body turn to dust,
Thou art my half, my whole,
Disrobed of all the earthy crust,
Transfigured to pure soul.

8.

I would not have a priest
O'er thy dead shape to tell
Of sinners' torments dire
Damned to the fires of hell.

Nor should he dare narrate
That Oriental dream
Which makes a Heaven of sense,
Of things that merely seem.

He should not speak of Faith
In his or others' whim,
Offering eternal bliss
To those who think like him.

Thou hast no Heaven nor Hell
As thy dear life I knew,
No creed cooped up thy soul
Obstructing its sweet dew.

Thou wast the God himself
In all that is divine;
Why search the dark Beyond
For what's already thine?

9.

A wretched solace must that be
Which rests upon a lie,
Foregoing manhood's brightest crown
To put to flight a sigh.

I know thy flesh is burning up
In elemental fire,
I can not think thy frame will rise
From out that funeral pyre.

The world beyond is not of sense
Repeating just what's here,
To Faith I will not sell my soul
That I may dry a tear.

Thy soothing hand, thy proffered lip,
Thy loving eyes' soft beam
Are dust, and only can be real
When I myself am dream.

Yet something lit and ruled thy shape
Beyond the senses' strife,
Thy spirit was the God himself
And Heaven was thy life.

10.

The desire came o'er me so strong
To imbreathe thy breathless clod,
I unconsciously fell on my knees
And fervently prayed to God.

Soon I felt myself rising aloft,
I passed all the stars of the night,
Till I stepped on the heavenly hill
Whence the Earth is lost to the sight.

And there sat a kindly old man
On a throne of luminous gold,
His beard was hoary and long
His forehead had many a fold.

Upon me he cast his mild eye
And spake with so gentle an air:
Hearken, my son, to my words,
I am the God of thy prayer.

I have had thee borne up to my throne,
For to Earth I descend no more,
I never had many friends there
And now have less than before.

I have ceased my personal sway
During this many a year,
And no longer in worldly affairs
I directly interfere.

But a system of laws I have made
Which are always supreme and the same,
And these now govern the world
Both with and without my name.

It is true that long, long ago
Far different was my vocation,
I did nought but fulfill their desires
For whom I had inclination.

In my youth I came oft down to Earth,
And of men I e'en was a guest,
But six thousand years of trouble
Have made me long for rest.

Sad son, thy prayer give o'er,
For whatever lives must die;
Pray not that the universe be
For sake of thy sorrow a lie.

In reason alone ends thy hope,
Nor think thyself to be friendless:
The world would crumble to-day
If the transient were once made endless.

Strange words, thought I when he ceased,
To come from lips supreme;
If they had been said by a man,
I had boldly replied—You blaspheme.

11.

Dear friend, you have spoken of angels
Who are watching now at our side,
Among them you say is the spirit
Of that bright being who died.
It is true, for I see those angels
And repose in their beauteous gleam,
But then you dream and don't know it,
I dream and know that I dream.

You have told me of the departed,
You say they shall meet us again,
With every member restored,
Yet freed of the bodily stain.
Oh, yes, I behold those dear shadows
And live in their eyes' gentle beam;
Dear friend, you dream and don't know it,
I dream and know that I dream.

You have also described a bright heaven
Where is the sweet haven of rest,
And you say, there forever united
Shall we be with those who are blest;
'Tis true, I believe in that Heaven,
Within its fair fields I now seem,
But ah, you dream and don't know it,
I dream and know that I dream.

You cite me the words of the Scripture
Which the purest of truth you deem,
Yet the Bible is a deep vision
And calls itself often a dream;
I, too, shall retain my Bible
And bathe in its shadowy stream,
Still, friend, you dream and don't know it,
I dream and know that I dream.

CYCLET THE SECOND.

1.

Oh Nature sweet, methinks to-day I love thee more
Than ever I have loved a look of thine before;
I often ask why now to me thou art so blest,
But 'tis not what thou art, but what thou lowly sayst.

I see them nod their heads, the giants of the grove,
And in their company I go alone to rove,
For then they chant a lay whose notes before unheard
More deeply move the soul than any spoken word.

I see them glance at me the maidens of the mead,
From yellow-kirtled sunflower down to the homely reed,
But thou, the many-flounced, Oh rose the queen thou art
Whose blushing whisper strikes the music of the heart.

I see them float above, the angels of the air,
In snowy vestments clad, with pinions white and fair,
Far down the sky they sweep until the eye grows dim,
While of the Great Beyond is heard their holy hymn.

'Tis not the form alone whose beauty should be seen,
The spirit must be heard beneath the outer sheen,
No mute thou art, Oh Nature, with a visage fair,
Thou hast a mystic voice that hymns upon the air.

Oh no, 'tis not thy suit of vernal velvet green,
Nor all thy fairy robes in Autumn brightly seen,
Not any form sublime or sunlit hue of dress,—
Not these alone, but what these all to me express.

For when thy beauteous front I thoughtless glance along,
At once within me moves a voiceless rhythm of song,
But when I look anew unfolding all thy scroll,
On then I stand and gaze upon my very soul.

2.

Whatever music you may thrill
The earth or sky around,
Concordant to the mood within
Its notes are ever found.

A thousand voices Nature hath
That whisper low and loud,
Revealing what lies hid beneath
The deep unconscious cloud.

She is the rising, setting sun,
As well the calm as storm,
She is another to herself,
A Janus-headed form.

A varied music is her speech,
Still music deep and true;
Its harmony you seek to find—
The key-note lies in you.

3.

Oh roses that dream in the sun,
Arouse from your fragrant sleep;
My heart by your passion is won,
And in wild longing doth leap.

Your buds of bright red from the spray
Gush out like drops from the heart;
Is it love o'erflowing in play,
Or is it a wound's bloody smart?

The Sun doth soothe you to rest,
And round you more warm is his beam;
See the flame dart up in each breast!
I know that of love is your dream.

More scarlet is turning the rose,
And darker is colored its stain;
'Tis sending out blood in its throes,—
Now I feel its dream is of pain.

Oh roses that bleed with the kiss
That falls in the Sun's golden rain,
Your passion is love's sweetest bliss,
Yet oh, your passion is pain.

4.

I glance aloft into the sky
And there behold a fleecy cloud;
It is a robe to deck a bride,
Oh no, it is a shroud.

I hear a warbler in the wood,
The trees are trilling with his strain;
His joy runs out the tiny beak,
Oh no, it is his pain.

The Sun looks down upon the world
As he pursues his radiant race;
What peace he spreads along his way!
What rage is in his face!

The lightnings flash, the thunders crash,
The warrior battling, holds his breath;
It is his victory presaged,
But no, it is his death.

Sly Nature hath a double tongue,
She also hath a double face,
She tells two stories to the friend
Who seeks her fair embrace.

And whether he have weal or woe
The change from out her face hath shone;
Though manifold may be her look,
Her sympathy is one.

5.

Dear Poet, I love your sweet music,
You say it is sung from the trees,
That hymn the soft tones of a language
Borne light to your ear on the breeze;
I, too, can hear the low roundel
So mildly diffusing its cheer,
But you hear yourself and don't know it,
I hear me and know that I hear.

Dear Poet, I love your wild story
That rose on your raptured eye
In golden letters gigantic
There written above on the sky;
I, too, behold the bright symbols,
A Fairy once gave me their key,
'Tis yourself you see and don't know it,
I see me and know that I see.

Dear Poet, I love the fair image,
That comes at the might of your spell,
From its home in a limitless ocean
Where the Past and the Future dwell;
I, too, call up a dear shadow
Whose shape from mine eye cannot fade,
You see your own phantom unconscious,
Ah mine, I know 'tis a shade.

Oh Poet, illustrious master
Of music and fable inwrought,
Sink down in your domain romantic
And leave the colorless thought;
'Tis not a rude boast or a triumph,
'Tis your greatness and glory for me
That you see your soul and don't know it,
While mine I know that I see.

CYCLET THE THIRD.

1.

You say I have destroyed the world
And future life to chaos hurled,
Because I think the image sweet
Is all that I can ever meet
Of her who has now passed away,
Howe'er I long and sing and pray.

The highest truth for you is sense,
Its loss leaves you in darkness dense;
You would maintain the soul of man
Is quite the beastly Caliban.
I have but said the flesh doth rot
And restoration there is not
For it when burnt to elements;—
Death is the end of body and sense;
If not, there can not be a death,
For what then dies at loss of breath?
Methinks you place your flesh far higher
Than mind in its divinest fire.

But images are born of mind,
The senses then they leave behind,
They strip the flesh of all its clay,
The form remains of purest ray.
If in imagination we can be
'Tis higher than reality
Which always grovels on the earth,
Ne'er rising to the second birth
Whose child leaps forth the image bright
Diffusing the serenest light.

The image is the shape sublime,
Eternal, lying out of Time;
In worth life comes not near it,
Life dies, is not of spirit,
Nought can its vision pure assail

While you in mental might prevail;
Its world exists more firm and sure
And longer must for man endure
Than what decays at every breath
Down crouching at the glance of Death.

2.

A compromise is often made
Betwixt the substance and the shade;
A hybrid phantom springs from thence
Which seeks to save corporeal sense;
By no such mixture be deceived,
'Tis true that men have oft believed,
There is some subtle, half-way mean,
The body and the mind between
Which has of sense whate'er is real
Of spirit all that is ideal;
This part, 'tis said, survives our frame,
Yet has the senses all the same;
More of its nature they cannot tell,
But they believe it just as well.

Now if one seeks what this may be
Which vaguely through the dark they see,
It is the image, nought beside;
Flesh can not rot and then abide;
For what is left from death is mind
Freed from its perishable rind.
Vain is thy search, if thou hast sought
Some mental flesh or fleshy thought.

3.

Our longing drives us to create
Like this our life the future state;
Between the two is but a breath
Which breathed out is titled Death;
A little step the boundary o'er,
Then all is as it was before;

And when this limit we have passed
There are no more, it is the last.
A balm to loss is thus applied,
A few short years at most we bide,
Then travel we the self-same way,
With the beloved dead to stay;
We speak and hear the spoken word,
We have our senses all restored,
And the relations of our life
Are given back without their strife.

But yet this thought its force will keep:
Our bodies are an ashen heap;—
Where is mine eye to see her face,
Her flesh to fill my fond embrace,
Mine ear to which her tones must reach
Her tongue to move the airy speech,
And whence proceeds the mystic light
Which shines upon a sunless night?

I know the things which Faith demands:
I must hereafter touch her hands,
Must draw to my embrance her form,
And feel her body even warm;
The future world is just the same
As life here is in fleshy frame.
Dear friend, to state the matter plain,
This is a figment of your brain;
It is an image which you take
From Past and it the Future make.

Such a belief may quell our sighs
As from the heart's recess they rise,
And give the troubled mind repose
By keeping under what it knows.
But manhood thus must quickly die
Smothered in the soul beneath a lie.
Conviction sold to dry a tear
By heaven, is a price too dear.

Truth must be followed to the end,
E'en though a man to Hell it send;
Of all the lies on human scroll
The worst is that to one's own soul.

Whatever may hereafter be,
To this, methinks, you will agree,
That now for us the future state
An image is at any rate.
But if this Now alone endures
It only images assures;
What you imagine, that must be
An image, not reality;
So you, continuing, 'tis clear
The image doth remain as here.

Think not this argument is made
The future world aught to degrade,
The realm of shades is far more true
Than what with eyes I daily view;
The tools of flesh, touch, hearing, taste,
Smell, sight, show but a fleeting waste;
Let what is false away be thrown,
Then that which is can well be known;
The spirit-world has one defense:
The image is more true than sense.

4.

But the objection may occur
The image is for me, not her,
It lies within my mind alone
Meanwhile to her it is unknown.
Let me reply, you can not tell,
This image she may have as well;
She has a mind and it is free,
And all belongs to her as me.

Such ground of doubt doth spring from sense
And it derives its force from thence;
For sense doth make our being twain,
While mind restores to one again,

To see her with my bodily eye,
We are apart, and so we die.
What separates is finite, small,
The unit is eternal, all;
Flesh marks our limits, each to each,
The end is death, whereto they reach.

See how the image is far more,—
Grasp now this thought within its core;
The image is both she and I,
Both are each other ever nigh,
Unbidden oft she doth appear
And hidden always she is here.
Our life returns quite as it was,
The same delight without the flaws,
I move within her sphere again,
I hear its music's gladdest strain:
Call it not heaven which is to be,
It was, it is, remains with me.
She lacks the flesh as I have said,
I want it not, for it is dead.

5.

What if I die, or her forget,
Is the image lost, or lives it yet?
Perchance it seems to have been taught
That she depends upon my thought.
Now must we higher far ascend
Futurity to comprehend;
Imagination can not give
The reason why the soul must live.

From the outside what can be smitten
Has on it Death most plainly written;
And so the body sinks to clay
And sensuous things speed soon away.
But that which spans the universe
Can not be held in any hearse;
What may exist outside the All,
Which shall assail, or it enthrall?

Whatever thinks can never die,
Else thought is in itself a lie,
For thought the universal knows
And has all bounds within its close,
Death to destroy is this: to think;
All limits thus to nothing sink;
The deepest word the spirit saith
Is Thought, which is the death of Death.

To me the image disappears
When I am gone, or dried my tears;
But future life rests not on me
She is, though her I may not see,
Objective is her form and true
Existent without me or you.
But that we may communicate
When we are in the fleshless state,
Or what may be our true relation,
Thereof is given no demonstration.

6.

Why should you make the world to come
Of all the glories the full sum?
My heaven lies in the Past as well,
It is the world in which I dwell.
My life with her is what has been,
In flesh her body dear was then,
Now 'tis an image and will stay
An image lit with spirit's ray;
Into the Now new-born, the Past's
Dead form, with mind eternized, lasts.

To hope what once has been, will be
Is hope and not reality.
Into the Future why thrust the Past?
That can not make its presence last.
Say 'tis the Past and then be done,
So for your thought the truth is won.
But neither Future nor the Past
Is that which holds our swaying fast;

The one we know has never been,
The other ne'er will be again.
Both are of shapes the most inane,
Their sole pursuit leaves man insane.
The Now alone we have, forsooth,
The Now alone reveals the truth,
Now is Heaven, now is Hell,
Both are raised by thine own spell.
Now all the things which once have been
Come up before the mind of men;
Eternal is the Now and true,
Now springs her image to my view.

This is the restoration dear
Of her for whom I dropped the tear,
When separate our flesh was torn
And the whole world became forlorn.
Of her the individual
All this remains, and this is all.

CYCLET THE FOURTH.

1.

Ah Reader, dry are now my words
And dry, too, is my thought,
No more I seek the magic spell
Which heretofore I sought.

The tuneful rhythm is heard no more
And Poesy has fled,
For imageless the word falls down
As soon as it is said.

The realm of dreams is under ban
In which I moved before,
And Fancy has been left behind
With all her gaudy store.

The world of images is past
And of emotion, too,
For Reason is without a tear,
Without a shape to view.

Poetic forms are broken here
In this domain of thought,
Their beauteous light leads but astray
Into the slough of nought.

The pictured Past or Future e'en
Can not be Truth supreme,
They are not real, eternal not,
O quit thy fruitless dream.

2.

The broken bond I seek to keep,
Though thou art in the grave,
Each link I daily burnish bright,
With tears our Past I lave.

I have called up a world of shades
Wherein I dwell with thee,
Thine image is my dearest mate,
Which lives and moves with me.

I throw away my conscious self,
I pray to be a dream,
That I may never feel or know
I am not what I seem.

A restoration sweet it is,
Its nothingness I will not think,
To me is given thy form anew,
And bound the broken link.

But now there comes a throb of doubt
As weeping I awake,
Is this the all to be restored
Of the true bond that brake?

3.

The imaged world in which I dwelt,
And then of which I sougnt defense,
Giving to it the prop of thought,
Its pageant placing over sense,

I feel, indeed, I must renounce
As that which shows the end supreme,
A reconciliation true
It had, but truest not, I deem.

'It is now time to seek return
Unto the world in which we live;"
So Reason whispers in the ear
Offering her final boon to give.

"For all that thou hast truly lost
Lies here before thy mental eye,
Here is thy triumph over Fate
And here thy lordship o'er the sky.

Still, do not think this is the Real
Which we have scoffed and left behind;
'Tis not the sensuous world alone,
But radiant everywhere with mind.

A new reality it is
Which now within the world shall dawn,
Reality it needs must be,
Yet filled with all that once seemed gone."

4.

Her flesh is gone beyond return,
Of soul the shriveled crust,
Her body must be given up,
I know that it is dust.

But the one person can not form
The bond entire of man,
It is the bond which still controls
If we the world but scan.

What will endure is not this one
Which changes soon and dies,
And then another takes its place,
The missing one supplies.

What here abides, 'tis plain to see,
  Can be nor I nor you,
But the relation liveth on,
  Than we more strong and true.

And so the world still goes its way,
  The institutions last,
But you and I are instruments
  Whose time is quickly past.

In sooth we are but as we serve,
  Take hold and do not slack,
If we refuse or fail or fall,
  Another 's in our track.

5.

Religion fills the breast with hope
  And paints the future state,
It promises in Heaven to heal
  The deepest wound of Fate.

There too, it says, shall be restored
  The children, husband, wife,
And all the dearest ties of blood
  Just as they were in life.

But yet the thing of Hope is not,
  It always is to be,
The promise can not be the Real
  Sunk in Futurity.

Shall I offend when I must call
  That future realm a dream,
It is not now and never was;
  What then but Fancy's gleam?

Whatever weal may be above
  Let it not rest a name,
But realize this thought of good,
  And give to Earth the same.

The bond of love in Heaven's home,
Death shall not separate;
Eternal, too, it should be made
In this, our present state.

But different is the earthly means
For restoration ta'en;
The missing member is renewed,
The bond doth then remain.

6.

Imaginary is the form
Which the dim image brings,
Unreal are all the dreamy shapes
Whereof the Poet sings.

But real is this life of ours,
And real is our thought,
Pursuit can not restore the dead,
The Past can not be caught.

The universal chain is made
Of many single links,
The chain remains, the links must change,
As flesh to nothing sinks.

Thus Reason speaks: I am the whole,
The true Eternal One,
Which is renewed through Death alone,
By Death is Death undone.

But the Eternal is not Past,
Not Future's dim Ideal,
It is the Now in its full right,
The Eternal is the Real.

All else is but a promise false,
A hope that's unfulfilled,
The hunger of the human soul
Is by the Present stilled.

Nor yet this Present which is meant
Can be life's sensuous trance;
It must be ruled and filled with mind,
Else 'tis a phantom-dance.

7.

Death comes and tears the bond in twain,
Removes the living from the sight;
Emotion ploughs the breast with sobs,
And all the world flies into night.

Next out the darkness steps a form
Which to the soul deep raptures saith;
It seems as if all is restored;
The Image triumphs over Death.

But then this shape begins to fade,
And e'en to flee what once it sought;
Return we must into the world,
Now last the Image yields to Thought.

8.

I heard the world to swear
In silent vow,
The Future must be turned
Into the Now.

The Holy Promise paid
Must be to-day,
Too long we have endured
The false delay.

Hope must fruition be
Whose horn is full,
And to the Real must change
The Possible.

To life the Image vain
Must quickly leap.
The dream and waking, too,
One shape must keep.

To knowledge, brightest sun,
All Faith must rise,
Yet seek the world below
And not the skies.

The day of Judgment, too,
Is every day,
The judge sits now to hear
What you may say.

The deed must be the creed
Which is not said,
And life an endless prayer
Which is not prayed.

God has become a man
And Death a Birth,
Let Heaven now fall down
Upon the Earth.

AFTERGLOWS.

1.

Golden Hours, rise once more
Out your home within the deep,
Bring along the holy love
That ye in your bosom keep.

Let me have again that night
When so oft I passed her door,
Stalking like a pallid sprite—
Love—I knew it not before.

Give me not my times of bliss,
For I long to think and weep,
Give me not what most I miss,
In some lesser pain me steep.

Show me but again that Moon
  Swiftly trailing through the sky,
Till she sank away too soon,
  Left me standing there to sigh.

Golden Hours, rise again
  Out your silent sunken sea,
Steep me in some lesser pain,
  Golden Hours, come back to me.

2.

The Moon has a piteous glance,
  She looks down out of the sky,
With face so haggard and thin
  She seemeth ready to cry.

Her light is waning and wan,
  Enshrouding the meadow and mere,
Her beam is shorn of its sheen
  For her eye is suffused with a tear.

No more in her mirror the lake,
  She watches her features so proud,
But darkly she clasps to her face
  The veil of the passing cloud.

I gaze on her fair distress,
  A melody wails in my ears,
And attuned to the dolorous strain
  Is the musical spell of the spheres.

O weep not, beautiful Moon,
  Thy mate has sunk under the sea,
And long 'mid the stars wilt thou roam,
  Ere he be restored to thee.

Down under the sea he has gone,
  Thou never wilt reach his embrace,
But turn thy look to his light,
  And he will illumine thy face.

3.

The moonshine is witching the world,
  Entranced in a dreamy hue,
All things have turned to a shade
  And I am a shadow, too .

We greet in that silvery shower,
  My own dear shadow and I,
And though but one soul there is,
  Two bodies appear to be nigh.

So confidingly we talk on the way,
  Rehearsing times that are fled,
A memory lorn we are,
  For both belong to the dead.

Each tells of the other's fate,
  Which also is his own;
Beneath that spectral light
  How ghostly the winds do moan.

Each shade for the other doth weep
  And slowly fades to a swoon,
Still hovers over that spot
  The glimmering sheen of the Moon.

4.

Deceive me not, thou pretty flower,
  What thou hast said I heard,
But yet my tongue has not the power
  To speak again thy word.

That warble, too, I understood,
  Thou poet of a bird,
And oh, I wish in rhyme I could
  Translate thy throbbing word.

The stars throw glances all the night
  And Heaven with love is stirred,
They talk and sing by their own light,
  A starry kind of word.

In madding throbs the heart doth speak
Of happiness deferred,
To put the throbs in verse I seek,
But I have not the word.

A vision hymns within my sleep,
A roundel here unheard,
That singing dream I fain would keep,
But I have not the word.

5.

"I wish I were a star
Along the milky way,
All night I then could shine,
And slumber all the day.

No harm it is in Heaven
To cast your sweetest glance,
And nightly on its floor
There is a fancy dance.

Ten thousand gallant beaux,
All scattered round the skies,
Are pouring streams of love
From out their burning eyes.

Of sparks there seems to be
An entire universe,
And none I need to take
For better or for worse.

Oh think how many flames
With love's red passion fired,
A new one I could have
Whenever I am tired.

They ogle now at me,
I e'en can hear them call,
My grenadine I'll take
And eke my waterfall.

At church the preacher tells
  Of Heaven's happy hall,
Oh, then, I dream the bliss
  Of one eternal ball."

I heard a maiden hum
  Her heart into this strain,
She hummed my tears to smiles,
  So hum I it again.

6.

At night I saunter along,
  Filled full of the olden strain,
And here is my shadow, too,
  Now ready to speak again.

"Of late so often to me
  Thou comest thy dreams to rehearse,
Of ghostly tales I am tired,
  Besides they are always in verse.

Dim spectre of air, begone,
  Too long I have been thy host,
Of all the plagues in the world
  The worst is a rhyming ghost."

"Dear half," my shadow replied,
  "Dear body without any soul,
Know thou art not even the half
  Of which I am the whole.

To dust at once if thou wilt,
  But I shall forever remain,"
And then there swam on the air
  The chime of the olden strain.

7.

Yestreen broke out a dispute
  Between my shadow and me,
Mine own pale ghost turned red
  With angry rivalry.

It was an ancient dispute
That long has divided mankind,
It seems to have been about
The nature of body and mind.

I know that between the twain
A horrible discord was made,
Each shouting himself to be
The substance and not the shade.

I can not now tell the first word
Or how the matter began,
But at last it came to the point
Of who was the better man.

While each was preparing his blow
The Moon went under a hill,
Then both the shadows were gone,
But I hear them debating still.

8.

Ah, there they cluster on a mound,
Geraniums, Geraniums,
And all around they are around,
A million red Geraniums;
So blithe and sunny is the day,
The crimson flowers seem at play,
And like a mighty heart they lay,
A mountain of Geraniums.

But now behold, they move, they move,
Geraniums, Geraniums,
As swelled the deep, warm pulse of love,
Amid the red Geraniums.
It is one flower from edge to crest
Which Sol hath nestled in his breast,
His gentle rays calm it to rest,—
That heart of red Geraniums.

But list the breeze, it comes to woo
Geraniums, Geraniums,
His kiss doth sway them fro and to,
The forest of Geraniums;
And dancing with his piping strain,
They bow to him and bow again,
His whisper they to hear are fain,
The radiant red Geraniums.

And still they move upon the mound,
Geraniums, Geraniums,
The wave goes round and round and round
In ridges of Geraniums;
And with the wave around the mound,
There flows a harmony profound,
That makes the heart within rebound
To heart of red Geraniums.

APPENDIX V.

THE LITERARY BIBLES.

My occupation with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe, the four greatest books of European Literature, called Literary Bibles, to which I have devoted such a considerable portion of my life, goes back for its distinctive starting point to my High School work, specially in Shakespeare. My chief activity in this whole field took place after I had returned from abroad, and hence lies beyond the limits of the present book. Still it may not be out of place to indicate the main lines on which this work evolved, as far as I was concerned with it, from its early germ.

First, by means of private classes in these authors. Such classes I had chiefly in St. Louis and Chicago, but they extended to at least twenty other places in the West, and once or twice penetrated to several cities of the eastern States.

Secondly, through the so-called Literary Schools devoted to these same four supreme works of Literature. Such schools continued practically one week, during which ten lectures were given to the general public on one of the Literary Bibles by the best specialists that could be obtained. At Chicago eight of these schools were held in eight successive years; twice we went the round of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe (from 1887-1895). During this time St. Louis had nearly as many literary schools on the same subjects, the lecturers usually passing from one city to the other. The attempt was to rouse in the community an interest in Great Literature.

Thirdly, the written Commentaries on the Literary Bibles were elaborated and printed during these same years, the last one being the Commentary on the Odyssey, which appeared in 1897 (the first one, that on

Shakespeare, was printed in 1877). To be sure, during these twenty years other literary lines were carried along.

Fourthly, the attempt was made to construe poetically each one of these Greatest Poets, and to set forth his life and development in verse, as revealed by himself in his highest moments. That is, the object was to put together out of his works the total man in his spiritual outline and genesis, making the whole into a kind of heroic poem, if possible, with the poet as hero. I never finished any of these plans with any degree of completeness but one, namely, the book called *Homer in Chios*, a little Homeric epopee in hexameter. The Goethe Schools stimulated me to give a construction of Goethe's life and evolution in the form of an ode, which has had three redactions, the last being found in an Appendix to the new edition of Goethe's Faust, Part I. The poem on Dante, intending to show Dante's inner development from all his works in prose and verse, I never succeeded in getting into shape, though I find among my papers considerable fragments on this topic, which, written some twenty years ago, show my wrestlings with the material. Finally the drama of the total Shakespeare was conceived, but has remained unachieved, though many suggestions for it lie scattered both in my print and in my mind. Still, under the spur of the first Shakespeare School, held in 1889, at Chicago, I wrought out the following idea in blank verse—a fantasia it might be called, perhaps—and read the same on that occasion, as well as at the later Shakespeare School of 1892, under the title of *Shakespeare at Stratford*. It may be added, for the sake of explanation, that two of the edifices mentioned in the last pages of the poem (the City Hall and the Board of Trade) have been quite transformed from their old characteristics, and that the third structure (the former Art Museum, in which the Literary School was held) is, according to report, vanishing or is to vanish into a High Building.

SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD.

I.

"Free, happy Avon, ramble through the meadow;
Go, babble with the sunbeams on thy path,
"And sing thy strain along the sedgy brink,
"Keyed to the morning's golden harmony.
"Let every ripple break to buoyant words,
"That link this stream together in a verse
"Hummed softly to the ear of listening day,
"Sending a distant music on the air,
"Elusive undertones of tuneful joys,
"Responsive to my mood of liberation.
"The river all shall run to shining speech
"Beginning with the fountains in the hills,
"And winding through the valleys and the woods,
"Until it writes itself in characters;
"Behold the Avon making on its course,
"A wavy line of silvery poesy,
"That sparkles far through forest and green fields,
"With many a tremulous trill and tortuous turn,
"Singing the land along until it joins
"The mighty chorus of the sounding sea,
"Where it doth meet the thunders of the wave
"Reverberating on these English shores,
"Which answer back my own triumphant voice:
" 'I am now free.' "
Thus William Shakespeare spoke
As once he stood upon the banks of Avon,
And glanced far up the little stream and down,
In sight to arch beginning and the end,
As if that rivulet might be a life.
Already more than fifty years filled full
Of song had sped, and brought him to the brink
Of that great river where the mortal eye
Looks from the little bridge of days that span
The going Now into the coming Then—
Looks longing back through magnifying tears

On the dead past, but soon doth turn about
And forward peer into the ghostly future.
The sphere-encircling tide of Time had whirled
The poet round the spirit's universe,
And landed him again upon the shore
Where he was born, ere yet the evening sun
Had dropped behind the hills into the sea.
He stood, in tune to pensive retrospection,
And watched the waters whirling merrily
In liquid dance and eddying song
As they ran by, sent from the primal fountains.
They started in his mind a rhythmic tread,
And made him measure all his rambling thoughts,
His lightest flash and deepest reach of soul,
Unto the dainty beat of up and down,
Which every wavelet nodded to the master.
His fancies high, out of the rainbow spun,
And woven into many-colored clouds,
Went fleeting through the far, translucent skies,
Unto the echo caught from Avon's song.
His feelings, from their well-head in his soul
Shot up big water-drops around his eyes,
To palpitation of the river's heart.
His humors too, and odd fantastic quirks
Ran laughing through the land unto the spell
Of merry undulation in the stream.
Long had he stood, to a still music moved,
He heard deep Nature's silent joyousness,
He felt high Heaven's holy earnestness,
Attuned to spirit's voiceless melodies;
And his own silence was a poem, too,
Dictated by the measurer unseen
Who charms the surges of our inner sea
Into a wild unspoken rhythm of soul,
Until it cannot hold its swelling self
Within its lone and silent boundaries,
But bursts the walls and overflows to words
That leap out to a tune in rippling verse.
The poet thrilled and paced along the banks
To his own music's beat, and then broke out:

"I am now free—free from the London world,
"From that vast desert of great multitudes,
"From idle sycophancy of the court,
"From that eternal crawl beneath the fog—
"The melancholy shroud of living men,
"In which they wind and squirm like wriggling worms
"Within the grave, by night o'er canopied.
"How happy is the echo from yon shore
"Thrown back upon mine ear: I am now free!
"Free from the fateful feigning of mine art,
"Free from doing what I only seem to do,
"Free from being what I only seem to be.
"The mask in which I hid that which I was,
"And hid the spirit world which I indwelt,
"I now can throw aside, to be the sport,
"To be the riddle of all time to come—
"The pictured mask that has been named from me,
"Scribbled over and over with my versicles.
"The bright disguise of radiant poesy,
"In which I robed all nature and myself
"So deftly that men think I am but clothes,
"And have naught else beside my painted garb,
"I fling, like cast-off garments, to the poor,
"To be cut up in patches heaven-hued,
"To deck some little spot of nakedness.
"But let the time bemock me as it will,
"Here as I am, I shall now live my life;
"The freedman of myself, I am the master.
"Unclasped by sense to soft indulgences,
"Unthralled by love to sweet appearances,
"Unheld by fate to what is not of me,
"Uncharmed by beauty to fair shows of things,
"No more myself the victim of my spell,
"No longer I the captive of mine art,
"To Stratford—mark the word—I have returned."

He ceased; the Sun peeped at him out the cloud,
And cast his shadow o'er the little waves—
Colossal shadow, there still seen today,
And never to be washed out of those waters.

The poet saw it, turned his glance away,
And homeward bent his slow, thought-laden gait,
Though once or twice he shyly looked around,
Still seeing that gigantic shadow fall
Athwart the momentary breaking bubble,
That rose and rode the current of the stream
For one short iridescent tick of Time.
The children stopped their play upon the street,
And gave salute into the kingly man,
Since him they knew, and they shall ever know
By name at least in Anglo-Saxondom.
The heavy-handed yeoman, big-boned toiler,
Walked by his side along the village road,
And chaffed with him in hearty homely notes
Of the rude speech of rustic Warwickshire.
The church, with moss of ages overgrown,
The blazon of her heraldry antique,
Related to him hoary ancestries,
Whence he had come, a little point in Time,
Persisting with its subtle spark through Time.
The charnel house stood near and also spoke,
Telling the other tale of human life,
How soon its flame burns out to very snuff,
And then falls down to earth, sepulchral dust.
He felt the sundown coming in his vision,
And cast a look behind him once again;
Still he beheld that shadow of himself,
Yet vaster, resting over land and sea.
Home he had come, in silence went he in,
He took his seat upon an ancient chair
Carved curiously with arabesque festoons,
With heavy Sphinx and winged Hippogriff.
There in the stillest chamber of his mind,
He spoke thus to himself:
"Returned to Stratford!
"Whence forth I dashed into the bustling world,
"A youth sparse-bearded, in the soul's white heat
"Wooing Maid Fortune's smile, where she had built
"Her grand fantastic palace by the Thames!
"A hidden chord I feel in this return,

"Vibrating to the touch of hands unseen,
"Giving response to life's own melody;
"And still I cannot quite yet catch the note.
"Return to what, from what, and why return?
"The cycle of my time nears to the round,
"What I forever am lies in between
"Two points which seem to run together now
"And kiss themselves in mutual flame, to one;
"I am the same, yet strangely not the same.
"What have I done in that swift interval—
"The flash that joins today and yesterday?
"The darkness from beyond doth hover hither,
"And, like a bat, flits in the eye of eve;
"Sere Autumn's hoary night with chilly breath
"Hath shaken frosty flakes upon my head,
"And reads me tokens of approaching winter.
"The toiling spirit did his very best,
"While living I have lived with all my might,
"The greedy flame has quite burned up its oil,
"And here I stand at last, the expiring wick."

He darkening turned around within his chair,
As if to shun the thought, and thus went on:
"What I have done, is it now done with doing?
"Was it a seed but sown, a crop but cut,
"The harvest garnered of a single year?
"At first I stormed the citadel of life,
"And, mad with passion, rent the sacred veil
"That long had hid the heart's dark mysteries;
"So, drunk with laughter, made my soul a clown
"In motley pied of brightest images;
"I loved with all the love of Romeo,
"And scorned with all of crookback Richard's hate;
"The wild youth broke into the close of age,
"And stole experience thence without its years.
"But transformation lurked just in this rage,
"And life spun out new threads to character.
"Then slowly reached out of the years a hand
"That flung me to the Furies of existence;
"I felt the fatal fingers clutching in me,

"And building of my soul the tragedy.
"The pen was all the weapon that I had
"With which to fight against the destinies;
"I wielded it as if I might go mad,
"I drove it headlong into furious writ,
"For mighty was the tempest of my spirit.
"By might I often had to spring from slumber,
"And run and seize my trusty sword, my pen,
"To prod the press of demons from my bed,
"And make them gnashing skip to Devildom."

The poet rose and grasped with hand still tense,
But tremulous with coming age, a pen
That lay before him there upon the table:
"Why did I write?" he cried, "why write so much?
"Nay, nay; not to keep off the pinch of hunger,
"Or fill the painful void of poverty;
"Not to drain down my wine from golden beakers,
"Or in high halls of tapestry to eat
"Today a better meal than yesterday;
"By all the charms of riches magical
"I swear I never told my golden tales
"That I might tell my tales of guineas golden;
"Not for the breath of praise, the trump of fame,
"The mighty shout of listening multitudes—
"All these were mine, yet not enough they were,
"To quench the fiery frenzy of my toil.
"I had to write, there was no choice for me,
"And in my writ I caught and held the hand,
"The mailed hand of Fate uplifted high
"To smite me in the very nick of power,
"And fell me to the fires, like Lucifer.
"I wrote, I played, I sang day in, day out,
"Beneath hot pressure of a demon's force;
"It was an hourly fight to free myself
"Not of an outward foe but of an inward,
"And triumph in my spirit's liberty.
"Long since I had enough of worldly goods,
"Had heard the sweetest voices of the world;
"Possessed of all that never could be mine,

"Wealth, honor, earth's bright appearances,
"I had not come into my own possession.
"The circumnavigation of the globe
"Of truth I had not made within myself,
"But, struck by storms, I clung to naked rocks
"Or dallied on fair islands mid the ocean.
"I wrestled with each coming day for life,
"And wrote the battles of the soldier soul,
"Till I had writ me into harmony."

The poet walked, thought-driven, round the room,
And then again he sat upon his chair,
Reflecting still aloud: "My work is done,
"And I am home returned in sundown's flames,
"To watch the sinking glory of the skies;
"The early hearth I left is mine once more,
"And I, a different man, am still the same,
"Re-born to youth while chased in silver hairs.
"Long since it was, the day I well remember,
"I tore me off in rage my swaddling clothes,
"And, going, flung them yonder in the Avon;
"Like a bared athlete sprang I at the world,
"I dared to measure strokes with wayward chance,
"And sought experience of wild wilfulness;
"I wrote all down for others and for me,
"Till Fate ran out into my very ink
"And left me free forever. I had to write,
"And so I wrote my own deliverance.
"The fingers of the clock turns slowly round,
"The days tread listless on each other's heels,
"Tomorrow promises a new tomorrow;
"Soon shall I leave this mortal residue;
"To lie in yonder church; a spirit then,
"I with my Ariel shall fly around
"The zones, and snuff the air of all the ages."

II.

Scarce had he spoken, when a knock was heard;
The door soon yielded to a willing hand,
In stepped a well-known man in traveler's garb—

A stout round shape with breath a little short,
Yet long enough when laden with his words.
He grasped the poet's hand mid friendly greetings;
Burly Ben Jonson was that welcome guest,
Rare writer of plays, just come from lordly London.
"What keeps thee here? Who is thy present love?
"Some country Perdita, some shepherdess,
"I deem, hath joined thee to her woolly flocks.
"Has the great city lost it charm for thee?"
So many questions could not have one answer;
But Shakespeare knew his man, and gave response
In a large flagon full of good old sack,
Which from a cupboard near at hand he took,
Upturning its big gurgles in a tankard,
That spoke a language Ben well understood:
"Another welcome friend," he cried in glee,
"Let me salute thee with a loyal kiss,"
And drained the tankard dry, which was not small.
Ben Jonson's face spoke first, and then his tongue.
"Know I am come to ask thee who thou art,
Though for a dozen years and longer too,
I daily talked and joked and drank with thee,
Without my once suspecting thy disguise.
All London quizzes now itself, in wonder
Asking: Who is this man whom we have seen
Move round among us for a generation,
Addressed by name and listened to his speech,
And now find out at last we have not known him?
Opinions by the thousand charge the air,
Opinions of the small and of the great,
Opinions of the foolish and the wise,
Of sinner and of saint, of men and women, too—
What mighty clash is heard between opinions!
'Tis well they are but ghosts, and fight with swords
Forged of thin air, else blood would surely flow.
Some say thou art fat Falstaff, jolly Jack,
Too fond of sack"——Here Ben poured out again
A cup, and looked intently into it,
Until he saw the bottom, then went on:
"Some see in thee a lorn romantic lover,

And some affirm thee merely thine own clown,
Others declare thou art the manager
Of theaters, making money out of plays,
Stamping thy coins with golden images
Of poesy, and I have heard thee called
A speculator shrewd in real estate.
I, too, companion of thy social hours,
Confess I know not what to make of thee;
And yet I thought I knew thee all by heart,
I saw the might of thy transforming hand,
Beheld the flame of thy Promethean touch
Leap forth and give thy soul to mortal clay.
But that last work of thine, with shapes not human,
Whose lines sweep out beyond the farthest limit
Of thought full-stretched—I understand it not.
Art thou then Prospero, the magic man,
Dallying so daintily with Ariel,
And sending him o'er sea and land afar,
To Past and Future in the nick of Now?
O, Caliban—a beast or man? Thy draught
Of sack doth make thee human in my sight,
And so the poet now I understand"—
Another brimming bowl was on its way,
When suddenly Ben stopped it half upraised,
And set it down again upon the table—
He never had been known to do the like—
Then spoke the murderous thought which had the power
To slay his mighty thirst, and paralyze
His elbow bent already toward his mouth:
"Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten it"—
And still the tankard shunned his speaking lips:
"Thou wast in London held this character
And that, the other, and still something else,
Yet never once another than thyself.
But now a stranger comes and is much heard,
A stranger from beyond the unknown seas,
Who says thou art not William Shakespeare there,
But art somebody else, who yet somehow
Has done thy work, and written all thy book,
And hence, said I to him the other day,

That man can be none other but thyself."
So satisfied was Ben with this retort
He pledged a bumper to its author's health.
The tankard's bottom turned high at the moon,
And seemed there gazing for a moment fixed
As if it were a telescope, when a coach
Was driven up before the door and stopped;
The steeds were proud, of noble breed, well-mated;
A coat of arms was blazoned on the trappings,
A servant in full livery leaped down
To lead a man who moved with weighty mien
Into the house; both poets knew at once
When Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, came in,
Who with much courtesy bespoke the master:
'Passing upon my circuit in these parts,
I come to call and have a word with you;
The world just now is buzzing with your name
So loud, that if this noise keep going on,
I scarcely shall be heard but in faint echoes
Commingled with the thunders of your fame.
I see your plays, and I have read them, too;
If they were mine, I would correct their style,
Mistakes in dates and facts of history,
And make the matter, too, conform to reason.
And yet I cannot help but often think
'Tis strange how much of me I find in you!
Of my philosophy you have some thoughts,
But surely you are no philosopher;
I deem you must have been a lawyer, too,
But, oh! such errors as you make in law,
For instance, in that trial-scene in Venice!
In you is something else that is like me:
Nature's own naturalist I might you call,
For you do often make a slip like her,
And lawless bring to light monstrosities.
A scholar, too, you might perchance be deemed,
But for the want of all right scholarship.
Tell me, in fine, how do you spell your name?
There is dispute about it growing loud;
The letters of it run great danger now

Of some displacement in their order true;
Posterity, I fear, may be in doubt
And spend much time in the attempt
To set aright the label of your fame.
For if the man be incorrectly named,
He surely cannot be the self-same man."
"I know now what's the matter with myself;"
Cried Ben, "I have been given the wrong name."
A side door moved ajar, a face peeped through;
The poet spoke: "O, daughter Judith, come;
Here is the man whom thou rememberest,
When once I took thee with me to the Mermaid.
A little girl thou wert, scarce five years old."
She stepped into the room, and to him said
In soft low tones: "The time I dimly can recall;
What trouble was I then to thee, my father!"
"Nay, nay," he cried, "the little angel thou
Of innocence that led me through the maze
Which then I had to thread half in the dark."
The daughter blushed and glided out the room,
Ben Jonson saw her fleeting from his look
And cried out to himself: "Admired Miranda!"
The high-born guest had risen from his seat
To go, and at the door he stood and said:
"The time is urging me, I must be off,
The circle of the days gives me to tread,
As if I were inside a rolling wheel,
The never-ending routine of my life.
But mark that last request of mine again!
By it I seek to know the letters right,
Which, being put together, make your name;
The answer from you I await in London."
They parted and the coach drove out of sight;
The poet Shakespeare looking after it
Could not keep back a little lurking laugh:
"Still at thy spelling lesson, learned man!
And thou, like callow youth, still go to school!
Long wilt thou wait, methinks, my noble Lord,
Before thou shalt know how to spell my name."

A little dame walked in—Anne Hathaway,
The wife of William Shakespeare's youth and age,
Still full of life and playful irony.
She guessed the purport of the talk today,
Its massive tones had stormed the sewing-room,
And mingled with the simmer of the kitchen.
She, after greeting Ben the visitor,
Had deemed it was her turn to speak her mind:
"I have my question, too, about these plays,
Which once I saw when I to London went
With thee, my Will, and heard the great applause
That roared from every corner of the house,
I feared the shaky thing might tumble down.
Now tell me, dear, which is thy favorite
Among those ladies fair who seem to walk
Out of thy lines to live a little hour
In the little world which thou hast called the stage.
To happy Arden Forest once I roamed,
And saw a damsel sparkle mid the trees
As if she were the brightest jewel, though
Her setting was but the green leaves and twigs.
And then I stood within a city grand,
That to my mind rose out the grey old sea;
I went into a palace where I heard
That lively woman in the periwig
Pleading for mercy from the hook-nosed Jew.
The saintly wronged wife I too beheld,
Who mastered by her patience all her trials,
Although it was her husband she endured.
I am not one of these, I know it well,
I have but little wit and not much beauty,
Of patience I don't care to have too much;
Make me but jealous of thy dames of air,
And I shall show to thee no mercy, Will.
Where didst thou find the patterns of those women?
In Stratford hereabouts there are none such,
Thou art a tell-tale on thyself in them,
I know they met thee in thy London rambles;
While far away from me these many years
Thou must have roamed the greenest fields of freedom,

And kept love young by daily exercise.
I think thou hast no right to play with them,
Although they be but phantoms of thy brain;
Not one of them might ever be thy wife.
Now tell me, Will—for I would die to know—
Which one of all thy dames thou lovest best?
I don't believe it was Hermione,
She is too sober, too dark-grained in soul,
I think she would endure too much from thee,
Thou wilt a woman who resents thy teasing,
Who gives thee back thine own with interest,
Who can get angry and be jealous too—
A skinful of true femininities.
And still one question more—it is the last—
Hear me now, Will, for I must know today:
Of all thy high fantastic maids of mind
Who don men's clothes and knock about the world,
Which wouldst thou marry, if thou hadst the chance,
And I somehow were gotten out of the way?
Would it be Portia, heiress of Belmont,
Who cast aside with jeers her English suitor?
If so, then thou art no true Englishman.
It may be that thy mind thinks Imogen;
Oh, dear, that is another patient wife;
But with her patience this wife has no patience.
Thou laughest, but it is no right response
To my demand—I shall not take a laugh.
Thou tease—but thou wilt tell it all at last;
Now, Will, I may as well confess myself
Most jealous of that madcap Rosalind."
Anne Hathaway had not yet ceased to speak
When a new guest stood there before them all,
Whom Shakespeare thus addressed with cheery look:
"Why, Dick, my lad, what make you here from town?
Why slide so stealthily into my castle?"
Ben Jonson, too, glanced at the sudden man,
Then poured for joy another glass of sack,
And cried :"A health to Burbage, prince of actors!"
A slip between the cup and Ben Jonson's lip
There never yet had been, there was not now.

Then Burbage rose in mighty detonation,
And roared as if ten thousand people stood
Before him listening in a theater:
"O, William Shakespeare, child of destiny!
All London is now delving in your lines;
Men put deep meaning into every word,
And from each ragged phrase of clown or witch
Are subtly drawn profound philosophies.
But that is not the truth, your works are plays,
And you a player too; they must be seen
And heard in human voice upon the stage,
Else they cannot be understood at all.
I know how they were written, for I saw you
Take notes behind the scene, and interline
New words and thoughts and sounding sentences,
When I was speaking to the people there.
Me you would watch and others acting with me,
Would listen to the loud huzzas of men,
To find what touched their tears, or to a laugh
Tickled their brains, whenever we would speak.
Thence could you see what's written on the heart,
And make true copy of it in your lines.
Unto our talents several your gift
It was to fit your play of characters;
So you but rendered back what we had given.
In fine, to put the seal on what I say,
Your deep philosophy is simply this:
To fill the theatre to overflow,
And thus to fill your purse."
"Stop there, my Dick,"
Ben Jonson shouted from his blazing face:
"You are now touching on my theme, dear boy;
I wrote to fill my purse, but it is empty;
I also wrote to fill the theater,
And yet the people never came to fill it;
Your acting, too, I oft have looked upon,
But still I am myself in spite of you.
There must be something else, I know not what—
Oft have I felt the demurge at work—
A something lurking in this poesy,

Whereby it reads far deeper than it acts.
This we shall talk of on our way to London,
I have some thoughts about it to impart.
Which may help fleet the journey's lagging minutes,
And give a glimpse into our poet's world.
Let us set out."
With cordial farewells
The friendly company soon went asunder;
The poet was now with himself again,
And with his thoughts, which whispered to each other:
"Ah, me! a great vexation of the minnows,
While the high tide is swaying them along!
I am a man; what man I am who cares?
I little care myself about myself;
This veil of flesh I soon shall put aside,
The fatal part of me gives drowsy warning,
Hands beckon from afar, and I would sleep."

III.

His heavy head fell back upon the cushion,
His eyes swam in a sea of images
Which flit around the borderland of slumber;
The curtains dropped and shut the soul inside—
A world majestic peopled with itself—
And William Shakespeare was a splendid dream.
His spirit fled at once into its home,
And saw a mighty multitude of ghosts,
Not pale and fleeting they, not empty shades
From Hades dim, but filled with life's best blood—
Olympian ichor deathless in them ran.
Their voice had not grown faint by lapse of years,
Their words not blunted in the centuries,
For them old Time shall whet his scythe in vain.
The master knew them well, they were his own,
His family begotten in a trance
Out of his teeming brain, and richly dressed
At birth in regal words of English speech,
Ta'en from the wardrobe of the King of tongues.
They flew in flocks from all the furthest spheres,

And sought to touch again the magic lips
Which erst had kissed them to immortal life.
A sweet salute fell out his sleeping voice:
What, Hamlet, here again? I held thee gone,
I never thought thou wouldst come back to me;
Still Lethe's loiterer, I sent thee once
A ghost to stray with thine own father's ghost."
The thoughtful Dane delayed the spritely word,
And ere his tardy breath with speech was laden,
There slipped into the dreamy interval
A royal pair, by three weird women led,
With gilded trappings and grand retinue.
The little lady stepped out to the front,
And cast a queenly vengeful glance around;
The poet raised his finger in reply:
"I know I told to men thy dreadful secret,
And held up to all time thy naked heart.
But thou the executioner thyself—
Thou didst appoint, merely the scribe I was."
Whereat those guilty spirits shrank to air,
And turned a scarlet fleck in vanishing;
While in their stead arose a massive form
With olive face o'er writ in lines of torture,
And body swathed in crackling flames for cerements.
The poet seemed to speak in self-defence:
"Reproach me not, Othello. Thou didst build
With thine own circling deed this pyre of Hell,
Which still is biting thee with fiery fangs,
And opportunity applied the torch.
A brand I bore out of thy speaking flames,
And with it wrote thy pains in words that burn
Forever; I have done to thee no wrong."
More had he said, but flocks of characters,
Like spirits of the populated air,
Rushed madly to the presence magical;
Heroic shapes of men and fairest women,
Kings with their jeweled crowns and Kings discrowned,
High queens in diadems weeping hot tears,
The low degree and high, alone, in groups—
All with the whispering flight of spirit wings,

Came rustling somewhence out the distant skies.
But hark! A thunderous rumbling in the welkin!
How manifold the roar! It is the people,
The mighty demos, rushing through the air
With body many-headed as the stars,
The spectral terror of the ideal world,
Evoked to sport a moment with the master.
It comes with pun and laughter at itself,
It is the clown, and is the audience;
Fantastic humors bubble out its mouth
Reeking with garlic, and on its brow
Sits sooty toil in honest homespun clad.
But it doth bear within its shaggy breast
The heart of Time, to whose trip-hammer beats
Come throbbing all the changes of the ages—
New states, societies and institutions,
The charters of the higher liberty.
The seer in vision spake now to himself:
"O listen to the people's steadfast mind,
Round which play fickle arabesques of humor,
And rainbow jets of evanescent feeling.
Its first word may be wrong, its last is right
Always—is just the right of every right.
The people's heart is the deep well from which
The poet draws prophetic draughts of truth
By hidden chains of human sympathy,
And then he speaks unbidden oracles
Which circling years interpret into deeds,
Forefeeling in himself the unborn world."
Behind the ponderous roar of popular noise
Now dying on some distant shore of dreamland,
A fainter folk comes flitting airily,
Strange forms not human, yet the human sharing,
And hard to look upon half hid in twilight,
Witches, fairies, ghosts, the spectral rout that roam
The hazy confines of fantastic land,
And cast their shadows on the solid world
Afar, to people dreams of living men.
They whisked and whirred, they bowed and moped
and mowed,

Saluting lowly with a thin transparent nod
The mighty master of their misty realm.
But see! around, above, and everywhere
Enclosing all that fleeting multitude of shapes,
The ghostly forms of architecture rose,
The spirit structure of this spirit land,
With lofty pillars and entablature,
Carved in every curve of rich romance,
Supporting a vast dome, great as the world,
Supporting e'en the fringed clouds that hid it,
And bright festoons that overlaid it all.
A temple fair it was, to music built,
Whose stones re-echoed the grand harmonies
Which, though forever fixed in massive lines
Still rose and fell in high orchestral strains.
Within its corridors the spirits dwelt
And played their lives in time beyond all time,
While down its aisles the heroes swept in song
Unto the altar of the sacrificial deed.
That structure was the poet's chiefest wonder—
Mankind's own home uprising to the skies
And holding all the generations past
And still to be along the teeming flight of years;
It was a house which had a pattern, too,
Namely, the order of the universe,
Beyond which there is naught but nothingness.
The poet gazed aloft to that high dome
Upbuilt to finest breath etherial;
A dainty little sprite came flitting down
Out of the region of the rifted cloud
And stood anon unveiled within that presence;
The sprite commanded all the ghostly crowd,
He was the temple's cunning architect;
Though but a puff of air, he turned the shapes
Whither he listed with his golden wand;
Blown in his breath, they flew around the globe
And bore his message to each ready mind—
The messenger abreast the lightning thought.
The structure vast he could uplift at will,
And all the throngs that dwell within its halls,

Could set it down elsewhere just as it was,
Transform it fair, e'en build it up anew
With changes beautiful of what was old.
The master knew at once the spirit of his spirit,
And spoke in tones of voice a sweet caress:
"What, ho, my Ariel, art thou here too?
Today from far beyond the charmed Bermoothes
For love of me thou must have come in haste;
Another task I have for thee, my sprite,
It done, thee I again shall liberate."
The spirit answered with a moody brow:
"Once I fulfilled in play thy heavy hests,
I straddled lightning at thy strong command,
I rode upon the tempest's wings in glee,
And sped at guilty men the thunder stone;
Then thou didst set me free when I had served.
Think what I did—I built this temple here,
Its music drew I from celestial spheres,
I took its radiance from the rainbow's arch,
Its gold I stole out of the setting sun,
I lined its galleries with lordly shapes,
Upon its pedestals I put the heroes high,
And called out of the void the ladies fair.
Freely thou didst discharge me from my service,
Since then I play around the dome of heaven,
Or loiter in the house which once I built,
Holding sweet conversation with my ghosts.
I would no more." The master sent a glance
That gleamed like a steel-blade drawn from its scabbard:
"Enough; a new work is to be begun,
By thee, for time is thine. Thou knowest well
The happy dream of far Hesperides,
The dream antique of lands beyond the sea,
Discerned by elder bards and set to song;
A garden filled with fruits of all the seasons,
Great rivers flowing through its fields of grain,
All climates of the world inside its close,
A harvest running round the entire year
May there be found, and from the trees hang down

Apples of gold, and golden every fruit,
While in its heart a city nestles fair.
Go to that garden of Hesperides,
The dragon that once guarded it is tamed
And hitched unto the wagon of the world,
He draws it now through all the blooming plains.
Uprise, thy flight must reach beyond the sea,
I bid thee lift at once this stately dome,
This temple of my spirit's architecture;
Upon thy wand across the waters vast
Bear it away with all who dwell in it,
And set it up again within that city,
The city fair of far Hesperides."
So spake the poet with the mien of power,
Swift Ariel obeisance made at once,
Then whirled about and waved his wand above.
The edifice began to nod, it shook,
It rose to fly as if it too had wings,
And all the living imagery of shapes
Who dwelt within its halls, were borne aloft;
Over the sea it swept without a pause,
Through Space, which was too slow to stop its flight;
It flew down Time in but a tick of time
To the new shore of a new continent;
Nor did it settle on the sea-lined border,
Despite great clamor made to hold it there,
But kept its front still to the Occident.
Onward it sped until a lake was seen,
That mirrored laughingly the poet's realm
Above it sweeping westward merrily;
And then another lake rose into sight,
Whose deep blue eyes looked up into the dome,
And shot soft sparkles of a tender love
For that fair image fleeting through its bosom
In true response to what it saw above,
And still another lake a cluster made,
Showing a heart burst to the surface there,
The throbbing heart of that great continent.
A silvery thread ran from it to the sea
And tied it to the world, which felt its beat.

But mark upon the land a greater wonder!
Over the fields afar there ran a steed
Of unknown strain; his breath was fire and smoke,
And from his nostrils huge upturned to heaven
He smeared the golden sunbeams with his soot,
And streaked with Stygian black the face of Nature;
His belch could drown the music of the winds,
His bray was louder than a thousand asses;
The dragon that of far Hesperides,
Who changes into gold the very soil,
A monster broke to harness in a car.
Just see the big long line he pulls behind him!
Strange animal! he races all the day
And all the night and never once gets tired,
And needs no sleep. But look! Where is he now?
With sudden change he leaps into the water,
And swiftly swims the wave from coast to coast;
Aquatic then the monster must be, too,
Amphibious monster of Hesperides.
Iron chimeras puffing through the prairie,
Mighty behemoths snorting o'er the waters,
In herds all seem to gather to one spot
Along the lakeside of that continent,
Whence came a distant din, as yet unknown,
Until beneath a canopy of smoke
A city rose out of its reechy grave.
Painfully thither Ariel flapped his wings—
As yet he had not been acclimated—
He beat against the heavy folds of air,
Which choked him to a hiccough in his song,
And made him sneeze sweet lines of poesy.
The houses rose aspiring to the skies,
Where only steeples ventured timidly
In olden days men had their eerie homes,
And plied their task, and toil was nearer heaven.
The very earth seemed rising into air,
And floating upward to the gauzy clouds;
Dull brick and mortar took on wings and soared.
"Here is our journey's end," cried Ariel,
And soon the poet walked the sounding streets

Within the city of Hesperides,
A wonder greater than all fairyland.
He came into a lofty edifice
That skyward rolled a massive storm in stone.
With dark disastrous lines seamed through its face;
It was the largest house in all the town,
And stood the stressful center of the roar
That rose out of that human hurricane
Whizzing and whirling through the thoroughfares.
It creaked and was about to fall to pieces
In its own frenzy; every stone of it
Was restless, trying somehow to turn in bed,
For gravitation seemed no longer law,
And heavy marble rose up in revolt.
This was the city's seat of government,
Authority here sat in her rocking-chair,
And she kept rocking up and down in tune
To music of that stormy architecture.
Swift currents of mortality whirled in
And out and round about it everywhere;
The gorged street was like to burst its sides,
And every breathing thing upon the street
Could scarce be held inside its little skin.
The poet perched himself upon an islet
Within this swirling sea of human microbes,
He dared to turn about and look behind
As if to scan a moment what had been;
Thus breasted he the stream with a reflection:
"A fever-dream of stone unsatisfied
The structure there. The outer life of man,
As here I read it, has reached its highest stress
Upon this planet. I would now see the inner——"
Just then a wave swashed o'er his petty isle,
And swept him onward helpless down the street.
He knew not whither. But at last he found
His flying feet again, and stood them firmer
Upon a curbstone twixt two eddying streams;
Before him rose another lofty house,
Whose lines shot straight up toward the shining sun,
And ran out to a steeple Heaven-tipped,

The architect had made of it a church,
And slyly built in stone a dash of humor.
The spire upreared into the bend of blue,
A wreath of piercing lights hung round it high
By night, like aureole of stars let down
Out of the lamp-lit firmament above.
"What's this?" the poet cried in mystery;
"This structure lying in the heart of town,
Like our St. Paul's? 'Tis the cathedral;
The sound of voices I can hear inside
The people must be at their prayers now,
I shall go in and say my orisons."
So in he went, but soon ran out again
Breathless and pale, and yet not quite struck dumb:
"Why in their hymn such fearful dissonance?
Why in their liturgy such wrangling shouts?
Grimaces, too, they made at me like fiends
And struggled in contortions of the damned.
Strange folk! Strange worship to their noisy Gods!"
He hastened round a corner in his flight,
And to the lakeside came; he freed his glance
A moment, looking out upon the waters'
Calm boundlessness, and felt the healing might
Of Nature's infinite suggestion; when he turned,
He stood before a building turreted,
Whose many-windowed front invited light,
But brusqueness showed in roughened corrugations;
It had a modest face, but veiled in brown
Transparently, through which the eye could see
Its wrinkles were not those of shriveled age,
But dimpled arabesques of youthful smiles.
It hailed the stranger, bade him enter in;
He saw in lofty halls the shapes antique,
The forms of the old Gods grandly serene,
The Heroes high and hoary Emperors
A Heaven and an Earth long gone, yet fixed
In lines eternal of the beautiful.
How strangely near to him that place did seem!
Instinctively he went unto a stair
That led the guest down to a presence chamber;

Descending thither, he seemed but going home,
For every nook within that room somehow
Was known to him—he had been there before.
The people, whom he found already waiting,
Appeared his friends and old acquaintances,
Those who had caught into their own his spirit
Out of his words, and seen it take on form—
His new appearance in their own new world.
Still he advanced, a shape saluted him
That seemed to be the master of the house—
Seated aloft upon a pedestal,
In mould antique of sculptured deities,
Yet with a modern cut of mustachio,
And dress of courtier of Elizabeth.
He knew himself at once, and straightway awoke,
He could not sleep and see himself asleep;
Anne Hathaway stood at his side, and spoke:
"A restful nap, my dear!" He made reply:
"And you are here, and this is Stratford still!
I dreamed I crossed the sea with Ariel
Unto the city of Hesperides;
It was a glimpse of some far-off fulfillment.
I wonder if this trance will turn to words!
My dreams have always been the truest part
Of me when written down—Give me my pen."

APPENDIX VI

PEDAGOGICAL ADDRESS.

(From report in *The Western* of June, 1872. First regular meeting of the St. Louis Society of Pedagogy was called to order at 4:10 P. M. The minutes of the previous preliminary meetings were read and approved. Some other business having been transacted, the following paper was read by Mr. D. J. Snider of the High School.)

Objects of the Society.

The first question one naturally asks about an organization is, what is its end? what functions does it purpose fulfilling? in other words, has it any reason for existence? If no such reason can be found, then it ought to perish at once—in fact, it must soon perish. It is the first principle of intelligence, that what is irrational cannot endure. We may bolster unreason with all the resources of genius; we may robe folly in the fairest garments of poetry; still, their character is not changed—they must contradict themselves, and thus perish by their own hand. If, therefore, an organization has no rational end, it must share the fate of all other absurdities. But if, on the contrary, it has such an end and truly subserves a useful and necessary purpose in any form of social existence, then such an organization ought to live —must live. Moreover, such an organization ought to have a clear notion of its rational basis, that it may not undertake too much, or too little; that it may not transgress its true limits on the one hand, or fail to assert its just claims on the other. Both are excesses which can only produce sickness and ultimately death.

For these reasons it was thought best to have as a theme of discussion to-day, the objects and aims of our society. At the very threshold there must be no stumbling; we intend to see and know clearly our end, and

to pursue it with unflinching resolution and steadfastness of purpose. In the beginning of such an undertaking, therefore, nothing would seem more natural and appropriate than to ask ourselves, What are we here for? What do we purpose to accomplish? It is my design to try to answer these questions.

Our object then may be stated in a general way, to be the elaboration of the science of Pedagogy. This science can be divided into two very distinct parts: that of Instruction, and that of Organization. The teacher must always be chiefly occupied with instruction; in fact, this is the great end of his calling. It is the side of pedagogical science which has hitherto received the most attention. The greatest minds of all ages have not considered it beneath their dignity to give much time and thought to this subject. In Europe, especially in Germany, the didactic side, namely, instruction, has been fully elaborated into a science. The fruits of all this endeavor it is our purpose in part to gather and work up anew, with changes adapted to the character of the institutions in our country. Also the results of our own experience must be carefully elaborated. What to teach and how to teach, must always be the leading question in the mind of an instructor. The various methods must be fully discussed and compared, and the best chosen. The principal elements of a school, deportment, discipline, attendance, recitation, must have their true limits drawn, and their true place assigned. In, fine, what people mean by the word education, expresses the extent and boundary of this sphere of pedagogical science. Upon this basis all teachers can unite with our science, whether they come from public or private schools, and also all citizens who are interested in the cause of education. Upon this part of the science I shall no longer dwell; we all recognize the magnitude of the field and the necessity of its cultivation.

I now come to the second part above mentioned: organization. By this is not meant the organization of a single school, but of a system of schools. The relation of the teacher is no longer to the pupils below him, but to the

organization above him. This part of pedagogy may be said to be wholly in its infancy as a science. Hence, I regard it as our special function to elaborate this sphere. In other words, it is more particularly the object of our society, *to draw the rational limitations in every department pertaining to the public schools, and to find for these limitations an adequate expression.* Such is at least my view of its duties, and hence I shall devote the greater part of my paper to the consideration of this subject. Nor must we be content with a mere dogmatic statement of our distinctions; we must go deeper down and find their logical basis. For all true limitations and distinctions rest upon the inherent logical nature of the thing; this is the germ from which all special forms develop, and hence these primitive principles must force themselves into our investigation. For instance, how can we justify the public school system without comprehending the State from which it is derived? or show the morality of the public school system without clearly understanding what morality means? It is only in this way we can obtain a connected view of the whole subject, and reach a rational basis for our limitations.

It may be fairly stated to be the whole secret of practical life to clearly recognize and firmly adhere to the true limitations of our calling. Every individual finds himself a member of an organization of some kind; there is somebody above him and somebody below him; there is a line where his responsibility ends and where it begins, and he cannot transgress the one nor refuse to accept the other with impunity. Take no responsibility which is not your own, shirk none which belongs to you, is a plain practical maxim. But plain as it is, it involves a knowledge of the above-mentioned limitations, which, strange to say, are very frequently unknown, and as I have found to my astonishment, very frequently unthought of even by intelligent men. Persons engaged in an occupation have never given a moment's reflection to the limits and extent of that occupation. The effect of this ignorance is manifest. For an organization works

with many instrumentalities, these must all have their particular sphere and keep in it, and not strike into others. Hence it is of the utmost importance in every organization that these limitations be clearly understood, and rigidly observed, and it is the great object of our society to draw them out, to state them, and bring them to a full consciousness in the minds of teachers and everybody else, who has any connection with, or interest in the public schools.

The necessity of having some means of developing these distinctions and defining the separate functions of the public school system, has long been felt. Within the present scholastic year I have heard of no less than three plans, all coming from independent sources to reach this very end, and no doubt, there have been more. Excellent as is the organization of the public schools in many respects, it is universally felt that there is something wanting in this direction. The distinction and limitations in each department are not always well drawn and clearly seen, there is overdoing and underdoing very frequently on the parts of officials—I mean by officials, any connected with and forming an integral part of the organization of public schools, whether board, teachers, or officers proper. The result of these encroachments can only be opposition, friction, even insubordination. For we may rest assured that an organization which is capricious in acts, and forgetful or false to its end, will never be able to subordinate its parts. That which gives the lie to itself cannot expect that others will assert its truthfulness and yield obedience to its whimsical and contradictory mandates. The necessity of having these limitations clearly drawn and universally known is apparent. But next comes a difficulty. Who is going to draw these distinctions? What is the means to elaborate them? No doubt there are certain instrumentalities already in existence which attempt to reach this end. There is the Teachers' Association. But there is probably not one teacher present who will say that that organization subserves this purpose or any useful purpose. The reason, to my mind, has long been evident.

It does not and cannot express the free voluntary activity of the teacher. It is the creature of the Board, and there is no use about the creatures drawing limitations for the creator. But the Board is only a part of the organization of the public schools, not by any means the whole system; and hence it too must have its limitations, and remain in these limitations. Hence, a society which proposes to elaborate all limitations pertaining to the public schools cannot be creature of any part of that system, neither of the Board nor of the superintendent nor again of the teacher. For a part trying to assume the functions of the whole, means sickness in the animal frame, and disorganization in any system. This objection, therefore, lies against any instrumentality at present in existence, it is either a part, or a creature of a part, and hence must have a tendency to be one-sided. What we want is a free, voluntary organization in which shall be represented all the elements of the public schools. I say free, because if such a society is made, and meets per order, then that which gives the command is above it, and it is a creature.

Then the first condition of such an association is that it must be voluntary. The only rational end that it has is the furtherance of Pedagogical Science. But the notion that science can be forced, can be drawn out of men, as it were, with a pair of pincers is absurd. They may be made to mumble over set formulas, or to kill time by random talk, or listen to anything, however foreign to the design of the society or worthless in matter, but to elaborate a science, to write a great poem, or to perform any high intellectual work—never. For the essence of thought is free activity, and as thought is the basis of all true science, the latter cannot well be constrained. Force a man to discover printing, to write the Iliad, to paint the Transfiguration, to construct the tubular bridge! Immortality is then in the reach of every fool, if the pressure is strong enough. Hence, at the very outset, we refuse to undertake to do that which is in its nature impossible, which inherently involves a logical contradiction. We do not intend to try the

experiment of freezing fire, and of lighting a candle with an icicle, and still less of forcing a free act, and of making a science on compulsion. Our organization is therefore voluntary, those who do not feel a living interest in this science and inner cravings after clearness do not belong here. Nor shall we be clogged by any superfluous material, but stripped clean as an athlete we leap into the arena, determined to fulfil the end of the existence of the organization.

Now it seems to me that just such a society as this is wanting to complete the system of Public Schools. This may appear a preposterous claim, nevertheless I make it in the full belief in its validity. An association for the purpose of collecting and organizing pedagogical opinion and knowledge is certainly a desideratum among the teachers of this city. For it is chiefly the teachers, upon whom the burden of elaborating educational science must fall. Others can do much in the way of assistance and encouragement, but it stands to reason, that to the members of any particular profession must be left the development of the science of that profession; to lawyers, the science of law, to doctors, the science of medicine, to teachers, the science of pedagogy. Therefore one of the chief objects of our association is the organization of pedagogical opinion. Hitherto there has never been adequate means for ascertaining and expressing that opinion in its completeness. The consequence is, that teachers, the experts whose whole energy and thoughts are concentrated upon the public schools, and who in education and intelligence are certainly not inferior to those engaged in other professions, have had very little to do in shaping the policy of schools. It would not be difficult to point out some things which have been done in defiance of the judgment of almost the entire corps of teachers. The chief reason is, in my judgment, their opinion was not organized, but scattered among so many individuals, and consequently, of no influence.

Here, too, we can lay the basis of what may be called a system of Pedagogical Ethics; the bringing together

and stating of certain general principles which are absolutely essential to the success and dignity of the profession. Unless these principles are insisted upon by all the teachers in common, in other words, unless they are the organized expression of the same, they are of no effect. One man can do little or nothing, but an organized body can do much. At any rate we can write and give expression to our conviction, though it may not be heard. For example, if the principal of a school is to be held responsible for the success of the school under his charge, he must have suitable instruments for the performance of his work. There must be no forcing upon him of incompetent teachers, directly or indirectly, no hampering by external regulations, no interference in matters which jeopardize the discipline of the school. The teacher must have instrumentalities adequate to the responsibility of his charge, and furthermore, all teachers should insist that he should have them; this should be an established principle of Pedagogical Ethics. In the course of time, by the more perfect development of opinion, a full code will be elaborated. That the present condition of this subject is wholly chaotic, I need not say. Other professions have gone in advance of us; we hear of Medical Ethics, and Legal Ethics, and we hope soon to hear of Pedagogical Ethics, whose object is to promote and maintain the honor, independence, and dignity of the profession.

But the teachers also must be held to a rigid account. How are all the parties concerned to find out whether a principal, for instance, does his work, fulfils his duties? This brings us to that most difficult part of all organizations, whether political, social or commercial, viz.: accountability. Now it is one of the purposes of this society to give this subject a most complete and searching investigation, for there is no use of trying to keep men in their true limits, if they cannot be held to account. Many have been the attempts of getting at the real value of a teacher's work; the Board, the people, the body of teachers want to know it; but at present, there is scarcely any test but rumor and opinion. What

is wanted is an objective, universal test, not dependent upon the notions of anybody. For instance, what is to-day the chief standard of the success of a principal or teacher, and hence the basis of promotion? It is the opinion of the superintendent, mainly, at least. Now this opinion is worth, no doubt, more than any other individual opinion, still it is merely an individual opinion, and as such, can never satisfy. For any officer who makes appointments purely from his own notions of things without objective tests, can never escape the charge of favoritism from the disappointed, even though the appointments were the best that could be made, which is not very likely to be the case. The cry of the time is: No more unlimited appointing power, no more absolute ukases, but civil-service reform, based upon true objective tests.

But this mention of appointments was only incidental. I did not intend to speak of them at all, though they will form a legitimate subject for our consideration. I was speaking of the means by which the efficiency of teachers and schools can be ascertained. It is our design to elaborate all these threads of accountability, these tests which may be justly called the reins, which control the entire organization of public schools. I did not intend in this essay to propose any solution, but rather to exhibit the problems to be solved. But on this subject I must beg leave to transgress a little. A very good test now in use, of the efficiency of a school, is examination, and this test can be rendered probably more effective than it is. But alone it is not sufficient. Another has been suggested, and it seems to me of the highest value: That a scholarship record by schools, of the different pupils who come to the High School, should be kept by the Principal of the High, and branch high schools, and should be accessible to all who wish to see it, in the form of a report. I am not the author of this suggestion, but it appears to me as one of the most striking and comprehensive tests that could be given of the effectiveness of a school. At least it would furnish one of those grounds of judgment which it is

our object to fully elaborate and state. No doubt, other tests can be found which would aid and perhaps correct this one, if it should be shown to be defective.

But this is one way in which the efficiency of schools cannot be promoted: by petty, special regulations which infringe upon the free choice of methods by the teacher. His individuality must have room for a free development. If by merely enacting that the schools should be good, they could be made good, that would be the end of the matter. But as long as there is such a thing as individual free will, such a result is manifestly impossible. Pile regulation on regulation, and you cannot make a good teacher out of a bad one, but you may seriously hamper the good and conscientious teacher. There is only one way in which the highest responsibility of the teacher can be secured; that way is: by leaving him as untrammeled as is consistent with organization. The greater the restraint, and the more limited the freedom, the less must be the responsibility. Look to results; if those results are totally inadequate with a reasonable demand, only one thing remains, to discharge the incompetents. But these are only a few illustrations picked out of the broad field lying before us.

But there is another use of our society, the importance of which has before been alluded to. It is to give the teachers themselves the rationale of their own profession. The conscious worker, the man who understands his own processes, is always better, the other things being equal, than the instinctive worker. The one has universal principles to guide him in unexpected contingencies, the other is lost when anything unusual transpires. Reason is higher than Instinct. Furthermore, the teachers are often called upon in the community to defend that system to which they are devoting their lives. It is, therefore, important that they should not claim too little, nor what is just as bad, too much. The latter is the greater danger, since it seems an inherent tendency in men to exaggerate the importance of their own particular profession. At the present time the cause of education is suffering more from the extrav-

agant demands of its friends than from all other drawbacks put together. If these preposterous claims were acceded to, they would sap the revenue of the people and turn the State into a pedagogical institution. The great want is the true limitation of educational science. This being firmly fixed and clearly seen, such folly becomes impossible. If we look over the country, we see in many States the most reckless expenditure of the public money, for purposes the most unwarrantable, yet all in the name of the holy cause of education. Even the persons who have attempted to place some rational limitations are hooted at as the defenders and promoters of ignorance. For my part, I am only afraid of a reaction which may sweep away some valid interest. But if a system be placed and held within its true limits, and makes no excessive irrational demands, it is unassailable. It is the "too much" which calls forth opposition, and which ought to call forth opposition. Above all, therefore, the natural defenders and expositors of the Public School system should understand its rational limitations, and never transgress them in argument or action.

APPENDIX VII

LIST OF PRINTED WORKS.

It would seem proper for a Writer of Books to give a list of his printed things, in order to show his claim to his title, at least as far as quantity of works is concerned. Such a list has been repeatedly asked for in the last few years, and promised; accordingly, here it is in brief outline. I shall arrange chronologically everything I have printed, as far as I now remember, going back more than fifty years. The books which are still printed and in the market to-day, will be designated by Roman numerals: other matter by small Italic letters. The different editions of books will be noted under their proper captions.

(*a*) The first printed articles were in a College Magazine, the Oberlin Students' Monthly, published while I was at Oberlin College.

(*b*) A Translation of an article on Goethe's Faust, Part 2, from the German of Karl Rosenkrantz, published in 1867 in the Journal of Speculative Philosophy. Also some other translations in the same journal (given fully in its index).

(*c*) Paper read before the first regular meeting of the St. Louis Society of Pedagogy, March 25, 1872, on the objects of said Society, printed in the Western of June, 1872.

(*d*) Printed the drama *Clarence* in the Inland Monthly of 1873; the separate sheets specially printed were afterwards bound into a pamphlet.

(*e*) Printed *The Soul's Journey* in two numbers of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy for 1877; sheets bound separately in pamphlet.

(*f*) Articles on Shakespeare printed in the Western and in the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, from 1872 till 1877, when they were collected, re-edited and put to-

gether into the following book (the first one of the Writer of Books):

I, II, III. The first title was *The System of the Shakespearian Drama*, in two volumes (though sometimes bound in one), 1877. G. I. Jones & Co., publishers, St. Louis; no plates.

Second edition, under a new title, *The Shakespearian Drama, a Commentary*, 1887-8, in three volumes, Tragedies, Comedies, Histories, respectively, with additions. Several publishers, ending in the Sigma Publishing Co. In plates, which have not been since changed, though the size of the volumes and the color of the bindings have varied somewhat (of course, without variation of the text).

IV. *Delphic Days*, a poem in the elegiac stanza. Friedrich Roeslein, 1880, in large form, no plates.

Second edition, 1892, with numerous corrections. Sigma Pub. Co.

V. *A Walk in Hellas*, first part printed in 1881, second part in 1882. At first in separate volumes, then bound in one. No plates. Several publishers on the different title pages.

Second edition, 1892, reprint of the first edition, in one volume; plates. Sigma Pub. Co.

VI. *Agamemnon's Daughter* (Iphigenia), a classic-romantic poem, 1885, small form.

Second edition, 1892, with corrections and additions; large form, three verses to the page. Sigma Pub. Co.

In the same year (1885) *Epigrammatic Voyage* was printed separately, but afterwards incorporated in *Prorsus Retrorsus*, of which it was originally a part.

VII, VIII. *Goethe's Faust, a Commentary*, 1886, in two volumes, corresponding to the two parts of the original poem. No plates. Several publishers.

Second edition, 1896, with additions. Plates. Sigma Pub. Co.

IX. *Homer's Iliad, a Commentary*, 1887. The first form was a series of essays in Journal of Speculative Philosophy, which were collected in this first edition.

Second edition, 1897, with a preliminary essay on the

Literary Bibles and an appendix. Plates. Sigma Pub. Co.

X. *The Freeburgers*, a novel, 1889. Sigma Pub. Co.

XI. *Homer in Chios*, 1891, an epopee in hexameter. Sigma Pub. Co.

XII. *Prorsus Retrosus*, 1892, an itinerary in classic lands in elegiac stanza. Sigma Pub. Co.

XIII. *Dante's Divine Comedy—Inferno*, 1892. Sigma Pub. Co .

XIV. *Dante's Divine Comedy—Purgatorio and Paradiso*, 1893. Sigma Pub. Co.

XV. *World's Fair Studies*, written and published first in the form of pamphlets during the Chicago World's Fair, 1893, by the Chicago Kindergarten College. Collected and published with considerable additions in 1895. Sigma Pub. Co.

XVI. *Johnny Appleseed's Rhymes, by* Theophilus Middling, 1894. Sigma Pub. Co.

XVII. *Froebel's Mother Play-Songs, a Commentary*, 1895. Sigma Pub. Co. Second edition, with additions, 1901.

XVIII. *Psychology and the Psychosis Intellect*, 1896, Sigma Pub. Co.

XIX. *Homer's Odyssey, a Commentary*, 1897. Sigma Pub. Co.

XX. *The Will and Its World*, psychical and ethical, 1899. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXI. *Life of Fredcrick Froebel*, Founder of the Kindergarten, 1900. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXII. *Psychology of Froebel's Play-Gifts*, 1900. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXIII. *Social Institutions*, in Their Origin, Growth and Interconnection, 1901. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXIV. *The State*, Specially the American State, 1902. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXV. *Ancient European Philosophy*—the History of Greek Philosophy Psychologically Treated, 1903. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXVI. *Modern European Philosophy*—The History of Modern Philosophy Psychologically Treated, 1904. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXVII. *Architecture*, as a branch of Aesthetic, 1905. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXVIII. *Feeling with Prolegamena*, 1905. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXIX. *The American Ten Years' War* (1855-1865), 1906. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXX. *The Father of History*—Herodotus, 1907. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXXI. *A Tour in Europe*, 1907. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXXII. *European History*, chiefly ancient, in its processes, 1908. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXXIII. *Abraham Lincoln*, an Interpretation in Biography, 1908. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXXIV. *Cosmos and Diacosmos*. The Processes of Nature psychologically treated, 1909. Sigma Pub. Co.

XXXV. *A Writer of Books*, in his Genesis, 1910. Sigma Pub. Co.

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